

POEMS

With the MUSES
LOOKING-GLASS,
AND

Amyntas :

Whereunto is added,
The Jealous Lovers,

By THO. RANDOLPH, M. A. late Fellow of Trinity Colledge in Cambridge.

The Fifth Edition, with several Additions,
Corrected and Amended.

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POEMS

With the MUSE

LOOKING GLASS

BY

AMY VILES

Whose name is added

The Authors List

THE AUTHOR, M. A. VILES,
Lowell High School, Cambridge

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TO THE
MEMORY OF HIS
DEAR BROTHER,
Mr. THO. RANDOLPH.

IN such a solemn train of friends that sing
Thy Dirge in pious lines, and sadly bring
Religious Anthems to attend thy Hearse,
Striving t'embalm thy name in precious verse :
I, that should most, have no more power to raise
Trophies to thee, or bring one grain of praise
To crown thy Altar, then the Orbs dispen-
Motion without their sole Intelligence.
For I confess that power which works in me
Is but a weak resultance took from thee ;
And if some scatter'd seeds of heart divine
Flame in my breast, they are deriv'd from thine :
And these low sickly numbers must be such,
As when steel moves, the Loadstone gives the touch :
So like a spongie cloud that sucks up rain
From the fat soil to send it back again,

There may be now from me some language shown
To urge thy merit, but 'twas first thy own :
For though the Donors influence be past
For new effects, the old impressions last ;
As in a bleeding trunk we oft descry
Leaps in the head, and rowling in the eye,
By vertue of some spirits, that alone
Do tune those Organs, though the soul be gone.
But since I add unto this general noise
Only weak sounds, and Ecchoes of thy voice ;
Be this a task for deeper mouths, while I
That cannot bribe the phansie, thaw the eye :
And on that grave where they advance thy praise
Do plant a sprig of Cypress, not of Baies.

Yet flow these tears not that thy Reliques sit
Fix'd to their Cell a constant Anchorit :
Nor am I stirr'd that thy pale ashes have
O're the dark Climate of a private Grave
No fair Inscription : such distempers flow
From poor lay thoughts, whose blindness cannot know
That to discerning Spirits the Grave can be
But a large womb to Immortality :
And a fair vertuous name can stand alone
Brass to the Tomb, and Marble to the Stone.

No, 'tis that Ghostly progeny we mourn,
Which careless you let fall into the Urn ;
We had not flow'd with such a lavish tide
Of tears and grief, had not those Orphans dy'd,
For what had been my loss, who reading thine,
A Brother might have kiss'd in every line ?
These that are left, Posterity must have ;
Whom a strict care hath rescu'd from the Grave
To gather strength by Union ; as the beams
Of the bright Sun shot-forth in several streams,

And

And thinly scatter'd with less fervor passe,
 Which cause a flame contracted in a glass.
 These, if they cannot much advance thy fame,
 May stand dumb Statues to preserve thy name :
 And like Sun-dials to a day that's gone,
 Though poor in use can tell there was a Sun.
 Yet (if a fair confession plant no Bayes,
 Nor modest truth conceiv'd a lavish praise)
 I could to thy great glory tell this age
 Not one invenom'd line doth swell the page
 With guilty legends ; but so clear from all
 That shoot malicious noise, and vomit gall,
 That 'tis observ'd in every leaf of thine,
 Thou hast not scatter'd snakes in any line.
 Here are no remnants tortur'd into rime
 To gull the reeling judgements of the time ?
 Nor any stale reversions patch thy writ
 Glean'd from the rags and frippery of wit.
 Each syllable doth here as truly run
 Thine, as the light is proper to the Sun.
 Nay in those feeble lines which thy last breath
 And labouring brains snatch'd from the skirts of death,
 Though not so strongly pure, we may descry
 The father in his last posterity,
 As clearly shown, as Virgins looks do pass
 Through a thin lawn, or shadows in the glass.
 And in thy setting, as the Suns, confess,
 The same large brightness, though the heat be less.
 Such native sweetness flows in every line ;
 The Reader cannot chuse but swear 'tis thine.
 Though I can tell a rugged Sect there is
 Of some sly-wits will judge a squint on this ;
 And from thy easie flux of language guess
 The fancies weak, because the noise is less ;

As if that Channel which doth smoothly glide
With even streams, flow'd with a shallow tide.
But let a quick-discerning judgement look,
And with a piercing eye untwist thy book
In every loom, I know the second view
Shall find more lustre then the first could do.
For have you seen when gazing on the skies
With strict survey a new succession rise
Of several stars, which do not so appear
To every formal glance that shoots up there :
So when the serious eye has firmly been
Fix'd on the page, such large increase is seen
Of various fancy, that each several view
Makes the same fruitful Book a Mart of new.

But I forbear this mention; since I must
Ransack thy ashes and revile thy dust
With such low Characters, I mean to raise
Thee to my contemplation, not my praise :
And they that wish thy picture clearly shown
In a true Glasse, I wish would use thy own :
Where I presume how ere thy vertues come
Ill shap'd abroad, th'art fairly drest at home.

RO. RANDOLPH, M. A. Student
of C. Church.

Lectori

Leſtori nimirum critico qui Authoris Feſcenninos
ſales plus juſto rigidus interpretatur,

DExtra quid Archetypa nudas myſteria chartæ ?

Privatq; aperis limina clauſa joci ?

Non lucem patitur ſed cœlebs margo venenum,

Et videt ingenuis toxica miſta jocis.

Quæq; ſtolata dedit ſanctus Floraria vates,

Exuis, & nudos das ſine veſte ſales.

Hinc tota immeritam jugulat cenſura papyrum,

Et levis ingenuos damnat arundo ſales.

Carnifices calamos, & raucæ jurgia Maſæ

Simplicitas caſti ſentit honeſta libri.

Quid culpæ fuerit ſi vatis amabile carmen

Læſivam caſto ſchemate luſit anum ?

Lintea ſi nudis injecit pulchra pudendis ?

Vel tegit incaſtam larvæ modeſta Deam ?

Nulla tuis regnant niſi nomina maſcula chartis,

Si quod fœmineum eſt culpa legentis erit ;

(Ut proles, uteri primo qui clauſtra reliqui

Maſcula, fœmineum vidimus arte Sporum)

Das thalami luſus cortinæ at tegmine ſanctos,

Cynthia quos leſtos geſtiat eſſe ſuos.

Dii benè! quam ſanctis loquitur Venus impia verbis?

Tyndaris & raptus hic ſtupet eſſe pios.

Leſta puella tuis, dum ſpectat crimina chartis,

Viſa ſibi eſt furto ſanctior ire ſuo.

I nunc ingenuæ pareas lex Julia chartæ,

Scripta librum dederat, leſta lupanar erat.

RO. RANDOLPH, ex Æde Chriſti.

Bleſt

Blest Spirit, when I first did see
The Genius of thy Pœtry,
Nimble and fluent ; in a strain
Even with, if not beyond the brain
Of Laureats that crown'd the stage ;
And liv'd the wonders of the age :
And this but sparkles from a fire
That flam'd up, and soar'd much higher ;
I gaz'd desirous to see
Whither thy wit would carry thee.
Thy first rise was so high, that even
As needs it must, the next was heaven.

I. T. A. M.

In Authorem.

CAnescant alii, steriliq; ætatis honore
Latentur ; fecit te tua Musa senem.
Parcarum labor est vitæ mensura peracta :
Texuntur propriâ stamina Vestra manu ;
Felix qui primo excedis, Randolphe, sub ævo,
Nec Genii extincti prævia fata vides ;
Dii bene non dederint effætæ frigora vitæ :
Debes, quo fueras natus in igne mori.

THO. TERENCE M. A. ex
Æde Christi.

U P O N
Mr. Randolph's Poems,
Collected
and Published after his death.

AS when a swelling Cloud melted to showres,
Sweetly diffuses fresh and active powers
Into the shrunk and thirsty veins of earth ;
Blessing her barren womb with a new birth
Of grain and fruit : and so redeems a land
Of desperate people from th' destroying hand
Of merc'less plague, Famine, or Death ; and then
Collects its streams unto the Ocean :

So thy diffusive soul, and fluent parts,
(Great miracle of natural wit and Arts,)
Rapt up some Regions 'bove our Sphere, did flow
And showre their blessings down on us below :
Whilst we, dull earth, in extasies did sit,
Almost o'whelmed with thy Flouds of Wit.
What bloud of verse is pump't from our dry Brains,
Sprung like a rushing Torrent from thy Veins.
When a long Drought presag'd some fatal Dearth,
Thy unexhausted Founts gave us new birth
Of wit and verse : when *Cham*, or *Isis* fell
Thy open'd Floudgates made their Riv'lets swell

'Bove

'Bove their proud Banks : Where planted by thy hand
Th' *Hesperian* Orchards, *Paphian* Mirtles stand,
And those sweet Shades where Lovers tell their blisses
To th' whispering leaves, and summ' em up in kisses.
There in full Quire the Muses us'd to sing
Melodious odes bathing in *Cham*, their Spring :
And all the Graces TOM; dwelt with thee too,
Crowning thy Front for old *Cerberus* Brow.

Nor were we rich alone, Clime, far from hence
Acknowledge yet thy soveraign influence :
Sicilians owe to thee their fruitfull *Vale*,
And *Cotswold Hill* thy Dews created *Dale*.
All Lands and Soyls from hence were fruitful grown
And multipli'd the measures thou hast sown.
Green-sword-untilled milk-maids wish no blisses
Beyond a stammel Petticoat, and kisses,
And thy sweet *Dowry* ! This alone, they cry,
Will make our Beasts and milk to multiply.
And the dull Fallow Clowns. who never thought
Of God or Heaven but in a floud or drought,
Do gape and pray for Crops of Wit, and vow
To make their Lads and Wenches Poets now.
For they can make their fields to laugh and sing
To th' Muses Pipe, and Winter rhyme to spring.
They pray for the first curse ; like Scholers now,
To earne their livings by their sweaty Brow.
Then the fine Gardens of the Court, are set
With Flowers sprung from my Muses Coronet.
Those pretty Imps in Plush, that on trust go
For their fine cloths, and their fine Judgements too,
The Frontispiece or Title-page of Plays,
Whose whole discourse is ----- *As the Poet says*.
That Taverns draine, (for Ivy is the sign
Of all such sack-shop wits, as well as wine.)

And

And make their Verses dance on either hand
With numerous feet, whilst they want feet to stand:
That score up jests for every glass or cup,
And th' total summe behind the Door cast up;
These had been all dry'd up, and many more,
That quaffe up *Helicon* upon thy score.
The sneaking Tribe, that drink and write by fits,
As they can steal or borrow coyne or wits.
That Panders fee for Plots, and then belie
The paper with --- *An excellent Comedie.*
Alted (more was the pittie) *By th' Red-Bull*
With great applause, of some vain City-Gull;
That damne Philosophy, and prove the curse
Of emptiness, both in the Brain and Purse:
These that scrape leggs and Trenchers to my Lord,
Had starv'd but for some scraps pickt from thy Board,
They had try'd the Balladiers of Fidlers trade,
Or a *New Comedie* at Tyburn made.
Thus, TOM, thy pregnant Phancy crown'd us all
With wealthy showers, or Mines Poetical.
Nor did thy dewes distill in a cold rain,
But with a flash of Lightning ope thy brain,
Which thaw'd our stupid spirits with lively heat,
And from our frosts forc't a Poetick sweat.

And now, Wits Common-wealth by thee repriev'd.
(For its consumption shews it not long liv'd,) Thy far dispersed streams divert their course,
(Though some are dammed up) to th' Muses Source.
This Ocean: --- He that will fadome it,
By's Lines shall sound an *Ocean* of wit;
Not shallow, low, and troubled, but profound,
And vast, though in these narrow limits bound.
The tribute of our eys or pens, all we can pay,
Are some poor drops to thy *Pactolus* Sea,

And

And first stolne thence though now so muddy grown
With our soul channels, they scarce seem thy own.
Thus have I seen a piece of Coyne, which bore
The Image of my King or Prince before,
New cast into some Peasant, lose its grace ;
Yet's the same body with a fowler face.
If our own store must pay ; that Gold which was
Lent us in sterling we must turn in brass.
Hadst thou writ less or worse, then we might lay
Something upon thy Urne thou didst not say :
But thou hadst Phansie's vast Monopolie,
Our flock will scarce amount t'an Elegie.
Yet all the Legacies thy Fatall day
Bequeath'd, thy sad Executor will pay.

To late Divines (by Will and Testament)
A Paraphrase on each Commandment,
In moral *Precepts*, with a *disputation*
Ending the quarrels 'bout *Predestination*,
To those that study how to spend the Day,
And yet grow wise ---- *The Ethicks in a Play.*
To Poets, 'cause there is no greater curse,
Thou bequeathdst nothing, *in thy empty Purse.*
To City-Madams, that bespake new faces
For every Play or Feast, *Thy Looking-glasses.*
And to their chamber-maids who only can
Adorn their Ladies head, and dream of man.
Th'ast left a *dowrie* ; They till now, by stealth
Writ only members of the Common-wealth.
To Heaven thy *Ravisht Soul*, (though who shall look
Will say it lives in each line of thy book.)
Thy *dust*, unnatural Reliques that could die,
To Earth ; thy same unto Eternity.
A *Husband* to thy widow'd Poetry,
Not from the Court but University.

To thy sad Aunt, and now despairing mother;
Thy little Orphans, and thy younger Brother;
From all of which this free Confession's fit,
The younger sister had the elder Wit.

Ad Authorem.

Mollia quòd tenui currant mihi carmina filo,
Et meus in gyro stet brevior labor,
Dum tua constrixis assurgit Musa Cothurnis,
Et Veneres casto vincit Avena loco.
Cedimus inculti! Fato par Gloria nostro
Quod tua mirentur Carmina, Nostra legant.

R. BRIDEOAKE. A.M, Nov. Coll.

WHat need thy book crave any other fame,
It is enough that it bears *Randolph's* name
Who sees the title, and him understood,
Must much condemn himself, or say tis good.
Go forth example to the Neophyte,
Who hence should learn to Catechise his wit,
And dress his Phancy by his Glass : whose Muse
Well favour'd is should here her face peruse,
It will not flatter, 'twill reflect the grace
She takes from th'owner of a beauteous face ;
But if a menstruous and illiterate eye
Blast her, the various specks shall soon descry
The foul beholder, and proclaime her spoyle
Not to result from thence, but his own soyle.

ED. GAYTON. A. M. Joan.

Immortal BEN is dead, and as that ball
On *Ida* toss'd, so is his Crown by all
The infantry of wit. Vaine Priests ! That chaire
Is only fit for his true Son and Heir.
Reach here the Lawrell : *Randolph*, 'tis thy praise :
Thy naked Scull shall well become the Bayes.
See, *Daphne*, courts thy Ghost : and spite of fate,
Thy *Poems* shall be Poet Laureate.

G. W. Ioan,

To his worthy Friend Mr. Robert Randolph
of Christ Church on the publishing of
his Brothers Poems.

WE thank you, worthy Sir, that 'tis our hap
To praise even *Randolph* now without a clap,
And give our suffrage yet, though not our voice,
To shew the ods betwixt his Fame and noyse :
Whose only modesty we could applaud,
That seldome durst presume to blush abroad ;
And bear his vast Report, and setting forth
His virtues, grow a sufferer of his worth :
Was scarce his own acquaintance, and did use
To hear himself reported but as newes,
So distant from himself, that one might dare
To say those two were nere familiar :
Whose polish'd Phansie hath so smoothly wrought,
That 'tis suspected, and might tempt our thought
To guesse it spent in every birth, so writ
Not as the gift but Legacy of wit :
Whose unbid brain drops so much flowing worth ;
That others have deliver'd, he brought forth ;
That did not course in wit, and beat at least
Ten lines in fallow to put up one jest ;
Which still prevents our thoughts, we need not stay
To th' end, the Epigram is in the way.
The town might here grow Poet, nay 'tis se'd
Some *Mai'rs* could hence as eas'ly rime as read ;
Whose losse we so much weep, we cannot hear
His very *Comedies* without a tear ;
And when we read his mirth, are fain to pray
Leave from our grief to call the work a play :
Where Fancy playes with Judgment, and so fits,
That 'tis enough to make a guard of wits ;

Where lines fulfill themselves, and are so right,
That but a combates mention is a fight,
His phrase doth bring to pass, and he has lent
Language enough to give the things Event ;
The lines pronounce themselves, and we may say
The Actors were but Echoes of the Play :
Me thinks the book does act, and we not doubt
To say it rather enters then comes out ;
Which even you seem to envy, whose device
Hath made it viler even by its price,
And taught its value, which we count so great,
That when we buy at cheapest we but cheat ;
And when upon one page we blesse our look,
How-ere we bargain, we have gain'd the book ;
Fresh-men in this are forc't to have their right,
And 'tis our purchase though 'twere sold in spight ;
So do we owe you still, that let us know
He gave the world the Playes, and you the Show.
Jos. Howe, Trin. Coll. Oxon.

*On his beloved friend the Anthour, and his
ingenious Poems.*

W^Hat need these busie wits ? who hath a Mine
His own, thus rich, needs not the scatter'd shine
Of lesser heaps : Day dims a Tapers light :
And Lamps are useles where there is no night.
Why all this train of Writers ? Forreign Verse
Can adde no honor to a Poets Hearse,
Whose every line, which he to paper lent,
Builds for himself a lasting Monument.
Brave verse this priviledge hath, Though all be dumb,
That is the Authors Epitaph and Tomb.
Which when ambitious Pyles, th' ostents of pride
To dust shall fall, and in their ruines hide

Their

Their then no more remembered Founders Name :
These (like *Apollo* ever young) shall fame
The first composer ; whose weigh'd works shall tell
What noble thoughts did in his bosome dwell.

But now I find the cause ; they that doe praise
Desert in others ; for themselves plant Bayes :
For he that praises merit, loves it : thus
He's good for goodness that's solicitous.
Else, though He Diamonds keenly pointed write,
They but proclaim a quainter Hypocrite :
Thus in the future it shall honor be,
That men shall read their names bound up with thee.
So Country Moles that would at Court appear,
Intrude some Camels train that does live there.
So Creatures that had drown'd else, did imbarke
With *Noah*, and liv'd by being in his Ark.

Or if not thus ; as when in Royal state
Nobles attend Kings to inaugurate :
Or as last year when you both Courts did see
Beget joyes noon in th' University ;
All the learn'd Tribe in reverend habits meet,
As if the Schools were turn'd into the street ;
Where each one strove such duty to put on,
As might give honour to their own Suns Sun.
Such honour here our dimmer pens would have,
In pomp to wait him to his solemn grave.
Since what he was, his own fruits better show,
Then those which planted here, by others grow.
Rich Jewels in themselves such lustre cast,
As Gold about them, is no grace but wast.

Such was his *Genius* : like the quick eyes wink,
He could write sooner then another think.
His play was Fancies flame, a lightning wit,
So short, that it could sooner pierce then hit :
What er'e he pleas'd, though but in sport to prove,
Appear'd as true, as pitty dwels with love.

Had he said thus, That discreet zeal might stand
Both with the Jesuit and the Puritan.
T'had been believ'd ; That frost from heat proceeds,
That chastity from ease, and fulness breeds ;
That women ought to woo, as *Eve* at first
Woo'd man, to make the world and man accurst ;
All would be taken up for Truth : and sense
Which knew Truth coming, would not going hence.

Had he maintain'd Rich *Lucans* work had been
Meer History ; there would no Pen be seen
To call it Poem : If for *Cesar* stood,
Great *Pompey* shuould be neither weak, nor Good :
Oh ! had he liv'd to plead the craggy Law,
Which now unsetled holds the world in aw,
He would have met some Ostracisme, I fear,
Lest he had charm'd the purple Judge to err.

Nor could he only in his native speech
Robe his ripe thoughts ; but even the Copious, Rich,
And lofty Greek, with Latine, did appear
In him, as Orient in their proper sphear :
That when in them himself he pleas'd t' express,
The ravisht hearer, could not but confess,
He might as well old *Rome* or *Athens* claim
For birth, as *Britain*, circled with the Main.
'Tis true, we have these languages still left ;
But spoken, as apparell got by theft
Is worn : disguis'd and shadowed. Had he
Liv'd but with us, till grave maturity ;
Though we should ever in his change have lost,
We might have gain'd enough whereof to boast
Our nations better Genius ; But now
Our hopes are nip't e'r they begin to blow.
And sure I am, his losse must needs strike deep,
For whom in verse, thus *Englands Eye* doth weep.
Whose tears thus dew'd upon his mournfull dust
I will no longer trouble. They that must

Carp though at best things, let them only read :
 These Poems here will strike that humour dead.
 Which I should praise too : but in them I see
 There is one blemish, for he hath nam'd me ;
 Else, Ile not think the Reader so distressed
 In wit, but that he will admire the rest.
 Concluding thence, though in his forenoon-youth,
 (And what I now shall write is modest truth,)
 He knowes not him who doth so much excell,
 That could so quickly, do so much, so well.

Owen Eltham Gent.

On the death of Mr. Randolph.

WHEN *Donne*, and *Beaumont* dyed, an Epitaph
 Some men (I well remember) thought unsafe;
 And said they did *presume to write, unlesse*
They could their tears in their expression dresse.
 But love makes me more bold, and tells me I
 In humble terms to vent my piety
 May safely dare ; and reason thinks not fit,
 For which I lov'd, I now should fear that wit.
 Respect looks like a bargain, if confin'd
 To rules precise ; and is more just then kind,
 If by a poyz'd and equall testament
 It turns good will into a covenant :
 Must every present offer'd to a Prince
 Be just proportion'd to his eminence ?
 Or ought my Elegy unjust be thought,
 Because I cannot mourn thee as I ought ?
 Such lawes as these (if any be so bold)
 Ought those unskillfull but proud souls to hold,
 Who think they could, and did at a due rate
 Love thee, not me, whose love was passionate,

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 Ought those unskillfull but proud souls to hold,
 Who think they could, and did at a due rate
 Love thee, not me, whose love was passionate,

And hath decreed, how ere the censure go,
Thus much, although but thus, to let men know,
I do admire no Comet did presage
The mournful period of thy wonder'd age ;
Or that no *Sybill* did thy death fore-tell,
Since that by it alone more ill befell
The *Laurell-God*, then when the day was come
Wherein the *Delphick-Oracle* was dumb :
In meaner wits that proverb chance may hold
(That they who soon are ripe are seldom old.)
But 'twas a poor one, and for thee unfit,
Whose infancy might teach their best years witt ;
Whose talk was exemplary to their pains ;
And whose discourse was tutor to their strains :
If thou wert serious, then the audience
Heard *Plato's* works in *Tullies* eloquence :
If sad, the mourners knew no thrifty size
In tears, but still cri'd out, ô lend more eyes.
If merry, then the juyce of *Comedy*
So sweetned every word, that we might see
Each stander by having enough to do
To temper mirth, untill some friend could woo
Thee take the pains to write, that so that pressure
Checking thy souls quick motions, some small leasure
Might be obtain'd to make provision
Of breath, against the next *Scene's* action.
I could go through thy works, which will survive
The funeral of time ; and gladly strive
Beyond my power, to make that love appear
Which after death is best seen in a tear ;
But praising one, I should dispraise the rest,
Since whatsoere thou didst, was still the best :
Since then I am perswaded that in thee
Wit at her Ac'mie was, and we shall see
Posterity not daring to aspire
To equalize, but only to admire

Thee as their Arch-type: with the thought of thee
Henceforth Ile thus enrich my memory.
While others count from Earth-quakes and great frost,
And say, i'th last dear year twould thus much cost.
My time distinctions this shall be among,
Since wits-decay, or *Randolph's* death, ——— so long.
R. Gostelow. M. A.

*To the pious memory of my dear Brother
in-law, Mr. Thomas Randolph.*

Readers prepare your faith, who truly tells
His History, must needs write miracles.
He lisp'd wit worthy th' Press, as if that he
Had us'd his Cradle as a Library.
Some of these fruits had birth, when other Boyes
(His elders) playd with Nuts; Books were his toys.
He had not long of Playes spectator been,
But his small Feet wore Socks fit for the Scene.
He was not like those costive wits, who blot
A quire of paper to contrive a plot,
And ere they name it, crosse it, till it look
Rased with wounds like an old Mercers book.
What pleas'd this year, is next in pieces torn,
It suffers many deaths ere it be born.

For Humours to lie leidger they are seen
Oft in a Tavern, and a bowling-green.
They do observe each place, and company,
As strictly as a Traveller, or Spy.
And deifying dung-hills, seem t' adore,
The scum of people, Watch-man, Changling, Whore,
To know the vice, and ignorance of all,
With any Rags they'l drink a pot of Ale.
Nay, what is more (a strange unusual thing
With Poets) they will pay the reckoning;

And sit with patience an hour by the heels
To learn the Non-sense of the Constables,
Such jig-like flim-flams being got to make
The Rabble laugh, and Nut-cracking forsake.
They go home (if th' have any) and there sit
In Gown and Night-cap looking for some wit,
Ere they compose, they must for a long space
Be dieted as Horses for the race.
They must not Bacon, Beet, or Pudding eat,
A jest may chance be starv'd with such grosse meat.
The good hour comes, and their Brain turn'd they write
But slow, as dying men their Wills indite.
They pen by drams and scruples, from their quill
Words (although dreggy) flow not, but distill.
They stare and soure their faces; nay to vent
The Brains, they eat their fingers excrement;
And scratch their heads, as if they were about
(Their wit so hide-bound is) to pull it out.
Ev'ry bald speech though Comickall it be,
To their rack'd members proves a Tragedy.
When they have had the counsell of some friend,
And of their begging *Epilogue* made an end;
Their Play salutes the world, and claims the stage
For its inheritance, being now of age.

But while they pump't their Phansie day and night,
He nothing harder found then not to write,
No diet could corrupt or mend his strain;
All tempers were the best to his sure brain.
He could with raptures captivate the King,
Yet not endanger Button, or Band-string.
Poems from him gush'd out so readily
As if they'd only been in's memory;
Yet are they with as marble fancies wrought,
As theirs whose pen writes for the thirteenth thought.
They erre who say, Things quickly done soon fade:
Nature and he all in an instant made.

These

Those that do measure Phantasies by the glasse,
And dote on such as cost more time, may passe
In rank with gulls, whom folly doth entice
To think that best which has the greatest price;
Who poring on, their spongy brain still squeeze,
Neglect the Cream, and only save the Lees.
Stopping their flying quill, they clip Fames wing,
Make *Helicon* a puddle that's a Spring.

Nor was his haist hood-winkt; his rage was wise,
His fury counsel had, his rashness eyes.
Though he (as Engines arrows) shot forth wit,
Yet aim'd with all the proper marks to hit.
His Ink nere stain'd the Surplice; he doth right
That sometimes takes a care to miss the *white*.
He turn'd no Scripture phrase into a jest;
He was inspir'd with raptures, not possess'd.

Some Div'lish Poets think their *Muse* does ill
Unless their verses do prophane or kill.
They boldly write what I should fear to think,
Words that do pale their Paper, black their Ink.
The Titles of their *Satyrs* fright some, more
Then *Lord have mercy* writ upon a dore.

Although his wit was sharp as others, yet
It never wounded; thus a Razor set
In a wise Barbors hand, tickles the skin,
And leaves a smooth, not carbonaded chin.
So soveraign was his Phansie, that you'd think
His quickning pen did Balsam drop, not Ink.
Read's *Elegies* and you will see his praise
Doth many souls 'fore th' Resurrection raise.
No venoms in his book; his very *Snake*
You may as safely as a flower take.
There's none needs fear to surfeit with his phrase,
He has no *Giant* raptures to amaze
And torture weak capacities with wonder:
He (by his Laurell guarded) ner'e did thunder.

As those strong bumbast Wits, whose Poetry
Sounds like a charme, or *Spanish* Pedigree,
Who with their Phansie towring 'bove the Sun,
Have in their style *Babels* confusion,
If puny eyes do read their verses, they
Will think 'tis *Hebrew*, writ the *English* way.

His lines do run smooth as the feet of Time,
Each leaf though rich, swells not with gouty rime,
There is no thrum, or knot; *Arachne* ne're
Weav'd a more even webb; and as they are
Listed for smoothness, so in this again,
That each Threads spun, and warp'd by his own brain.

We have some *Poetasters*, who although
They nere beyond the writing school did go,
Sit at *Apollo's* Table, when as they
But Midwives are, not Parents to a Play.
Were they betraid, they'd be each Coblers scoff.
Laught at, as one whose Periwigs blown off.
Their brains lie all in Notes; Lord! how they'd look
If they should chance to loose their Table-book!
Their Bayes, like Ivy, cannot mount at all
But by some neighbouring tree, or joyning wall.

With what an extasie shall we behold
This Book, which is no Ghost of any old
Worm-eaten Authour: here's no jest, or hint,
But had his Head both for it's Ore and Mint.
Wer't not for some Translations, none could know
Whether he had ere look'd in book or no,
He could discourse of any subject, yet
No cold premeditated sence repeare;
As he that nothing at the Table talks
But what was cook'd in's study, or the walks:
Whose wit (like a Sun-diall) only can
Go true in this, or that *Meridian*.
Each Climate was to him his proper Sphear;
You'd think he had been brought up every where.

Was he at Court ? his Complements would be
Rich wrought with Phanſies beſt embroidery,
Which the ſpruſe Gallants *Echo*-like would ſpeak
So oft, as they'd be thread-bare in a week.
They lov'd even his Abuses, the ſame jeer
(So witty 'twas) would ſting and pleaſe their ear.

Read's flowry *Pastorals*, and you will ſwear
He was not *Johnſons* only, but *Pans* Heir.
His ſmooth *Amintas* would perſwade even me
To think he alwaies liv'd in *Sicilie*.
Thoſe happier Groves that ſhaded him, were all
As *Trees of knowledge*, and Propheticall :
Dodon's were but the type of them, Leaves were
Books in old time, but became Schollers here.
Had he liv'd till *weſtminſter Hall* was ſeen
In *Forreſt Towns*, perhaps he ſin'd had been.
Whiſt others made *Trees Maypoles*, he could do
As *Orpheus* did, and make them dancers too.

But theſe were but the ſports of his ſpare time,
He was as able to diſpute as rime.

And all (two gifts nere joyn'd before) out went
As well in Syllogiſme as Complement.

Who looks within his clearer *Glaſs*, will ſay
At once he writ an *Ethick Traſt* and *Play*.

When he in *Cambridge Schooles* did *Moderate*,
(Truth never found a ſubr'ler Advocate)

He had as many Auditors as thoſe (Noſe.
Who preach, their mouths being *Silenc'd*, through the
The Grave Divines ſtood gazing, as if there
In words was colour, or in th' eye an ear :

To hear him they would penetrate each other,
Embrace a throng, and love a noyſome ſmother.
Though plodding Pates much time and oyl had ſpent
In beating out an obſcure Argument,
He would untie not break the ſubrleſt knot
Their puzzling Art could weave ; nay he had got

The

The trick on't so, as if that he had been
 Within each brain, and the nice folding seen,
 Who went to th'*Schools Peripateticks*, came,
 If he disputed, home in *Plato's* name.
 His *oppositions* were as *Texts*; some le'd
 With wonder, thought he had not *urg'd* but read.
 Nor was his judgment all *Philosophy*,
 He was in points of deep *Divinity*
 Only *Not* Doctor; his true Catholick brain
 The learning of a *Councell* did contain.
 But all his *works* are lost, his *Fire* is out;
 These are but's ashes, which were thrown about,
 And now rak'd up together, all we have
 With pious sacrilege snatch'd from his *Grave*,
 Are a few *Meteors*; which may make it se'd
 That *Tom* is yet alive, but *Randolphs* dead.
 Thus when a Merchant posting ore the sea
 With his rich loaden ship, is cast away;
 Some light small *Wares* do swim unto the shore,
 But th' *greag* and solid *Prizes* nere rise more.

R I C. W E S T. *Bac. of Arts,*
and Student of Ch. Ch.

ON



ON THE INESTIMABLE

Content he enjoys in the
Muses ; to those of his
Friends that dehorth him
from POETRY.

GO sordid earth, and hope not to bewitch
My high-born soul, that flies a nobler pitch !
Thou canst not tempt her with adulterate shows,
She beares no appetite that flags so low.
Should both the *Ladies* spread their laps to me,
And court my eyes to wish my Treasure,
My better *will* they never could entice ;
Nor this with Gold , nor that with all her spice.
For what poor things had these possessions shown,
When all were mine, but I were not mine own.
Others in pompous wealth their thoughts may please,
And I am rich in wishing none of these :
For say, which happiness would you beg first,
Still to have drink, or never to have thirst ?
No servants at my beck attendant stand,
Yet are my passions all at my command ;
Reason within me shall sole Ruler be,
And every sense shall wear her livery.
Lord of my self in cheif ; when they that have
More wealth, make that their Lord, which is my slave.

Yet

Yet I as well as they ; with more content
 Have in my self a household government.
 My intellectual soul hath here possess'd
 The Stewards place to govern all the rest.
 When I go forth my Eyes two Ushers are,
 And dutifully walk before me bare.
 My Legs run Footmen by me. Go or stand
 My ready Arms wait close on either hand :
 My Lips are Porters to the dangerous dore ;
 And either Ear a trusty Auditor.
 And when abroad I goe , *Fancy* shall be
 My skilfull Coach-man, and shall hurry me
 Through Heaven and Earth, and *Neptune's* watry plain,
 And in a moment drive me back again.
 The charge of all my Celler, Thirst, is thine ;
 Thou Butler art, and Yeamon of my Wine.
Stomach the Cook, whose dishes best delight,
 Because their only sawce is *Appetite*.
 My other Cook *Digestion* ; where to me
 Teeth carve, and Pallat will the Taster be.
 And the two Eye-lids, when I go to sleep,
 Like carefull Grooms my silent chamber keep,
 Where lest a cold opprels my vital part,
 A gentle fire is kindled by the Heart.
 And lest too great a heat procure my pain,
 The Lungs fan wind to cool those parts again.
 Within the inner closet of my brain
 Attend the nobler members of my train.
Invention Master of my Mint grows there,
 And *Memory* my faithful Treasurer.
 And though in others 'tis a treacherous part,
 My *Tongue* is Secretary to my Heart.
 And then the Pages of my soul and sense,
Love, Anger, Pleasure, Grief, Concupiscence,
 And all affections else, are taught t' obey
 Like subjects, not like favourites to sway,
 This is my Mannor-house, and men shall see
 There I live Master of my family.

Say then thou man of wealth ; In what degree
 May thy proud fortunes over-balance me ?
 Thy many Barks plough the rough Ocean back ;
 And I am never frightened with a wrack.
 Thy flocks of sheep are numberless to tell,
 And with one fleece I can be cloth'd as well,
 Thou hast a Thousand several Farms to let,
 And I do feed on ne're a Tenants sweat.
 Thou hast the Commons to Inclosure brought ;
 And I have fixt a bound to my vast thought.
 Variety is sought for to delight
 Thy witty and ambitious appetite,
 Three Elements at least dis-peopled be,
 To satisfy judicious gluttony.
 And yet for this I love my Commons here,
 Above the choicest of thy dainty cheer.
 No widows curse caters a dish of mine,
 I drink no teares of Orphans in my wine.
 Thou maist perchance to some great Office come,
 And I can rule a Commonwealth at home,
 And that preeminence enjoy more free,
 Then thou putt up with vain Authority.
 What boots it him a large command to have.
 Whose every part is some poor vices slave ?
 Which over him as proudly Lords it there,
 As o're the Rustick he can domineer.
 Whilst he poor swains doth threat, in his own eyes
 Lust and Concupiscence do Tyrannize.
 Ambition wracks his heart with jealous fear,
 And bastard flatt'ry captivates his ear.
 He on posterity may fix his care,
 And I can study on the times that were.
 He stands upon a pinnacle, to show
 His dangerous height, whilst I sit safe below.
 Thy father hoards up Gold for thee to spend,
 When death will play the Office of a friend,
 And take him hence, which yet he thinks too late :
 My nothing to inherit is a fate.

Above

Above thy birth-right should it double be ;
 No longing expectation tortures me.
 I can my Fathers Reverend head survey,
 And yet not wish that every heir were gray:
 My constant *Genius* sayes, I happier stand
 And richer in his life, then in his land,
 And when thou hast an Heir that for thy gold
 Will think each day makes thee a year too old ;
 And ever gaping to possesse thy store,
 Conceives thy age to be above founscore
 'Cause his is one and twenty, and will pray
 The too slow hours to hast, and every day
 Bespeakes thy Coffin, cursing every bell
 That he hears toll, 'cause 'tis anothers knell :
 (And justly at thy life he may repine,
 For his is but a Wardship during thine.)
 Mine shall have no such thoughts, if I have one,
 He shall be more a pupill then a son :
 And at my grave weep truth, and say deaths hand,
 That bountifullly unto thine gave land,
 But rob'd him of a Tutor ; Cursed store !
 There is no piety but amongst the poore :
 Go then confesse which of us Fathers be
 The happier made in our posterity :
 I in my Orphan that hath nought beside
 His vertue, thou in thy rich parricide.
 Thou several Artists dost imploy to show
 The measure of thy lands, that thou mayst know
 How much of earth thou hast : while I do call
 My thoughts to scan how little 'tis in all.
 Thou hast thy hounds to hunt the timorous Hare,
 The crafty Fox, or the more noble Deer ;
 Till at a fault perchance thy Lordship be
 And some poor Citie varlet hunt for thee.
 For 'tis not poor *Aetæons* fault alone :
 Hounds have devour'd more Masters sure then one.
 Whilst I the while pursuing my content,
 With the quick Nostrils of a judgment, sent

The hidden steps of Nature, and there see
 Your game maintain'd by her antipathy.
 Thou hast a Hawk, and to that height doth flye
 Thy understanding, if it soar so high :
 While I my soul with Eagles Pinions wing,
 To stoop at Heaven, and in her Talons bring
 A glorious constellation, sporting there
 With him whose belt of starres adorns the Sphear.
 Thou hast thy land-skips, and the painters try
 With all their skill to please thy wanton eye :
 Here shady groves, and craggy mountains there ;
 Here rivers head-long fall, there the springs run cleer ;
 The Heavens bright Rays through clouds must azure show,
 Circled about with *Iris* gawdy bow.
 And what of this ? I reall Heavens do see,
 True springs, true groves, whilest yours but shaddows be.
 Nor of your household-stuff so proudly boast,
 Compos'd of curiosity and cost :
 Your two best Chambers are unfurnished,
 Th' inner and upper room, the heart and head.

But you will say, The comfort of a life
 Is in the partner of your joyes, a wife.
 You have made choice of Brides, you need not woo
 The rich, the fair ; they both are profer'd you :
 But what fond virgin will my love prefer,
 That only in *Parnassus* joynture her ?
 Yet thy base match I scorn, an honest pride
 I harbour here, that scorns a market bride.
 Neglected beauty now is priz'd by gold ;
 And sacred love is basely bought and sold :
 Wives are grown traffique, marriage is a trade,
 And when a nuptial of two hearts is made,
 There must of monies too a wedding be,
 That coyn as well as men may multiply.

O humane blindness ! had we eyes to see,
 There is no wealth to valiant Poetry !
 And yet what want I heaven or earth can yield ?
 Me thinks I now possesse th' *Elysian* field.

Into my chest the yellow *Tagus* flows,
 While my plate-fleet in bright *Pactolus* rows.
 Th' *Hesperian* Orchard is mine; mine, is all :
 Thus am I rich in wealth Poeticall.
 Why strive you then my friends to circumvent
 My soul, and rob me of my best content ?
 Why out of ignorant love counsell you me
 To leave my *Muses* and my *Poetry* ?
 Which should I leave and never follow more,
 I might perchance get riches and be poor.

In anguem, qui *Lycorin* dormientem
 amplexus est.

VER erat, & flores per apertum libera campum
 (ut *Cereris* spes una) legit mea flamma *Lycoris*.
 At nimio tandem studio, nimioq; labore,
 Admisit somnos virides defessa per herbas.
 utque erat & placidum carpebant membra soporem,
 Alternâ varins maculâ de flore propinquo
 Per vestes tacitè subrepsit *Lubricus* anguis.
 Vidi ego, & attonitam percussus frigore mentem,
 Omnia pertimui : Tu me *Rhodopeia* conjux
 Serpentum insidiis blando direpta marito,
 Prima feris : sed cum tendentem innoxia vidi
 Spicula, nec lassæ fraudem intentare puellæ :
 Quàm longè timor hic abiit, majore secuto ?
 Namque levis totum instravit vipera corpus ;
 Jamque suam *Lybiam*, & steriles fastidit arenas
 Et mirata femur, ventremque, atque ubera lacte
 Candidiora suo ; Tali fas dixit in arvo
 Fas mihi semper erit, perque istos serpere colles
 Me videt, & metuens cerni fugit improbus anguis,
 Sub nivioque latet collo, sua lilia credens ;
 Purpureis mox usque genis allapsus, in istis
 Tutius est hære relictis, & dultius, inquit.
 Tum frontem spectans, venasque in fronte tumentes.

Quænam (ait ille) jugo violæ nascuntur in isto?
 Hinc ad Casariam surgit, flavosque capillos,
 Et stupet auratam formoso in vertice Sylvans.
 Heiperidumque nemus jam credit, credidit hortum;
 Talibus aut foliis, aut tali fronde superbâ
 Non illi myrtus Paphiæ, Dodonaque Quereus,
 Thessala nec Pinus, nec erat Peneia laurus.
 Gaudia jam tota implerant secunda pericli
 Pectora, descendit rursus, totosque per artus
 Lascivus gestit numero ludere gyro;
 Caudaque formosum cingat dum frigida collum,
 Labra petit labris, & Nectaris oscula libat;
 Spirantesque hauret Zephyros, atque omnia Phœnix
 Quæ potuit moriens preciosa imponere busto,
 Quicquid olent Arabes, sævum non inde venenum,
 Sed velut Hyblæos discurrens incola campos,
 Mella legit nova nuper Apis: jam credite, possit
 Inter Aristæi serpens armenta vagari.
 Ah quoties metui cælestes frigidus Artes,
 Rivalemq; Jovem! formâ ne callidus istâ
 Appeteret nostram, petiit Deoîda Nympham.
 Exerit ille caput (tota jam corde voluptas
 Incedit) Cantuque suæ blanditur amicæ;
 Dulciaque erectis modulatur sibila cristis.
 Excutitur Nymphæ somnus, jam membra refecta
 Luminaque attollit totum admittentia Phœbum.
 Dumque ibi dispersos flores lapsamque coronam
 Colligit in gremio maculosus cernitur anguis.
 Illa (sibi nota quanta est fiducia formæ!)
 Nil metuens, tenerum tractavit pollice vermem,
 Admovitque sinu, colloque & pectore fovit.
 Hic ludens modo per digitos novus annulus ibat,
 Splendida nunc mediam complexus zona puellam;
 Vivaque per teretes pendens armilla lacertos;
 Gravior ut fieret cultus, in mille figuras
 Flectitur, innumeros sese variavit in orbes.
 Candida multiplici constringens brachia nodo.
 Ah nimium superis, nimium est dilecta Lycoris!

Eas alii fluctus & littora rubra
 Scrutantur; nulli misit prius Africa gemmas.
 Perniciem quæcunque parant & flebile virus
 Humano generi, cupiunt ornare Lycorin;
 Namq; ea, parva licet, summo quæ pendula tectis
 Nescit opus, cum de serpente monilia facta
 Amula vidisset, subito novus ardor amantis
 Pectus agit Serpensinè, inquit, tibi gemma Lycori?
 Nulla ego contulerim divinæ munera formæ!
 Nec mora, deposcit radios, sua retia mittit,
 Quæque solet trepidis venabula tendere muscis,
 Et tibi subtiles meditatur Aranea telas.

Tu tamen, ô serpens, qui nostris reptile felix
 Deliciis fruire, & triplici rapis oscula linguâ,
 (Sic semper novus exuviiis & pelle renata
 Perfictam repetas per sæcula mille inventam!)
 Vestras pulchram artes & pharmaca vestra Lycorin
 Edoceas, longam ne sentiat illa senectam,
 Nec fronti turpes inscribant tempora rugas.
 At nova perpetuò facies, eademque Lycorin
 Monstret, & in speculo nunquam sese altera querat;
 Et Venerem formâ superans, ævoque Sybillam,
 At tandem hinc abiens, ô felicissime serpens,
 Quando renascentes numerasti sæpius annos,
 Accedas astris sidus, Pythone remoto,
 Fluminis in morem flexus; Tu deinde Lycori
 Cum tædet vita, Serpenti proxima charo
 Stella nite, cælumque bea, tibi detque Cathedram
 Cassiopææ suam, det Bacchi Virgo Coronam.

Englished thus ΠΑΡΑΦΡΑΣΙΣ.

THe Spring was come, and all the fields grown fine;
 My flame Lycoris like young Proserpine
 Went forth to gather flowers, bettering their sent
 They took more sweetnesse from her then they lent.

Now

Now loaden with her harvest, and o're-press'd
 With her sweet toyl, she laid her down to rest,
 Lillies did strow her couch, and proud were grown
 To bear a whiteness purer then their own.
 Roses fell down soft pillows to her head,
 And blush themselves into a deeper red
 To emulate her cheeks : *Flora* did set
 Her maids to work to weave the Violet
 Into a purple rugge, to sheild the fair
Lycoris from the malice of the Air ;
 When low a Snake hid in the neighbouring bowers,
 (Ah who would think treason should lurk in flowers?)
 Shoots forth her checker'd skin, and gently creeps
 O're my *Lycoris*, that as gently sleeps.
 I saw it, and a sudden frost possess'd
 My frighted soul in my then troubled breast.
 What fears appear'd not to my mind and me ?
 Thou first wert call'd bemoan'd *Euridice*,
 By serpents envy forced to expire,
 From *Orpheus* rap't, and his death-conquering lyre :
 But when I found he wore a guiltlesse sting,
 And more of love did then of treason bring :
 How quickly could my former fear depart,
 And to a greater leave my jealous heart !
 For the smooth viper every member scans,
 Africk he loaths now, and the barren sands
 That nurs'd him, wondring at the glorious sight
 Of thighes and belly, and her breasts more white
 Then their own milk. *Ah might I still* (quoth he)
Crawl in such fields, 'twixt two such mountains be !
 There me he spi'd, and fearing to be seen ;
 Shrouds to her neck, thinking't had Lillies been.
 But viewing her bright cheeks, he soon did cry,
under you Roses shall I safer lye.
 Thence did her fore-head with full veins appear,
 Good Heaven (quoth he) *what Violets grow here*
On this clean promontory ? Hence he slides
 Up to her locks, and through her tresses glides,

Her yellow tresses; dazell'd to behold
 A glistring grove, an intire wood of Gold.
 Th' *Hesperian* woods he thinks he now had seen;
 That thought, but now, they had an Orchard been;
 For leaves and boughes the *Archimenean* Vine,
 The *Dodon* Oak, and the *Theſſalian* Pine
 Muſt yeild to theſe; no trees ſo bright as they,
 Nor *Paphian* Myrtles, nor *Peneïan* Bay.
 Joy now fill'd all his breſt, no timorous fear
 Of danger could find room to harbour there.
 Down ſlips he, and about each limb he hurls
 His wanton body into numerous curls.
 And while his tail had thrown it ſelf a chain
 About her neck, his head bears up again;
 With his black lips her warmer lips he greets,
 And there with kiſſes ſteep't in *Nectar* meets.
 Thence *Zephyrs* breath he ſucks, then doth he ſmell
 Perfumes that all th' *Arabian* Gums excell.
 And ſpices that doe build the *Phœnix* pyre,
 When ſhe renews her youth in funeral fire.
 Nor ſeeks he poiſon there, but like the Bee
 That on mount *Hybla* plies her huſbandry:
 He gathers hony thence, now, now I know
 With *Ariſtaeus* Flocks a ſnake may goe.
 Ah cold at heart, I fear'd ſome heavenly ſleight,
 And *Jove* my Rival, that his old deceit
 Had once again this borrowed ſhape put on
 To court my Nymph, as he had *Dedis* won.
 Up liſt the Snake his head (for pleaſure now
 Held all his ſoul) and with creſted brow
 To flatter's Love he ſung, he ſtrives to play,
 And hiſſes forth a well-run'd Roundelay.
 This wakes the Nymph, her eyes admits the day:
 Here flowers, and there her ſcatter'd Garlands lay,
 Which as ſhe picks up, and with Bents reties,
 She in her lap the ſpeckled Serpent ſpies.
 The Nymph no ſign of any terror ſhows,
 (How bold is beauty when her ſtrength ſhe knows!)

And in her hand the tender worm she grasp'd,
 While it sometimes about her finger clasp'd
 A ring enamel'd, then her tender waist
 In manner of a Girdle round embrac't,
 And now upon her waist a bracelet hung,
 Where for the greater ornament he flung
 His limber body into several folds,
 And twenty winding figures, where it holds
 Her amorous pulse, in many a various twist,
 And many a love-knot ties upon her wrist.
Lycoris to the gods thou art too dear,
 And too too much of heaven belov'd I fear.
 This or that Nymph's the Red sea spoils may be,
 But *Lybia* ne're sent Jewels but to thee.
 What er'e to us are deaths and poyson sent,
 Desire to be *Lycoris* ornament:
 For that same little Spider that hangs up
 Together with her web on the house top,
 When she beheld the Snake a bracelet made,
 Struck with an envy and a love, she said,
And shall a Snake thy Gem Lycoris be,
And such bright form receive no tyres from me?
 Then flings her nets away, and throwing by
 Her subtle toyl, she sets to catch a Fly,
 To th'loom *Arachne* goes, and plies it there
 To work a robe for my *Lycoris* wear.

But thou, ô Serpent which so blest canst be
 To reap those joyes for which I envy thee:
 That happy worm upon her lip fast hung,
 Sucking in kisses with thy three-fork'd tongue,
 (So mayst thou age and skin together cast,
 And oft recall thy youth when it is past,)
 Teach my *Lycoris* what your arts may be,
 Let her th' ingredients of thy cordials see,
 That she may ne're grow old, that times dull plow
 May never print a wrinkle on her brow.
 I charge thee in the pow'rfull *Cupids* name,
 May a new beauty alwayes and the same

Lycoris

Lycoris shew; ne'r may she in her glasse
 Look for her own and find another face.
Venus for beauty may she then appear,
 When she has liv'd to old *Sybilla's* year;
 And when, dear Snake, thou wilt no moe renew
 Thy youthfull vigor, bid base earth adiew;
 And glory to the night, or from his spear
 Huge *Python* pull and fix thy torches there;
 Where like a river thou shalt bending go,
 And through the Orb a starry torrent flow.
 And thou *Lycoris*, when th'art pleas'd to take
 No more of life, next thy beloved *Snake*
 Shine forth a Constellation, full, and bright;
 Blesse the poor heavens with more majestick light,
 Who in requitall shall present you there
Ariadne's Crown, and *Castiopa's Chair*.

*A complaint against Cupid, that he never
 made him in Love.*

HOW many of thy Captives (Love) complain,
 Thou yoak'st thy slaves in too severe a chain?
 I've heard 'em their Poetick malice show,
 To curse thy quiver and blaspheme thy bow.
 Calling thee Boy, and blind, threatning the rod;
 Prophanely swearing that thou art no god.
 Or if thou be; not from the starry place,
 But born below, and of the Stygian race.
 But yet these Atheists that thy shafts dislike,
 Thou canst be friendly to, and deign to strike.
 This on his *Cloris* spends his thoughts and time;
 That chaunts *Corinna* in his amorous rime:
 A third speaks raptures, and hath gain'd a wit
 By praising *Celia*, else had mist of it,
 But I that think there can no freedom be
 (*Cupid*) so sweet as thy captivity:
 I that could wish thy chains, and live content
 To weare them, not thy Gyves, but ornament:

I that could any ranfome pay to thee,
 Not to redeem, but fell my liberty,
 I am neglected. Let the caufe be known;
 Art thou a niggard of thy arrows grown;
 That wert so prodigall? or doft thou please
 To fet thy pillars up with *Hercules*
 Weary of conquest? or should I disgrace
 Thy victories, if I were deign'd a place
 Amongst thy other Trophies? none of these:
 Witnefs thy daily triumphs: who, but fees
 Thou still purfu'ft thy game from high to low;
 No age, no Sex can fcape thy powerfull bow.
 Decrepit age whose veines and bones may be
 An Argument againft Philosophy,
 To prove an emptinefs that has no fence
 Left but his feeling, feels thy influence,
 And dying dotes: not babes thy shafts can miffe;
 How quickly infants may be taught to kiffe!
 As the poor Apes being dumb thefe words would borrow,
I was born to day to get a babe to morrow.
 Each Plow-man thy propitious wounds can prove,
 Tilling the earth, and wifhing 'twere his Love.
 Am I invulnerable? is the dart
 Rebeaten, which thou level'ft at my heart?
 I'll reft thy parents bones, if they have done
 As *Thetis* once did to her god-like fon
 The great *Achilles*, dipt in Stygian lake
 Though I am fo, *Cupid*, thy arrows take,
 Try where I am not proof, and let me feel
 Thy archery, if not i'th heart, i'th heel.
 Perchance my heart lies there; who would not be
 A coward, to be valiant made by thee?
 I cannot fay thy blindneffe is the caufe,
 That I am bard the freedom of thy lawes:
 The wretched out-law of thy mothers Court,
 That place of comfort, Paradise of fport.
 For they may fay, that fay thou blind canft be,
 Eagles want eyes, and only Moles can fee.

Not

Not *Argus* with so many lights did shine,
 For each fair Ladies sparkling eyes are thine.
 Think'st thou because I doe the Muses love,
 I in thy Camp would a faint Souldier prove ?
 How came *Museus* and *Anacreon* then
 Into thy troops ? how came *Tibullus* pen
 Amongst thy spears, and how came *Ovid* (say)
 To be inrol'd great Generall in the pay ?
 And doubts thou me ? suspect you I will tell
 The hidden mysteries of your *Paphian* cell,
 To the strait-lac't *Diana* ? or betray
 The secrets of the night, unto the day ?
 No *Cupid* by thy mothers Doves I swear,
 And by her sparrows, 'tis an idle fear.
 If *Philomel* descend to sport with me,
 Know I can be (great *Love*) as dumb as she.
 Though she have lost her tongue ; in such delights
 All should be like her, only talk by nights :
 Make me thy Priest (if Poets truth divine)
 He make the Muses wanton, at thy shrine
 They all shall wait, and *Dian's* self shall be
 A votresse to thy mothers Nunnery.
 Where zeal with nature shall maintain no strife,
 Where none swear chastity and single life.
 To *Venus*-Nuns an easier oath is read,
 She breaks her vow that keeps her maidenhead.
 Reject not then your *Flamen's* ministry :
 Let me but Deacon in thy Temples be :
 And see how I shall touch my pow'rfull lyre,
 And more inspir'd with thine, then *Phœbus* fire,
 Chaunt such a moving verse, as soon shall frame
 Desire of dalliance in the coyest dame,
 Melting to amorous thoughts her heart of stone,
 And force her to untrusse her Virgin Zone.
 Is *Lucrece* or *Penelope* alive ?
 Give me a *Spartan* Matron, *Sabine* Wife,
 Or any of the *Vestals* hither call,
 And I will make them be thy converts all.

Who like good Proselytes more in heart then show,
 Shall to thy orgies all so zealous go,
 That *Thais* shall, nor *Helen* such appear ;
 As if they only Loves precisians were.
 But now my Muse dull heavy numbers sings,
Cupid 'tis thou alone giv'st verse her wings.
 The Lawrel wreath I never shall obtain,
 Unless thy torch illuminate my brain.
 Love Laurell gives; *Phæbus* as much can say,
 Had not he lov'd, there had not been the Bay.
 Why is my *Presentation* thus put by ?
 Who is't that my *Induction* dares deny ?
 Can any Lady say I am unfit ?
 If so, I'll sue my *Quare impedit*.
 I'm young enough, my spirits quick and good,
 My veins swell high with kind and active blood,
 Nor am I Marble ; when I see an eye
 Quick, bright, and full, rais'd round with majesty,
 I feel my heart with a strange fear oppress,
 As 'twere a lightning darted through my breast.
 I long not for the Cherries on the Tree,
 So much as those which on a lip I see.
 And more affection bear I to the Rose
 That in a cheek, then in a garden grows.
 I gaze on beauteous Virgins with delight,
 And feel my temper vary at the sight ;
 I know not why, but warmer streames do glide
 Thorow my veins, 'tis sure a wanton tide.
 But you perchance esteem my love the lesse,
 Because I have a foolish bashfulnesse,
 A shame-fac'd rose you find within my face,
 Whose modest blush frights you from my embrace ;
 That's ready now to fall, if you'll but deign
 To pluck it once, it shall not grow again.
 Or do you therefore cast my love away,
 Because I am not expert in the play ?
 My skills not known till it be ventred on ;
 I have not *Aristotle* read alone ;

I am in *Ovid* a proficient too :
 And if you'd hear my Lecture, could to you
 Analyze all his Art, with so much more
 Judgment and skill, then ere was taught before,
 That I might be cheif Master, he, dull fool,
 The under-usher in the *Cyprian* School :
 For petty *Padagogue*, poor *pedant*, he
 First writ the Art, and then the remedy :
 But I could set down rules of love so sure,
 As should exceed Art, and admit no cure.
 Pictures I could invent (*Love* were I thine)
 As might stand Copies unto *Aretine*.
 And such new dalliance study, as should frame
 Variety in that which is the same.
 I am not then incapable (*great Love*)
 Would'st thou my skill but with one arrow prove.
 Give me a *Mistresse* in whose looks to joy,
 And such a *Mistresse* (*Love*) as will be coy,
 Not easily won, though to be won in time ;
 That from her niceness I may store my rhyme :
 Then in a thousand sights, to thee I'll pay
 My morning Orisons, and every day
 Two thousand groans, and count these amorous prayers
 I make to thee, not by my Beades, but Tears.
 Besides, each day I'll write an *Elegy*,
 And in as lamentable Poetry
 As any Inns of Court man that hath gone
 To buy an *Ovid* with a *Littleton*.

But (*Love*) I see you will not entertain
 Those that desire to live amidst your train :
 For death and you have got a trick to flye
 From such poor wretches as do with you nigh.
 you scorn a yeilding slave, and plainly show it,
 Those that contemn your power you make to know it.
 And such am I : I slight your proud commands :
 I marle who put a Bow into your hands :
 A Hobby-horse, or some such pretty toy,
 A rattle would besit you better, Boy.

You conquer gods and men ? how stand I free,
 That will acknowledge no supremacy
 Unto your childish god-head ? does it cry ?
 Give it a plumme to still it's deity.
 Good *Venus* let it suck ; that it may keep
 Lesse ^{of} bawling : gentle Nurse rock it a sleep,
 Or if you be past Baby, and are now
 Come to wear breeches, must we then allow
 Your Boy-ship leave to shoot at whom you please ?
 No, whip it for such wanton tricks as these :
 If this do anger you, I'll send a Bee,
 Shall to a single duell challenge thee:
 And make you to your Mam run, and complain,
 The little serpent stung thee once again.
 Go hunt the Butter-flies, and if you can
 But catch'em, make their wings into a fan.
 Wee'l give you leave to hunt and sport at them,
 So you let men alone, — But I blaspheme
 (Great *Love*) I fear I have offended thee,
 If so be mercifull — and punish me.

*A gratulatory to M. Ben. Johnson for his
 adopting of him to be his Son.*

I Was not born to *Helicon*, nor dare
 Presume to think my self a Muses heir.
 I have no title to *Parnassus* hill
 Nor any Acre of it by the will
 Of a dead Ancestor, nor could I be
 Ought but a tennant unto Poetry.
 But thy Adoption quits me of all fear,
 And makes me challenge a childs portion there.
 I am akinne to *Heroes* being thine.
 And part of my alliance is divine,
Orpheus, Musæus, Homer too beside
 Thy Brothers by the *Roman Mothers* side

As *Ovid*, *Virgil*, and the *Latine Lyre*,
 That is so like thee, *Horace* ; the whole Quire
 Of Poets are by thy Adoption, all
 My Uncles ; thou hast given me power to call
Phæbus himself my Grandfire ; by this grant
 Each Sister of the Nine is made my Aunt.
 Go you that reckon from a large descent
 Your lineal honours, and are well content
 To glory in the age of your great name,
 Though on a Herald's faith you build the same :
 I do not envy you, nor think you blest,
 Though you may bear a Gorgon on your crest,
 By direct line from *Perseus* ; I will boast
 No farther then my Father ; that's the most
 I can, or could be proud of ; and I were
 Unworthy his adoption, if that here
 I should be dully modest ; boast I must
 Being son of his adoption, not his lust.
 And to say truth, that which is best in me
 May call you Father, 'twas begot by thee.
 Have I a spark of that celestial flame
 Within me, I confesse I stole the same
Prometheus like, from thee ; and may I feed
 His Vulture, when I dare deny the deed.
 Many more Moons thou hast, that shine by night
 All Bankrupts, wer't not for a borrow'd light ;
 Yet can forswear it ; I the debt confesse,
 And think my reputation nere the lesse,
 For, Father, let me be resolv'd by you ;
 Is't a disparagement from rich *Peru*
 To ravish Gold ; or theft, for wealthy Ore
 To ransack *Tagus*, or *Pactolus* shore ?
 Or does he wrong *Alcinous*, that for want
 Doth take from him a sprig or two, to plant
 A lesser Orchard ? sure it cannot be :
 Nor is it theft to steal some flames from thee.
 Grant this, and I'll cry guilty ; as I am,
 And pay a filial reverence to thy name ;

For when my Muse upon obedient knees
 Asks not a Fathers blessing, let her leese
 The fame of this Adoption; 'tis a curse
 I wish her 'cause I cannot think a worse.
 And here, as Piety bids me I intreat
Phœbus to lend thee some of his own heat;
 To cure thy Palsie; else I will complain
 He has no skill in hearbs; Poets in vain
 Make him the god of Physick, 'twere his praise
 To make thee as immortall as thy Bayes,
 As his own *Daphne*; 'twere a shame to see
 The god not love his Priest, more then his Tree.
 But if heaven take thee, envying us thy Lyre,
 'Tis to pen Anthems for an Angels quire.

In Lesbiam, & Histrionem.

I Wonder what should Madam *Lesbia* mean
 To keep young *Histrion*, and for what scene
 So bravely she maintains him, that what sence
 He please to blesse, 'tis done at her expence!
 The play-boy spends secure: he shall have more
 As if both *Indies* did supply his store.
 As if he did in bright *Pætolus* swim,
 Or *Tagus* yellow waves did water him,
 And yet has no revenues to defray
 These charges: but the Madam, she must pay
 His prodigal disbursments: Madams are
 To such as he, more then a treble share.
 She payes (which is more then she needs to do)
 For her own coming in, and for his too.
 This is reward due to the sacred sin;
 No charge too much done to the beardless chin,
 Although she stint her poor old Knight Sir *John*
 To live upon his exhibition,
 His hundred marks *per annum*, when her joy,
 Her sanguine darling, her spruce active boy

May scatter Angels; rub out silks, and shine
 In cloths of gold; cry loud the world is mine :
 Keep his Race-nags, and in Hide-park be seen
 Brisk as the best (as if the stage had been
 Grown the Court's Rival) can to *Brackly* go,
 To *Lincoln Race*, and to *New-market* too ;
 At each of these his hundred pound's has vi'd
 On *Peggabrigs*, or *Shotten herring* side :
 And looses without swearing. Let them curse
 That neither have a *Fortunatus* purse,
 Nor such a Madam, if this world do hold
 (As very likely 'twill) Madams grown old
 Will be the best Monopolies : *Histrion* may
 At *Maw*, or *Gleek*, or at *Primero* play,
 Still Madam goes to stake, *Histrion* knows
 Her worth, and therefore dices too, and goes
 As deep, the *Caster*, as the only Son
 Of a dead Alderman, come to twenty one
 A whole week since : you'd know the reason why
Lebia does this, guesse you as well as I ?
 Then this I can no better reason tell,
 'Tis 'cause he playes the womans part so well.
 I see old Madams are not only toyle,
 No tilth so fruitfull as a barren soyle.
 Ah poor day-labourers, how I pittie you
 That shrink, and sweat to live with much adoe!
 When had you wit to understand the right,
 'Twere better wages to have work'd by night.
 Yet some that resting here, do only think
 That youth with age is an unequall link ,
 Conclude that *Histrion's* task as hard must be,
 As was *Mexentius* bloody cruelty.
 Who made the living to embrace the dead,
 And so expire, but I am rather led
 His bargain of the two the best to call,
 He at one game keeps her , she him at all.

De Histrice, ex Claudiano.

FAm'd *Stymphal*, I have heard, thy birds in flight
 Shoot showers of arrows forth all levied right.
 And long the fable of those quils of steell
 Did seem to me a tale incredible.

Now have I faith, the Porcupine I see,
 And then th' Herculian biads no wonders be
 Her longer head like a swins snout doth show,
 Bristles like horns upon her fore-head grow,
 A fiery heat glomes from her flaming eye,
 Under her shaggy back the shape doth lye
 As 'twere a whiep: Nature all Art hath try'd
 In this small beast so strangely fortifi'd.

A threatning wood o're all her body stands,
 And stiffe as pikes her speckled stalks in bands
 Go to the warre, while under those doth rise
 Another troop, girt with alternate dies
 Of severall hue, which while a black doth fill
 The inward space ends in a fordid quill.

That lessening by degrees doth in a while,
 Take a quick point, and sharpens to a pile.

Nor doth her Squadron like a Hedge-hogs stand
 Fixt, but she darts them forth, and at command
 Far off her members aims, shot through the sky,
 From her shak'd side the native Engines flye.

Sometimes retiring *Parthian*-like she'l wound
 Her following foe; sometimes intrenching round,
 In battail from marshalling all her flanks,
 She'l clash her javelings to asright the ranks
 Of her poor enemies, lining every side

With spears to which she is her self alli'd,
 Each part of her's a souldier, from her back
 But stir'd, a horse and horrid noyse doth crack,
 That one would think the Trumpets did incite
 Two adverse armies to begin to fight,

So great a noise from one so small did rise.
 Then to her skill in armes she is so wise,

As to adde Policy, and a thrifty fear
Of her own safety; she a wreath doth bear
No prodigal of weapons, but content
With wary threatening, and hath seldome sent
An arrow forth, caus'd by an idle strife,
But spends 'm only to secure her life!

And then her diligent stroke so certain is
Without all errour, she will seldome miss.
No distance cozens her: the dumb skin aims right,
And rules the levy of the skilfull fight.
What human labour, though we boast it such,
With all her reason can perform so much?
They from the *Cretan* Goats their horns must take,
And after, with fire must softer make.
Bulls guts must bend their bowes, e're they fight
Steel arms their darts, and feathers wing their flights.

When lo a little beast we armed see
With nothing but her own artillery:
Who seeks no forraign aid, with her all go,
She to her self is Quiver, Darts, and Bow,
One Creature all the Arts of warfare knowes:
If from examples then the practise flows
Of humane life, hence did th' invention grow
At distance to incounter with our foe.
Hence the *Cydonians* instructed are
Their Stratagems, and manner of their war.
Hence did the *Parthians* learn to fight and fly,
Taught by this bird their skilful Archery.

In Archimedis Spharam ex Claudiano.

Jove saw the Heavens fram'd in a little glasse,
And laughing to the gods these words did passe,
Come then the power of mortal cares so far?
In brittle Orbs my labours acted are.

The statutes of the Poles, the faith of things;
 The laws of gods this *Syracusan* brings
 Hither by art : Spirits inclos'd attend
 Their several sphears, and with set motions bend
 The living work : Each year the fainged Sun,
 Each month returns the counterfeite Moon,
 And viewed now her world, bold Industry
 Grows proud, to know the heavens her subjects be?
 Believe *Salmonius* hath false thunders thrown,
 For a poor hand is Natures rival grown.

De Magnete, ex Claudiano.

Who in the the world with busie reason pries
 Searching the seed of things, and there descries
 With what defect labours the Eclipsed Moon,
 What cause commands a paleness in the Sun,
 Whence ruddy Comets with their fatal hair,
 Whence winds do flow, and what the motions are
 That shake the bowels of the trembling earth,
 What strikes the lightning forth, whence clouds have birth
 To horred thunders, and doth also know
 What light lends lustre to the painted Bow :
 If ought of truth his soul doth understand,
 Let him resolve a question I'll demand.

There is a stone which we the Load-stone stile,
 Of colour ugly, dark, obscure, and vile :
 It never deck'd the sleeked locks of Kings,
 No ornaments, no gorgeous Tire it brings
 To virgins beaurious necks, it never shone
 A splendent buckle in their Maiden Zone :
 But only hear the wonders I will tell,
 Of this black Peeble, and 'twill then excell
 All bracelets and what e're the diving Moor
 'Mongst the red weeds seeks for i'th' Eastern shore :
 From Iron first it lives, Iron it eats,
 But that sweet feast it knows no other meats :

Thence she renews her strength, vigour is sent
 Through all her nerves by that hard nourishment ;
 Withour that food she dies, a famine num's
 Her meager joynts, a thirst her veines consumes.
Mars that frights Cities with his bloody spears,
 And *Venus* that releases humane feares,
 Do both together in one Temple shine,
 Both joyntly honour'd in a common shrine;
 But different Statues, *Mars* a steel put on,
 And *Venus* figure was Magnetick stone.
 To them (as is the custome every year)
 The torch the Quire doth lead, the threshold's green
 With hallowed Mirtles, and the beds are seen
 To smell with Rosie Flowers, the Geniall sheet
 Spread over with purple Coverlet.

But here (O strangg!) the statues seem'd to move,
 And *Cytherea* runs to catch her love :
 And like there former joyes in heaven possesse,
 With wanton heat clings to her *Mars's* breast ;
 There hangs a gratefull burden : then she throws
 Her arms about his helmer, to inclose
 Her love in amorous Gyves, lest he get out,
 Here live embraces chain him round about.
 He stir'd with love, breath'd gently through his veines,
 Is drawn by unseen links, and secreet chains,
 To meet his spoused Gem ; the air doth wed
 The steel unto the stone thus strangely led
 The deities their stoln delights, replay'd,
 And only Nature was the bridall maid.
 What heat in these two metals did inspire
 Such mutual league ? what concords powerfull fire
 Contracted their hard minds ? the stone doth move
 With amorous heat, the steel doth learn to love.
 So *Nenus* oft the god of War withstood,
 And gives him milder looks, when hot with blood
 He rages to the fight, fierce with desire,
 And with drawn points whets up his active ire ;

She dares go forth alone, and boldiy meet
 His foaming steeds, and with a winning greet
 The humour of his high-flown breast assuage,
 Temp'ring with gentle flames his violent rage.
 Peace courts his soul, the fight he disavows,
 And his red plumes to kisses now he bows.

Ah ! cruel boy, large thy dominions be,
 The gods and all their thunders yeeld to thee,
 Great *Jove* to leave his heavens thou canst constrain,
 And midst the brinish waves to low again.
 Now the cold Rocks thou strik'st, the senselesse stone,
 Thy weapon-feels ; a lustfull heat doth run
 Through veines of flint ; the steel thy power can tame,
 And rigid marble must admit thy flame.

De Sene Veronensi : Ex Claudiano.

Happy that man that all his dayes hath spent
 Within his own grounds, and no further went,
 Whom the same house that d.d him erst behold,
 A little infant, sees him now grown old ;
 And with his staffe walks where he crawl'd before,
 Counts the age of one poor cottage and no more.
 Fortune ne're him with various tumults prest,
 Nor drank he unknown streames, a wandering guest.
 He fear'd no Merchants storms, nor drums of war,
 Nor never knew the strifes of the hoarse Bar.
 Who though to th' next town he a stranger be
 Yet heavens sweet prospect he enjoyes more free.
 From fruit, not Consuls, computation brings,
 By Apples Autumnes knows, by flowers the springs.
 Thus he the day by his own orb doth prize ;
 In the same field his Sun doth set and rise.
 That knew an oak a twig, and walking thither,
 Beholds a wood and he grown up together,
 Neighbouring *Veron* he may for *India* take,
 And think the Red-sea is *Benacus* lake,

Yet is his strength untam'd, and firm his knees;
 Him in a third age a lusty grandfire sees.
 Go seek whos' will, the far *Iberian* shore,
 This man hath liv'd, though that hath travel'd more.

The second Epod of Horace translated.

Happy the man which far from City-care,
 (Such as ancient Mortals were)
 With his own Oxen plows his fathers land,
 Free from Usurers griping hand.
 The Souldiers Trumphets never break his sleep,
 Nor angry Seas that raging keep.
 He shuns the wrangling Hall, nor food doth set
 On the proud thresholds of the great
 His life is this (O life almost divine!)
 To marry Elmes unto the Vine;
 To prune unfruitful branches, and from them
 To graft a bough of happier stem.
 Or else within the low-couch'd vallies veiws
 His well-cloth'd flocks of bleating ewes.
 Sometimes his hony he in pots doth keep,
 Sometimes he shears his fleecy sheep.
 And when his fruits with Autumn ripned be,
 Gathers his Apples from the tree.
 And joyes to tast the Pears himself did plant,
 And Grapes that naught of purple want.
 Under an Oak sometimes he layes his head,
 Making the tender grassle his bed.
 Mean while the streams along their banks doe float,
 And birds doe chaunt with warbling throat,
 And gentle springs a gentle murmure keep,
 To lull him to a quiet sleep.
 When Winter comes, and th' air doth chiller grow,
 Threatning showers, and shivering snow,
 Either with hounds he hunts the tusked swine,
 That foe unto the Corn and Vine.

Or layes his net, or lines the unctious bush
 To catch the Black-bird, or the Thrush.
 Sometimes the Hare he courses, and one way
 Makes both a pleasure and a prey.
 But if with him a modest wife do him meet,
 To guide his house and children sweet,
 Such as the *Sabine* or *Apuleian* wife,
 Sometimes brown, but chaste of life;
 Such as will make a good warm fire to burn
 Against her wearied Mates return,
 And shutting in her stalls her fruitful Neat
 Will milk the Kines d stented Teat:
 Fetching her husband of her self-brew'd Beers,
 And other wholsome country cheer,
 Sup him with bread and cheese, pudding or pye,
 Such dainties as they doe not buy:
 Give me but these, and I shall never care
 Where all the *Lochrine* Oysters are:
 These wholsome country dainties shall to me
 Sweet as *Teach* or *Sturgeon* be.
 Had I but these, I well could be without
 The *Carp*, the *Salmon*, or the *Trout*:
 Nor should the Phoenix self so much delight
 My not ambitious appetite,
 As should an apple snatcht from mine own trees
 Or honey of my labouring Bees.
 My Cattrels Udder should afford me food,
 My sheep my cloth, my ground my wood.
 Sometimes a Lamb, snatch'd from the Woolf, shall be
 A banquet for my friends and me.
 Sometimes a Calf ta'en from her lowing Cow,
 Or tender issue of the Sow.
 Our garden sallets verid, Mailowes to keep
 Loose bodies, Lettice for to sleep.
 The cackling Hen an egge for breakfast layes,
 And Duck that in our water playes,
 The Goose for us her tender plumes hath bred,
 To lay us on a softer bed.

Our blankets are not dy'd with orphants tears;

Our pillows are not stuff'd with cares.

To walk on our own ground a stomach gets,

The best of sauce to tart our meats.

In midst of such a feast tis joy to come

And see the well-fed Lambs at home.

'Tis pleasure to behold th' inverted plow

The languid necks of Oxen bow.

And view th' industrious servants that will sweat

Both at labour and at meat.

Lord grant me but enough ; I ask no more

Thou wilt serve mine, and help the poor,

An Elegie upon the Lady Venetia Digby.

Dearth, who'd not change prerogatives with thee
That dost such rapes, yet maist not question'd be ?

Here cease thy wanton lust, be satisf'd,

Hope not a second, and so fair a bride.

Where was her *Mars*, whose valliant arms did hold

This *Venus* once, that thou durst be so bold;

By thy too nimble theft I know 'twas fear,

Lest he should come, that would have rescu'd her.

Monster confesse, didst thou not blushing stand,

And thy pale cheek turn'd red to touch her hand ?

Did she not lightning-like strike sudden heat

Through thy cold limbs, and thaw thy frost to sweat ?

Well, since thou hast her, use her gently, *Death*,

And in requitall of such precious breath

Watch Sentinell to guard her, doe not see

The worms thy Rivals, for the gods will be.

Remember *Paris*, for whose pettier sin

The *Trojan* gates let the stout *Grecians* in :

So when time ceases, (whose unthrifty hand

Has now almost consum'd his stocks of land)

Myriads of *Angels* shall in armies come,

And fetch (proud ravisher) their *Helen* home.

And to revenge this rape, thy other store
 Thou shalt resign too; and shalt steal no more.
 Till then fair Ladies (for you now are fair,
 But till her death I fear'd your just despair.)
 Fetch all the spices that *Arabia* yeelds,
 Distill the choicest flowers of the fields,
 And when in one their best perfections meet
 Embalm her coarse, that she may make them sweet.
 Whilst for an Epitaph upon her stone

Epitaph.

Beauty it self lies here, in whom alone,
 Each part enjoy'd the same perfection.
 In some the eyes we praise, in some the hair
 In her the lips, in her the cheeks are fair;
 That Nymphs fine feet; her hands we beauteous call;
 But in this form we praise no part, but all.
 The ages past have many beauties shown,
 And I more plenty in our time gave known;
 But in the age to come I look for none;
 Nature despairs, because her pattern's gone.

An Epitaph upon Mistris J. T.

Reader, if thou hast a tear
 Thou canst not choose but pay it here.
 Here lies *modesty*, *meekness*, *zeal*,
Goodness *Piety*, and to tell
 Her worth at once, One that had shown
 All vertues that her sex could own,
 Nor dare my praise to lavish be,
 Lest her dust blush, for so would she.
 Hast thou beheld in the spring's bowers
 Tender buds break to bring forth flowers?
 So to keep vertues stock, pale death
 Took her to give her infant breath,

Thus

Thus her accounts are well made even,
She robb'd not earth, to add to heaven.

An Epithilamium.

Must be a bride-maid; dost thou hear
How honoured *Hunt* and his fair *Deer*;
This day prepare their wedding cheer?

The swiftest of thy pinions take,
And hence a sudden journey make,
To help'em break their bridal Cake.

Hast'em to Church, tell'em love sayes,
Religion breeds but fond delays,
To lengthen out the tedious dayes

Chide the slow Priest, that so goes on,
As if he fear'd he should have done
His sermon, e're his glasse was run.

Bid him post o're his words, as fast
As if himself were now to last
The pleasure of so fair a wast.

Now lead the blessed Couple home,
And serve a dinner up for some,
Their banquet is as yet to come.

Maids dance as nimble as your blood,
Which I see swell a purple flood
In emulation of that good

The bride possesseth; for I deeme
What she enjoys will be the theme
This night of every virgins dreame.

But envy not their best content
The hasty night is almost spent,
And they of Cupid will be shent.

The Sun is now ready to ride,
Sure 'twas the morning I espide,
Or 'twas the blushing of the bride.

See how the lusty bridgroomes veines
Swell, till the active torrent strains
To break those ore-streight azure chains

And the fair bride ready to cry
To see her pleasant losse so night
Pants like the sealed Pigeons eye:

Put out the torch, Love loves no lights,
Those that perform his mystick rites
Must pay their Orisons by nights.

Nor can that sacrifice be done
By any Priest, or Nun alone,
But when they both are met in one.

Now you that tast of *Hymens* cheer,
See that your lips doe meet so neere,
That Cockles may be tutor'd there.

And let the whispering of your love
Such short and gentle murmurs prove,
As they were Lectures to the dove.

And in such strict embraces twine,
As if you read unto the Vine,
The Ivy and the Columbine.

Then let your mutual bosomes beat,
Till they create by virtuall heat
Mirrhe, Balme, and Spikenard in a sweat.

Thence

Thence may there spring many apai'r
Of Sons and Daughters strong and fair :
How soon the Gods have heard my prair !

Me thinks already I espy
The Cradles rock, the babies cry,
And drousic Nurles Lullaby.

An Epitaph upon his honour'd friend M. Warre.

Here lies the knowing head, the honest heart,
Fair blood, and courteous hand, and every part
Of gentle warre, all with one stone content,
Though, all deser'd a several monument.
He was (delieve me Reader) for 'tis rare
Vertuous though young, and learned though an heir.
Not with his blood or vertues gift content,
He paid them both the tribute which they lent,
His ancestors in him fixed their pride,
So with him all reviv'd, with him all di'd.
This made death lingring come, ashame'd to be;
At once the ruine of a family.
Learn Reader, here, though lone thy line hath stood,
Time breeds consumptions in the noblest blood.
Learn (Reader) here to what our glories come,
Here's no distinction 'twixt the House and Tombe.

upon the losse of his little Finger.

A Richmetique nine digits, and no more
Admits of, then I still have all my store,
For what mischance hath tane from my left hand.
It seems did only for a ciph'er stand,
But this Ile say for thee departed joynt,
Thou wert not given to steal, or pick, or point
At any in disgrace, but thou didst go
Untimely to thy Death, only to show

The other members what they once must do
 Hand, arm, leg, thigh, and all must follow too.
 Oft didst thou scan my verse, where if I misse
 Hence forth I will impute the cause to this;
 A fingers losse (I speake it not in sport)
 Will make a verse sometimes a foot to short:
 Fare well dear finger, much I grieve to see
 How soon mischance hath made a hand of thee.

On the Passion of Christ.

WHat rends the temples vail, where is day gone?
 How can a generall darknesse cloud the Sun?
 Astrologers their skill in vain do try,
 Nature must needs be sick, when God must dye.

Necessary Observations.

1. Precept.

First worship God, he that forgets to pray
 Bids not himself good morrow nor good-day;
 Let thy first labour be to purge thy sin,
 And serve him first, whence all things did begin.

2 Pre,

Honour thy Parents to prolong thine end,
 With them though for a truth do not contend.
 Though all should truth defend, do thou loose rather
 The truth a while, then loose their loves for ever.
 Who ever makes his fathers heart to bleed,
 Shall have a childe that will revenge the deed.

3 Pre.

Think that is just, 'tis not enough to do,
 Unless thy very thoughts are upright too.

4 Pre.

Defend the truth, for that who would not dye.
 A coward is, and gives himself the lye.

5 Pre.

5 Pre.

Honour the King, as sons their parents doe;
For he's thy father and thy countries too.

6 Pre.

A friend is gold; if true, he'll never leave thee:
Yet both without a touch-stone may deceive thee;

7 Pre.

Suspicious men think others false, but he
Cozens himself that will too credulous be,
For thy friends sake let no subject be shown,
And shun to be too credulous for thine own.

8 Pre.

Take well what ere shall chance; though bad it be,
Take it for good, and 'twill be so to thee.

9 Pre.

Swear not: an oath is like a dangerous dart
Which shot rebounds, to strike the shooters heart.

10 Pre.

The lawes the path of life; then that obey:
Who keeps it not, hath wandring lost his way

11 Pre.

Thank those that doe the good, so shalt thou gain
Their second help, if thou shouldst need again.

12 Pre.

To doubtfull matters doe not headlong run:
What's well left off, were better not begun.

13 Pre.

Be well advi's'd, and weary counsell make,
Ere thou dost any action undertake.
Having undertaken, thy endeavours bend
To bring thy actions to a perfect end.

14

Safe in thy breast close lock up thy intents:
For he that knows thy purpose best prevents.

15 Pre.

To tell thy miseries will no comfort breed,
Men help thee most that think thou hast no need;
But if the world once thy misfortunes know,
Thou soon shalt loose a friend and find a foe.

16 Pre.

Keep thy friends goods, for should thy wants be known
Thou canst not tell but they may be thy own.

17 Pre.

To gather wealth by fraud, do not presume:
A little evill got will much consume.

18 Pre.

First think, and if thy thoughts approve thy will,
Then speak, and what thou speakest fulfill.

19 Pre.

Spare not, nor spend too much; be this thy care,
Spare but to spend, and only spend to spare.
Who spends too much may want, and so complain,
But he spends best that spares to spend again.

20 Pre.

If with a stranger thou discourse, first learn
By strictest observation to discern,
If he be wiser then thy self; if so,
Be dumb, and rather chuse by him to know;
But if thy self perchance the wiser be,
Then do thou speak, that he may learn by thee?

21 Pre.

If thou dispraise a man, let no man know,
By any circumstance that he's thy foe:
If men but once find that, they'l quickly see
Thy words from hatred, not from judgment be.
If thou wouldst tell his vice, doe what you can
To make the world believe thou lov'st the man.

22 Pre.

Reprove not in their wrath incensed men,
Good counsell comes clean out of season then.
But when his fury is appeas'd and past,
He will conceive his fault, and mend at last.
When he is cool, and calm, then utter it,
No man gives Physick in the midst oth' Fit.

23 Pre.

Seem not to conscous of thy worth, nor be
The first that knowes thy own sufficiencie.

If to thy King and Country, thy true care
 More servieable is then others are,
 That blaze in Court; and every action sway
 As if the Kingdome on their shoulders lay.
 Or if thou serv'st a master, and dost see
 Others prefer'd of lesse Desert then thee.
 Do not complain, though such a plaint be true,
 Lords will not give their favours as a due,
 But rather stay and hope: it cannot be
 But men at last must needs thy vertues see.
 So shall thy trust endure and greater grow,
 Whilst they that are above thee, fall below.

24 Pre.

Desire not thy mean fortunes for to set
 Next to the stately Mannors of the Great.
 He will suspect thy labours, and oppresse,
 Fearing thy greatnesse makes his wealth the lesse.
 Great ones do love no equals: But must be
 Above the Terms of all comparity.
 Such a rich neighbour is compared best
 To the great Pike that eates up all the rest:
 Or elie like *Pharaohs* Con, that in an hour
 Will seaven of his fattest friends devour.
 Or like the sea whose vastness swallows clean
 All other streams, though no increase be seen.
 Live by the Poor, they doe the Poor no harm;
 So Bees thrive best, when they together swarm.
 Rich men are Bears, and poor men ought to fear'em
 Like ravenous Wolves; tis dangerous living neer'em.

25 Pre.

Each man three Devils hath; self born afflictions,
 Th' unruly Tongue, the Belly, and Affections:
 Charm these, such holy Conjurations can
 Gain thee the friendship both of God and man.

26 Pre.

So live with man, as if Gods curious eye,
 Did every where into thy Actions pry.

For never yet was sin so void of sence,
 So sally fac'd with brazen impudence,
 As that it durst before mens eyes commit
 Their beastly lusts, lest they should witness it,
 How dare they then offend, when God shall see,
 That must alone both Judge and Jury bee ?

27 Pre.

Take thou no care how to defer thy death,
 And give more respite to this Mortal breath :
 Would'st thou live long ? the onely meanes are these,
 'Bove *Galens* diet, or *Hippocrites*.

Strive to live well, tread in the upright wayes,
 And rather count thy Actions then thy dayes ;
 Then thou hast liv'd enough amongst us here,
 For every day well spent I count a year.
 Live well, and then how soon so er'e thou dies,
 Thou art of Age to claim Eternity.

But he that out-lives *Nestor*, and appears
 'T'have past the date of gray *Methus'lem's* year,
 If he his life to sloth and sin doth give,
 I say he onely *Was*, he did not *Live*.

28 Pre.

Trust not a man unknown, he may deceive thee ;
 And doubt the man thou know'st for he may leave thee
 And yet for to prevent exception too,
 'Tis best not seem to doubt, although you doe.

29 Pre.

Hear much but little speak, a wise man fears,
 And will not use his tongue so much as ears.
 The Tongue if it the hedge of Teeth do break
 Will others shame, and its own Ruin speak.
 I never yet did ever read of any
 Undone by hearing, but by speaking many.
 The reasons this, the Eares if chaste and holy.
 Do let in wit, the Tongue doth let out folly.

30 Pre.

To all alike be courteous, meek, and kind,
 A winning carriage with indifferent mind,

E

B.

But not familiar, that must be exempt,
Grooms saucy love soon turns into contempt;
Be sure he be at least as good as thee,
To whom thy friendship shall familiar be.

31 Pre.

Judge not between two friends, but rather see
If thou canst bring them friendly to agree.
So shalt thou both their loves to thee increase,
And gain a Blessing too for making peace;
But if thou should'st decide the cause, i'th' end,
How e're thou judge thou sure shalt lose a friend.

32 Pre.

Thy credit wary keep, 'tis quickly gone;
Being got by many Actions, lost by one.

33 Pre.

Unto thy brother buy not, sell, nor lend,
Such actions have their own peculiar end;
But rather choose to give him, if thou see
That thou hast power, and he necessity.

34 Pre.

Spare in thy youth, lest age should finde thee poor
When time is past, and thou canst spare no more.
No coupl'd misery is so great in either,
As Age and Want when both do meet together.

35 Pre.

Fly Drunkenness, whose vile incontinence
Takes both away the reason and the sence.
Till with *Circæan* Cups thy mind's possiest
Leaves to be man, and wholly turns a beast.
Think whilst thou swallowest the capacious bowl,
Thou let'st in Seas to wrack and drown the soul.
That hell is open, to remembrance call,
And think how subject drunkards are to fall.
Consider how it soon destroys the grace
Of humane shape, spoiling the beauteous face:
Puffing the cheeks, blearing the curious eye,
Studding the face with vicious Heraldry;

What

What Pearls and Rubies doth the Wine disclose,
 Making the purse poor to enrich the nose?
 How does it nurse disease, infect the heart,
 Drawing some sickness into every part!
 The stomach over-cloy'd, wanting a vent,
 Doth up again re-send her excrement.
 And then (O see what too much wine can do!)
 The very soul being drunk, spews secrets too.
 The Lungs corrupted, breathe contagious air,
 Belching up fumes that un-concocted are,
 The Brain o're warm'd (losing her sweet repose)
 Doth purge her filthy ordure through the nose.
 The Veins do boil, glutted with vitious food,
 And quickly fevers the distemper'd blood.
 The Belly swells, the Foot can hardly stand
 Lam'd with the Gout; the Palsie shakes the Hand.
 And through the flesh sick waters sinking in,
 Do bladder-like, puff up the dropsi'd skin.
 It weakens the brain, it spoils the memory,
 Hastening on age, and wilful poverty.
 It drowns thy better parts, making thy name
 To foes a laughter, to thy friends a shame.
 'Tis vertues poyson, and the bane of trust,
 The match of wrath, the fuel unto lust.
 Quite leave this vice, and turn not to't again,
 Upon presumption of a stronger brain.
 For he that holds more wine than others can,
 I rather count a Hogs-head than a man.

36 Pte.

Let not thy impotent lust so powerful be,
 Over thy Reason, Soul, and Liberty,
 As to enforce thee to a married life,
 E're thou art able to maintain a wife.
 Thou canst not feed upon her lips and face,
 She cannot cloathe thee with a poor embrace.
 Thy self being yet alone, and but one still,
 With patience couldst endure the worst of ill.

When fortune frownes, one to the wars may go
 To fight against his foes and fortunes too.
 But (ô) the grief were treble for to see
 Thy wretched Bride half pin'd with poverty.
 To see thy infants make their dumb complaint,
 And thou not able to relieve their want.
 The poorest begger when he's dead and gone,
 As rich as he that sits upon the Throne.
 But he who having no estate whilest wed,
 Starves in his grave, being wretched when he's dead.

37 Pre.

If e're I take a wife, I will have one
 Neither for beauty nor for portion,
 But for her vertues ; and I'll married be
 Not for my lust, but for posterity.
 And when I am wed, I'll never jealous be,
 But make her learn how to be chaste by me.
 And be her face what 'twill, I'll think her fair
 If she within the house confine her care.
 If modest in her words, and clothes she be,
 Not dabb'd with pride, and prodigality ;
 If with her neighbours she maintains no strife
 And bears her selfe to me a faithful wife ;
 I'de rather unto such a one be wed,
 Then clasp the choicest *Helen* in my bed.
 Yet though she were an Angel, my affection
 Should only love, not dote on her perfection.

A Platonick Elegie.

Love, give me leave to serve thee, and be wise
 To keep thy torch in, but restore blind eyes.
 I will a flame into thy bosome take,
 That Martyrs Court when they imbrace the state
 Not dull, and smoaky fires, but heat divine,
 That burns not to consume, but to refine.

I have

I have a Mistresse for perfection, rare
 In every eye, but in my thoughts most fair.
 Like Tapers on the Altar shine her eyes;
 Her breath is the perfume of Sacrifice.
 And where so ere my fancy would begin,
 Still her perfection lets Religion in,
 I touch her like my Beads, with devout care,
 And come unto my Court-ships as my prayer.
 We sit, and talk, and kisse away the houres
 As chastly as the morning dewes kisse flowers.

Go wanton Lover, spare thy sighs and teares,
 Put on thy Livery which thy dotage weares,
 And call it Love where heretofore gets in
 Zeal's but a coal to kindle greater sin,
 We wear no flesh, but one another greet.
 As blessed souls in separation meet,
 Wer't possible that my ambitious sin,
 Durst commit rapes upon a *Cherubin*,
 I might have lustful thoughts to her, of all
 Earths heavenly Quire the most Angelicall.
 Looking into my breast, her form I finde
 That like my Guardian-Angell keeps my mind
 From rude attempts; and when afflictions stir,
 I calm all passions with one thought of her.
 Thus they whose reasons love, & not their senses,
 The spirits love: thus one intelligence
 Reflects upon his like, and by chaste loves
 In the same sphere this and that Angell moves.
 Nor is this barren Love; one noble thought
 Begets another, and that still is brought
 To bed of more; vertues and grace increase,
 And such a numerous issue ne're can cease,
 Where Children though great blessings, only be
 Pleasures repriv'd to some posterity.
 Beasts love like men, if men in lust delight,
 And call that Love which is but appetite.
 When essence meets with essence, and souls joyne
 In mutuall knots, that's the true nuptial twine:

Such, Lady, is my love, and such is true.
All other love is to your Sex, not You.

*An Apology for his false Prediction that his Aunt
Lane would be delivered of a Son.*

Μαῖντις ἀεὶς ὅς τις εἰκάζει καλῶς.

The best Prophets are but good Guessers.

ARE then the *Sybils* dead? What is become
Of the loud Oracles? are the *Augurs* dumb?
Live not the *Magi* that so oft reveal'd
Natures intents? Is *Gipsim* quite repeal'd?
Is *Fryer Bacon* nothing but a name?
Or is all witchcraft brain'd with *Doctor Lamb*?
Does none the learned *Bungies* soul inherit?
Hath *Madam Davers* dispossess'd her Spirit?
Or will the *Welsh-men* give me leave to say
There is no faith in *Merlin*? None, though they
Dare swear each letter Creed, and pawn their blood,
He prophes'd an age before the flood
Of holy *Dee*, which was, as some have said,
Ten generations ere the *Ark* was made.
All your predictions but impostures are,
And you but prophesie of things that were.
And you *Celestial* Juglers, that pretend
You are acquainted with the stars, and send
Your spies to search what's done in every sphere,
Keeping your state-intelligencers there;
Your art is all deceit, for now I see
Against the Rules of deep *Astrology*,
Girls may be got when *Mars* his power doth vaunt,
And boyes when *Venus* is predominant.
Nor doth the Moor, though moist and cold she be,
Always at full work to produce the she:

Had this been true I had foretold no lye,
 It was the Art was in the wrong, not I,
 Thence I so dully err'd in my belief,
 As to mistake an *Adam* for an *Eve*.
 O gross mistake ! and in the civil pleas
Error personæ, Master Doctor says,
 And many admit divorce ; but farewell now
 You hungry star-fed Tribe, henceforth I vow
Talmud, *Albumazar*, and *Ptolomy*,
 With *Erra Pater* shall no Gospel be.
 Nor will I ever after this, I swear
 Throw dice upon the Shepherds Calender :
 But why do I excuse my ignorance,
 Lay blame upon the Art ? No, no, perchance
 I have lost all my skill, for well I know
 My Physiognomy two years agoe
 By the small Pox was unarr'd, and it may be,
 A fingers loss hath spoil'd my Palmistry.

But why should I a gross mistake confess ?
 No, I am confident I did but guess
 The very truth : it was a M le-childe then,
 But Aunt, you staid till 'twas a wench agen.
 To see th'inconstancy of humane things,
 How little time great alteration brings.
 All things are subject unto change we know,
 And if all things, then why not sexes too ?
Tyresias we read a man was born,
 Yet after did into a woman turn.
Lovinus a Physician of great fame,
 Reports of one at *Paris* did the same.
 And devout Papists say, Certain it is,
 One of their Popes by Metamorphosis,
 Indur'd the same, else how could *Joan* be heir
 To the succession of *St. Peter's* Chair.

So I at *Charing-Cross* have beheld one,
 A Statue cut out of the *Parian* stone,
 To figure great *Aicides* : which when well
 The Artist saw it was not like to sell,

He takes his Chizell, and away he pares
 Part of his sinewy neck, shaving the hairs
 Of his rough beard and face, smoothing the brows,
 And making that look amorous which but now
 Stood wrinkled with his anger; from his head
 He poles the shaggy locks, that had ore-spread
 His brawny shoulders with a fleece of hair,
 And works in stead more gentle tresses there,
 And thus his skill exactly to expresse
 Soon makes a *Venus* of a *Hercules*.

And can it then impossible appear,
 That such a change as this might happen here?
 For this cause therefore (gentle Aunt) I pray,
 Blame not my prophesie, but your delay.

But this will not excuse me; that I may
 Directly lear my self, there is no way,
 Unless the Jesuits will to me impart
 The secret depth of thier mysterious art;
 Who from their halting Patriot learn to frame
 A crutch for every word that falls out lame,
 That can the suble difference descry
 Betwixt equivocation and a lye.

And a rare scape by sly distinction find
 To swear the tongue, and yet not swear the mind.
 Now arm'd with arguments I nothing dread,
 But my own cause, thus confidently plead,

I said there was a Boy within your womb,
 Not actually, but one in time to come.
 Or by *Antiphrasis* my words might be,
 That ever understands the contrary:
 Or when I said you should a man child bear,
 You understood me of the sex I fear,
 When I did mean the mind, and thus define
 A woman but of spirit masculine.

Or had I said it should a Girl have been,
 And it had proved a boy, you should have seen
 Me solve it thus; I meant a boy by fate,
 But one that would have been effeminate.

Or thus I had my just excuse begun,
 I said my Aunt would surely bring a son
 If not a daughter; what we Seers foresee
 Is certain truth unlesse it falshood be.
 Or I affirm, because she brought forth one
 That will bring boyes, shee hath brought forth a son:
 For do not we call father *Adam* thus,
 Because that he got those that have got us?
 What ere I said by simple affirmation,
 I meant the right by *mentall reservation*.

An Epithalamium to Mr. F. H.

FRank, when this morn the Harbinger of day
 Blush'd from her Eastern pillow where she lay,
 Clasp'd in her *Tythons* arms, red with those kisses
 Which being enjoy'd by night, by day she misses:
 I walked the fields to see the teeming earth,
 Whose womb now swels to give the flowers a birth.
 Where while my thoughts with every object tane,
 In severall contemplations rapt my brain,
 A sudden lustre like the sun did rise,
 And with too great a light ecclips'd mine eyes.
 At last I spy'd a Beauty, such another,
 As I have sometimes heard call thee her brother.
 But by her Chariot and her team of Doves,
 I guest her to be *Venus*, Queen of Loves,
 With her a pretty boy I there did see,
 But for his whings I had thought it had been thee.
 At last when I beheld his quiver of darts,
 I knew 'twas *Cupid*, Emp'rour of our hearts.
 Thus I accosted them, Goddessie divine,
 Great Queen of *Paphos* and *Cytherian* shrine:
 Whose Altars no man sees that can depart
 Till in those flames he sacrifice his heart;
 That conquer'st gods and men, and heaven divine,
 Yea and hell too: bear witnesse *Proserpine*.

And

And *Cupid*, thou that canst thy Trophies show
 Over all these, and o're thy mother too;
 Witness: the night which when with *Mars* she lay,
 Did all her sports to all the gods betray:
 Tel me great powers, what makes such glorious beams
 Visit the lowly banks of *Nisus* streams?
 Then *Venus* smil'd, and smiling bid me know
Cupid and she must both to *Vesta* go.
 I quest the cause; for *Hymen* came behind
 In saffron robes, his nuptiall knots to bind,
 Then thus I prayd: Great *Venus* by the love
 Of thy *Adonis*, as thou hop'st to move
 Thy *Mars* to second kisses, and obtain
 Beauties reward, the golden fruit again:
 Bow thy fair eares to my chaste prayers, & take
 Such Orisons as purest love can make.
 Thou and thy boy I know are posting thither
 To tie pure hearts in purest bonds together.
Cupid, thou know'st the maid, I've seen thee lye
 With all thy arrows lurking in her eye.
Venus, thou know'st her love, for I have seen
 The time thou wouldst have fain her Rival been.
 O bleste them both! let their affections meet
 With happy omens in the Geniall sheet.
 Both comely, beaucious both, both equall fair,
 Thou canst not glory in a fitter pair.
 I would not thus have praid if I had seen
 Fourscore and ten wed to a young fifteen.
 Death in such nuptials seems with love to play,
 And *January* seems to match with *May*
 Autumn to wed the Spring, Frost to desire
 To kiss the Sun, Ice to embrace the fire,
 Both these are young, both sprightfull, both compleat,
 Of equall moisture, and of equall heat.
 And their desires are one; wee all love such;
 Who would love solitary sheets so much?
 Virginitie (whereof chaste fooles do boast;
 A thing not known what 'tis, till it be lost.)

Let others praise, for me I cannot tell
 What virtue 'tis to lead *Baboons* in hell.
 Woman is one with man when she is bridged,
 The same in kind, only in sex divided.
 Had all dy'd maids, we had been nothing then,
Adam had been the first and last of men.
 How none O *Venus* then thy power had seen?
 How then in vain had *Cupid's* arrows been?
 My self whose cool thoughts feel no hot desires,
 That serve not *Venus* flames, but *Vesta's* fires:
 Had I not vowed the *Cloysters*, to confine
 My self to more wives than only Nine,
Parnassus brood, those that hear *Phæbus* sing,
 Bathing her naked limbs in *Thesbian* spring.
 I'de rather be an Owl of birds, then one
 That is the *Phoenix* if she be alone.
 Two's the first of numbers, one nought can do
 One then is good when one is made of two.
 Which mystery is thine, great *Venus*, thine,
 Thy union can two souls in one combine.
 Now by that power I charge thee bless the sheets
 With happy issue where this couple meets.
 The maid's a *Harpy*, one that may compare
 With fruit *Hesperian*, or the Dragons care.
 Her love a *ward*; not he that aw'd the seas,
 Frighting the fearfull *Hamadryades*,
 That *Ocean-terrou*, he that durst out-brave
 Dread *Neptunes* Trident, *Amphitrites* wave.
 This *ward* a milder Pirat sure will prove,
 And only fails the *Hellepout* of Love,
 As once *Leander* did: his theft is best
 That nothing steals but what's within the breast.
 Yet let that other *ward* his thefts compare
 And ransack all his treasures, let him bear
 The wealth of worlds, the bowels of the *West*,
 And all the richest treasures of the *East*,
 The sands of *Tagus*, all *Pactolus* Ore,
 With all the *Indies*, yet this one gets more.

At once by love, then he by force could get,
 Or ravish from the Merchants, let him set
 His Ores together ; let him vainly boast
 Of spices snatch'd from the *Canary* coast,
 The Gums of *Egypt*, or the *Tyrian* Fleece
 Dy'd in his native purple, with what *Greece*,
Colchos, *Arabia*, or proud *China* yeelds,
 With all the mettrals in *Guiana* fields.
 When this has set all forth to boast his pride
 In various pomp, this other brings his bride :
 And Il'e be judg'd by all judicious eyes,
 If she alone prove not the richer prize.
 O let not death have power their love to sever !
 Let them both love, and live, and die together.
 O let their beds be chaste, and banish thence
 As well all jealousies as all offence !
 For some men I have known, whose wives has been
 As chaste as Ice : such as were never seen
 In wanton dalliance, such as till death,
 Never smelt any but their husbands breath.
 Yet the good man still dream'd of horns, still fearing
 His forehead would grow harder ; still appearing
 To his own fancy, Bull, or Stag, or more,
 Ox at least, that was an Ass before.
 If she would have new clothes, he streight will fear
 She loves a Taylor ; if she sad appear,
 He guesses soon it is 'cause he's at home ;
 If jocund, sure she has some friend to come,
 If she be sick, he thinks no grief she felt,
 But wishes all Physicians had been guilt.
 But ask her how she does, sets him a swearing ;
 Feeling her pulse is love-tricks past the bearing.
 Poor whetted wife, she cannot look awry,
 But without doubt 'tis flat adultery.
 And jealous wives there be, that are afraid
 To entertain a handsome chamber-maid.
 Far, far from them be all such thoughts I pray,
 Let their loves prove eternall, and no day

Ad date to their affections, (grant ô Queen)
 Their loves like Nuptial-bayes be alwayes green.
 And also grant ——— But here she bid me stay,
 For well she knew what I had else to say.
 I ask'd no more, wisht her hold on her race
 To joyn their hands, and send them night a pace!
 She smil'd to hear what I in sport did say,
 So whipp'd her Doves, and smiling rid away.

To M. Feltham on his Book of Resolves.

IN this unconstant age, when all mens minds
 In various change strive to out-vie the winds,
 When no man sets his foot upon the square,
 But treads on globes and circles; when we are
 The Apes of Fortune, and desire to be
 Resolved on as fickle wheels as she.
 As if the Planets that our Rulers are,
 Made the souls motion too irregular.
 When minds change oftner then the *Greek* could dream,
 That made the *Metempseucos*'d soul his theme;
 Yea oft to beastly forms: when truth to say,
 Moons change but once a month, we twice a day:
 VVhen none resolves but to be rich, and ill;
 Or else resolves to be irresolute still.
 In such a tide of minds, that every hour,
 Do ebb and flow, by what inspiring power,
 By what instinct of grace I cannot tell,
 Do'st thou resolve so much, and yet so well?
 While foolish men whose reason is their sense,
 Still wandering in the worlds circumference:
 Thou holding passions reigns with strictest hand,
 Dost firm and fixed in the Center stand.
 Thence thou art settled, other-while they tend
 To rove about the circle, find no end.
 Thy book I read, and read it with delight,
 Resolving so to live as thou dost write,

And

And yet I guesse thy life thy book produces ;
 And but expresse thy peculiar uses,
 Thy manner dictate, thence thy writing came ;
 So *Lesbians* by their work their rules do frame,
 Not by the rules the work : thy life hath been
 Pattern enough, had it of all been seen,
 Without a book ; books make the difference here,
 In them thou liv'st the same but every where.
 And this I guesse, though th'art unknown to me,
 By thy chaste writing ; else it could not be
 (Dissemble ne're so well) but here and there
 Some tokens of that plague would soon appear ;
 Oft lurking in the skin a secret gout
 In books would sometimes blister and break out.
 Contagious sins in which men take delight,
 Must needs infect the paper when they write.

But let the curious eyes of *Lynceus* look
 Through every nerve and sinew of this book,
 Of which 'tis full : let the most diligent mind
 Pry thorow it, each sentence he shall find
 Season'd with chaste, not with an itching salt,
 More favouring of the lamp then of the malt.
 But now too many think no wit divine,
 None worthy life, but whose luxurious line
 Can ravish virgins thoughts ; and is it fit
 To make a pander, or a baud of wit ?
 But tell 'em of it, in contempt they look,
 And ask in scorn if you will geld the book.
 As if the effeminate brain could nothing doe
 That should be chaste, and yet be masc'line too.
 Such books as these (as they themselves indeed
 Truly confesse) men do not praise, but read.
 Such idle books, which if perchance they can
 Better the brain, yet they corrupt the man.
 Thou hast not one bad line so lustfull bred,
 As to dye maid or matrons cheek in red.
 Thy modest wit, and witty honest letter
 Make both at once my wit and me the better.

Thy

Thy book a garden is, and helps us most
 To regain that which we in *Adam* lost.
 Where on the tree of knowledge we may feed,
 But such as no forbidden fruit doth breed.
 Whose leaves like those whence *Eve* her coat did frame,
 Serve not to cover, but to cure our shame.
 Fraught with all flowers, not only such as grows
 To please the eye, or to delight the nose :
 But such as may redeem lost healths again,
 And store of *Hel.* bore to purge the brain.
 Such as will cure the surfeit man did take
 From *Adams* apples : such as fain would make
 Mans second Paradise, in which should be
 The fruits of life, but no forbidden tree.
 It is a garden ; ha, I thus did say :
 And maids and matrons blushing run away.
 But maids re-enter these chaste pleasing bowers,
 Chaste matrons here gather the purest flowers,
 Fear not, from this pure garden do not fly,
 In it doth no obscure *Priapus* lye.
 This is an *Eden* where no serpents be
 To tempt the womans imbecility.
 These lines rich sap the fruit to heaven doth raise;
 Nor doth the *Cynamon*-bark deserve lesse praise.
 I mean the stile being pure, and strong and round,
 Not long but pithy : being short-breath'd, but sound,
 Such as the grave, acute, wise *Seneca* sings,
 That best of Tutors to the worst of Kings.
 Not long and empty ; lofty, but not proud ;
 Subtile, but sweet ; high but without a cloud.
 Well settled, full of nerves : in brief, 'tis such
 That in a little hath comprised much.
 Like th' *Iliads* in a nut-shell. And I say
 Thus much for stile ; though truth should not be gay
 In strumpers glittering robes, yet nere the lesse
 She well deserves a matrons comeliness.
 Being too brave, she would our fancies glut
 But we should loath her being too much the flat.

The reasonable soul from heaven obtain'd
 The best of bodies; and that man hath gain'd
 A double praise, whose noble vertues are
 Like to the face, in soul and body faire.
 Who then would have a noble sentence clad
 In russet-thread-bare words, is full as mad:
 As if *Apelles* should so fondly dote,
 As to paint *Venus* in old *Baucy's* coat.
 They erre that would bring stile so basely under;
 The lofty language of the Law was thunder.
 The wisest 'pothecary knows 'tis skill
 Nearly to candy o're the wholsome pill.
 Best Phisicke then, when gaul with sugar meets
 Tempring *Absinthian* bitternesse with sweets.
 Such is thy sentence, such thy stile, being read
 Men see them both together happ'ly wed.
 And so resolve to keep them wed, as we
 Resolve to give them to posterity.
 'Mongst thy Resolves put my Resolves in too;
 Resolve who's will, thus *I* Resolve to do
 That should my errours choose anothers line
 Whereby to write, *I* mean to live by thine.

In Natalem Augustissimi Principis Caroli.

P*rima tibi periit soboles (dilecta Maria)*
Elusitque uterum mæsta Diana tuum.
Tunc Cælo, nunc & terris sæcunda fuisti,
Quæ potes & reges & peperisse deos.
 The first birth *Mary* was unto a tombe,
 And sad *Lucina* cheated thy blest wombe.
 To heav'n thou wert fruitfull, now to earth,
 That canst give Saints as well as Kings a birth.

Upon his Picture.

WHEN age hath made me what I am not now,
 And every wrinkle tells me where the plow
 Of time hath furrowed ; when an Ice shall flow
 Through every vein, and all my head be snow :
 When death displays his coldness in my cheek,
 And I, my self in my own Picture seek,
 Not finding what I am, but what I was ;
 In doubt which to believe, this or my glasse :
 Yet though I alter this remains the same
 As it was drawn, retains the primitive frame,
 And first complexion ; here will still be seen
 Blood on the cheek, and Down upon the chin :
 Here the smooth brow will stay, the lively eye,
 The ruddy lip, and hair of youthfull dye.
 Behold what frailty we in man may see,
 Whosoe shadow is lesse given to change then he.

*An Ode to Mr. Anthony Stafford to hasten
 him into the Country.*

COME spurre away,
 I have no patience for a longer stay ;
 But must go down,
 And leave the chargeable noise of this great Town.
 I will the Country see,
 Where old simplicity,
 Though hid in gray,
 Dost look more gay
 Then foppery in plush and scarlet clad,
 Farewell you City-wits that are
 Almost at Civill-warre ;
 'Tis time that I grow wise, when all the world grows mad.

F

More

More of my dayes
 I will not spend to gain an Idiots prairie ;
 Or to make sport
 For some slight puny of the Innes of Court.
 Then worthy *Stafford*, say,
 How shall we spend the day,
 With what delights,
 Shorten the nights ?
 When from this tumult we are got secure ;
 Where mirth with all her freedom goes,
 Yet shall no finger lose ;
 Where every word is thought, and every thought is pure.
 There from the tree
 Wee'l cherries pluck, and pick the strawberry,
 And every day
 Go see the wholesome Country Girls make hay,
 Whose brown and lovelier grace,
 Then any painted face,
 That I do know
Hide-Park can show.
 Where I had rather gain a kisse then meet
 (Though some of them in greater state
 Might court my love with plate)
 The beauties of the *Cheap*, and wives of *Lumbard Street*.

But think upon
 Some other pleasures, these to me are none.
 Why do I prate
 Of women, that are things against my fate?
 I never mean to wed
 That torture to my bed.
 My Muse is the
 My love shall be.
 Let Clowns get wealth, and heirs; when I am gone;
 And the great Bugbear, grisly death
 Shall take this idle breath,
 If I a Poem leave, that Poem is my Son.

Of this no more ;
 Wee'll rather tast the bright *Pomana's* store.
 No fruit shall scape
 Our pallets, from the damson to the grape.
 Then full we'l seek a shade,
 And hear what musiques made ;
 How *Ph.lomell*
 Her tale doth tell :
 And how the birds do fill the quire ;
 The Thrush an Black-bird lend their throats,
 Warbling melodious notes ;
 We will all sports enjoy, which others but desire.
 Ours is the skie,
 Where at what fowl we please our Hawk shall fly;
 Nor will we spare
 To hunt the crafty Fox, or timerous Hare ;
 But let our hounds run loose
 In any ground they'l choose.
 The Buck shall fall,
 The Stag and all :
 Our pleasures must from their own warrants be
 For to my Muse, if not to me,
 I'me sure all game is free ;
 Heaven, Earth, are all but parts of her great Royalty.
 And when we mean
 To tast of *Bacchus* blessings now, and then,
 And drink by stealth
 A cup or two to noble *Barkleys* health,
 I'll take my pipe and try
 The *Phrygian* melody ;
 Which he that hears
 Lets through his ears,
 A madnesse to distemper all the brain.
 Then another pipe will take
 And *Dorique* musick make,
 To Civilize with greater notes our wits again.

*An Answer to Mr. Ben. Johnson's Ode, to
persuade him to leave the Stage.*

B*En*, do not leave she Sage
Cause 'tis a loathsome age;
For pride and impudence will grow to bold,
When they shall hear it told
They frighted thee: stand high as is thy cause,
Their hiss is thy applause,
More just were thy disdain,
Had they approved thy vain,
So thou for them, and they for thee were born,
They to incense, and thou as much to scorn.

Wilt thou engrosse thy store
Of wheat, and powre no more,
Because their Bacon-brains have such a tast
As more delights in mast:
No; set 'em forth a board of dainties, full
As thy best Muse can cull;
While they the while do pine
And thirst, midst all their wine.
What greater plague can hell it self devise,
Then to be willing thus to tantalize?

Thou canst not find them stuff
That will be bad enough
To please their palats; let 'em then refuse
For some Pye-corners Muse;
She is to fair an hostesse, 'twere a sinn
For them to like thine Inn:
'Twas made to entertain,
Guests of a nobler strain,
Yet if they will have any of thy store,
Give 'em some scraps, and send them from thy dore.

And

And let those things in Plush,
 Till they be taught to blush,
 Like what they will, and more contented be
 With what *Broome* swept from thee.
 I know thy worth, and that thy lofty strains
 Write not to Cloaths but Brains :
 But thy great spleen doth rise
 'Cause Moles will have no eyes ;
 This only in my *Bea* I faulty finde.
 He's angry, they'll not see him that are blinde.

Why should the Scene be Mute
 Cause thou canst touch my Lute,
 And string thy *Horace* , let each *Muse* of nine
 Claim thee, and say thou art mine.
 'Twere fond to let all other flames expire
 To sit by *Pindar's* fire :
 For by so strange neglect,
 I should my self suspect,
 The Palsie were as well, thy brains disease ;
 If they could shake my *Muse* which way they please.

And though thou well canst sing,
 The glories of thy King ;
 And on the whigs of verse his Chariot bear
 To heaven, and fix it there ,
 Yet let thy *Muse* as well some raptures raise,
 To please him as to praise.
 I would not have thee chuse
 Only a treble *Muse* ;
 But have this envious ignorant age to know,
 Thou that canst sing so high, canst reach as low.

A Dialogue. Thyrſis. Lalage.

Th. **M**Y Lalage when I behold
 So great a cold,
 And not a spark of heat in my deſire,
 I wonder what ſtrange power of thine,
 Kindles in mine
 So bright a flame, and ſuch a burning fire.
 Lal. Can *Thyrſis* in Philoſophy
 A truant be,
 And not have learn'd the power of the Sun ?
 How he to ſublunary things
 A fervour brings,
 Yet in himſelf is ſubject unto none ?
 Thir.. But why within thy eyes appear
 Never a tear,
 That cauſe from mine perpetual ſhowers to fall !
 Lal. Foole 'tis the power of fire you know
 To melt the ſnow,
 Yet has no moiſture in it ſelf at all.
 Thir. How can I be, dear virgin ſhow,
 Both fire and ſnow ?
 Do you that are the cauſe, the reaſon tell ;
 More then miracle to me
 It ſeems to be,
 That ſo much heat with ſo much cold ſhould dwell.
 Lal. The reaſon I will render thee,
 Why both ſhould be.
 Audacious *Thyrſis* in thy love too bold,
 'Cause thy ſawcineſſe durſt aſpire
 To ſuch a fire
 Thy love is hot : but 'tis thy hope is cold.
 Thir. Let pity move thy gentle breaſt
 To one oppreſt :
 This way, or that, give eaſe to my deſire :
 And either let Loves fire be loſt

In hopes cold! frost,
 Or hopes cold frost be warm'd in loves quick fire.
Lal. O neither boy; neither of these
 Shall work thy ease.
 Ile pay thy rashness with immortal pain,
 As hope doth strive to freez thy flame,
 Love melts the same :
 As Love doth melt it, Hope doth freez't again,
Thir. Come gentle swains lend me a groan
 To ease my moan.
Chorus. Ah cruel Love. how great a power is thine ?
 Under the Poles although we lye
 Thou mak'st us fry :
 And thou canst make vs freez beneath the line.

A Dialogue betwixt a Nymph and a Sheapherd.

Nym. WHY sigh you swain ? this passion is not common^s
 I ft for your kids or lamkins ? *Sh.* For a woman-
Nym. How fair is she that on so sage a brow
 Prints lowring looks ? *Shep.* Just such a toy as thou.
Nym. Is she a maid ? *Shep.* What man can answer that ?
Ny. Or widow ? *Sh.* No. *Ny.* What then ? *Sh.* I know not what.
 Saint-like she looks, a *Syren* if she sing ;
 Her eyes are starres, her mind is every thing.
Nymp. If she be fickle, Shepherd leave to woo
 Or fancy me. *Shep.* No thou art woman too ;
Nym. But I am constant. *Shep.* Then thou art not fair.
Nym. Bright as the morning. *Shep.* Wavering as air.
Nym. What grows upon this cheek ? *Sh.* A pure Carnation.
Nym. Come tast a kisse. *Sh.* O sweet, ô sweet Temptation!
Chorus. Ah Love, and canst thou never lose the field ?
 Where *Cupid* lays the siege, the Town must yeeld.
 He warms the chiller blood with glowing fire,
 And thaws the Icy frost of cold desire.

A Pastorall Ode.

GOe *cælia* dost thou see
 Yon hollow mountain tottering o're the plain,
 O're which a fatall Tree
 With treacherous shade betrays the sleepy swain:
 Beneath it is a Cell,
 As full of horror as my breast of care,
 Ruin therein might dwell,
 As a fit room for guilt and black despair.
 Thence will I headlong throw
 This wretched wight, this heap of miserie ;
 And in the dust below,
 Bury my Carcase ; and the thoughts of thee :
 Which when I finisht have,
 O hate me dead, as thou hast done alive ;
 And come not near my grave
 Least I take heat from thee, and so revive.

A Song.

Musick thou, Queen of souls, get up and string
 Thy pow'rfull Lute, and some sad requiem sing.
 Till Rocks requite thy *Eccho* with a groan ;
 And the dull cliffs repeat the duller tone :
 Then on a sudden with a nimble hand
 Run gently o're the Chordes, and so command
 The Pine to dance, the Oak his Roots forgo,
 The Holm, and eged Elme to foot it too ;
 Mirtles shall caper, lofty Cedars run,
 And call the Courtly Palme to make up one ;
 Then in the midst of all their Jolly train,
 Sticke a sad note ; and fix 'em Trees again.

The Song of Discord.

Let *Linus* and *Amphions* Lute
 With *Orpheus* Cittern now be mute.
 The harfhest voice the sweetest note ;
 The Reaven has the choicest throat ;
 A set of Frogs a quire for me :
 The Mandrake shall the Chaunter be.
 Where neither voice, nor tunes agree ;
 This is discords Harmony.
 Thus had *Orpheus* learn'd to play
 The following trees had run away.

To one Over-hearing his private discourse.

I wonder not my *Læda* far can see
 Since for her eyes she might an Eagle be,
 And dare the Sun ; but that she hears so well
 As that she could my private whispering tell,
 I stand amaz'd ; her ears are not so long,
 That they could reach my words, hence then it sprung ;
 Love over-hearing fled to her bright ear,
 Glad he had got a tale to whisper there.

Epigram: 47, ex decimo libro Martialis.

These are things that being possess'd
 Will make a life that's truly blest :
 Estate bequeath'd, not got by toil ;
 A good hot fire, a gratefull soil ;
 No strife, warm clothes, a quiet soul,
 A strength intire, a body whole,
 Prudent simplicity, equall friends,
 A diet that no Art commends.

A night not drunk, and yet secure ;
 A bed and sad; yet chaste and pure.
 Long sleeps to make the nights but short,
 A will to be but what thou art.
 Nought rather choose contented Iye,
 And neither fear, nor wish to dye.

In Grammaticum Eunuchum.

*G*rammaticum Diodore doces Eunuche puellas,
 Crede Solœcismum tu Diodore facis,
 Cum sis exectu quàm nec Sporus ille Neronis,
 Nec mersus liquidis Hermaphroditus aquis.
 Non unam liquit tibi sœva novacula testem ;
 Propria quæ maribus cur Diodore legis ?
 Quæ genus aut sexum variant, Heteroclyta tantum
 Posthac si sapias tu Diodore legas.

To the vertuous & noble Lady, the Lady Cotten.

Tis not to force more teares from your sad eye,
 That we write thus ; that were a Piety
 Turn'd guilt and sin ; we only beg to come
 And pay due tribute to his sacred tombe.
 The Muses did divide their love with you ,
 And justly therefore may be mourners too.
 Instead of Cypresse, they have brought fresh Baies
 To crown his Urn, and every dirge his praise.
 But since with him the learned tongues are gone,
 Necessity here makes us use our own.
 Read in his praise your own, you cannot mis ;
 For he was but our wonder, you were his.

*An Elegie on the death of that Renowned and noble
Knight, Sir Rowland Cotton of Bellaport
in Shropshire.*

RIch as was *Cottons* worth, I wish each line ;
And every verse I breath like him, a mine.
That by his vertues might created be
A new strange miracle, wealth in Poetrie
But that invention cannot sure be poore,
That but relates a part of his large store.
His youth began, as when the Sun doth rise
Without a cloud, and clearly trots the skies
And whereas other youths commended be,
From conceiv'd hopes, his was maturity ;
Where other Springs boast blossoms fairly blown,
His was a harvest, and had fruits full grown :
So that he seem'd a *Nestor* here to reign
In wisdom, *Aeson*-like, turn'd young again.
This Royal *Henry*, whose majestick eye
Saw thorow men, did from his Court descry,
And thither call'd him, and then fixt him there
One of the prime starrs in his glorious spheare.
And (Princely Mager) witness this with mee,
He liv'd not there to serve himself, but thee,
No Silk-worm Courtiers such as study there
Fit how to get their clothes, then how to weare.
And though in favour high, he nere was known
To promote others suits to pay for's own,
He valued more his Master, and knew well,
To use his love, was noble ; base to sell.
Many there be live in the Court we know
To serve for Pageants, and make up the show ;
And are not serviceable there at all
But now and then, at some great Festivall.
He serv'd for nobler use, the secret cares
Of Common-wealths, and mystique State affairs ;

And

And when great *Henry* did his maxims hear,
 He wore him as a Jewel in his Ear,
 Yet short he came not, nay he all out went
 In what some call a Courtiers complement,
 An active body that in subtile wife
 Turns pliable to any exercise.
 For when he leapt the people dar'd to say
 He was born all of fire and wore no clay :
 Which was the cause too that he wrestled so ,
 'Tis not fires nature to be kept below.
 His course he so perform'd with nimble pace,
 The time was not perceiv'd measured the race.
 As it were true that some late Artists say,
 The earth mov'd too, and run the other way
 All so soon finish'd, when the Match was won
 The Gazers by ask'd why they not begun,
 When he in Musick us'd his harmonious feet,
 The spheares could not in comlier order meet,
 Nor move more gracefull, whether they advance
 Their measures forward, or retire their dance.
 There we have seen him in our *Henry's* Court
 The glory and the envy of that sport.
 And capring like a constellation rise,
 Having fixt on him all the Ladies eyes,
 But these in him I would not vertues call,
 But that the world must know, that he had all
 When *Henry* dy'd (our universall wo)
 Willing was *Cotton* to die with him too.
 And as near death he came as near could be ;
 Himself he buried in obscurity.
 Entomb'd within his study walls, and there
 Only the dead his conversation were.
 Yet was he not alone, for every day,
 Each *Muse* came thither with her sprig of Bay.
 The *Graces* round about him did appear,
 The *Genii* of all Nations, all met there.
 And while immur'd he sat thus close at home,
 To him the wealth of all the world did come.

He had a language to salute the Sun,
 Where he unharnest, and where's team begun :
 The tongues of all the East to him were known
 As Naturall, as they were born his own,
 Which from his mouth so sweetly did intice,
 As with their language he had mixt their spice.
 In Greek so fluent, that with it compare
 Th' *Athenian* Olives and they saplesse are.
 Rome did submit her *Fasces*, and confesse
 Her *Tully* might talk more, and yet speak lesse.
 All Sciences were lodg'd in his large brest,
 And in that pallace thought themselves so blest
 They never meant to part, but he should be
 Sole Monarch, and dissolve their Heptarchie.
 But ô how vain is mans frail Harmony !
 We all are Swans, he that sings best must dye,
 Death knowledge nothing makes, when we come there
 We need no language, nor Interpreter.
 Who would not laugh at him now, that should seek
 In *Cottons* Urn for Hebrew or for Greek ?
 But his more heav'nly graces with him yet
 Live constant, and about him circled sit.
 A bright Retinue, and on each falls down
 A robe of Glory, and on each a Crown.

Then Madam (though you have a losse sustain'd
 Both infinite, and ne're to be regain'd
 Here in this world) dry your sad eyes, once more
 You shall again enter the Nuptiall dore
 A sprightly bride ; where you shall clothed be
 In garments weav'd of Immortality.
 Nor grieve because he left you not a Sonne,
 To Image *Cotton* forth now he is gone.
 For it had been a wrong to his great Name
 T'have liv'd in any thing but Heaven and Fame.

Ausonii Epigram 38.

SHe which would not, I would choose;
 She which would, I would refuse.
Venus could my minde but tame;
 But not satisfie the same,
 Inticements offer'd I despise,
 I would neither glut my mind,
 Nor yet to much torment finde.
 Twice girt *Diana* doth not take me,
 Nor *Venus* naked joyfull make me.
 The first no pleasure hath to joy me,
 And the last enough to cloy me,
 But a crafty wench I'de have
 That can sell the act I crave:
 And joyn at once in me these two,
 I will, and yet I will not do.

On the death of a Nightingale.

GOlitary wood, and henceforth be
 Acquainted with no other Harmonie,
 Then the Pyes chattering, or the shreeking note
 Of bodeing Owles, and fatall Ravens throat.
 Thy sweetest Chanter's dead, that warbled forth
 Layes, that might tempests calm, and still the North,
 And call down Angels from their glorious Sphear
 To hear her songs, and learn new Anthems there.
 That soul is fled, and to *Elisium* gone;
 Thou a poor desert left; goe then and run.
 Beg there to want a grove, and if she please
 To sing again beneath thy shadowy Trees;
 The souls of happy Lovers crown'd with blisses
 Shall flock about thee, and keep time with kisses.

In filium *Manlii* insepultum.

IN terra condi vetuit Pater improbus, at Te
 In tumulo patitur nobiliore tegi.
 Pars canis est tumuli; tumuli pars altera Tigris;
 Altera pars Lupus est, & Leo forsan erit.
 Marmoreo s' Regum tumulos contemne, sepulchra
 Sunt aliis tantum mortua, viva tibi.

Upon the report of the King of *Sweden* death.

I'Le not beleev't; if fate should be so crosse,
 Nature would not be silent of her losse.
 Can he be dead and no portents appear?
 No pale Eclipse of th' Sun to let us fear
 What we should suffer, and before his light
 Put out, the world enveloped in night.
 What thundering torrents the flush'd welkin teare?
 What apparition kill'd him in the aire?
 When *Cæsar* dy'd there were convulsion fits;
 And nature seem'd to run out of her wits.
 At that sad object *Tyber*s bosome swell'd,
 And scarce from drowning all, by *Jove* withheld,
 And shall we give this mighty Conquerour
 That in a great and a more holy warr,
 Was pulling down the Empire which he reard,
 A fall unmourn'd of nature, and unfear'd;
 A death (unlesse the league of heav'n withstood)
 Lesse wept then with an universal flood?
 If I had seen a Comet in the Air
 With glorious eye, and bright dishevel'd hair,
 And on a suddain with his gilded train
 Drop down; I should have said that *Sweden*'s slain;
 Shot

Shot like the star ; or if the earth had shook
 Like a weak floor, the falling roof had broke ;
 I should have said the mighty King is gone ;
 Fell'd as the tallest tree in *Lebanon*.
 A losse if he were dead, we need not poſt,
 Every Inſtinct would tell us what we loſt.
 And a chill damp as at the general doom)
 Creep through each breaſt, and we ſhall know for whom.
 His *German* conqueſts are not yet compleat,
 And when they are, there's more remain'g yet,
 The world is full of ſin, and every Land
 O're grown with ſchiſme hath felt his purging hand:
 The Pope is not confounded, and the Turk ;
 Nor was he ſure deſign'd for a leſſe work.
 But if our ſins have ſtopt him in the ſource,
 In midd'ſt Career of his victorious courſe ;
 And heaven would truſt the dulneſſe of our ſence
 So far, nor to prepare us with portents.
 'Tis we that have the loſſe, and he hath caught
 His heav'nly garland e're his work be wrought.
 But I, before Ile undertake to grieve
 So great a loſſe, will chooſe not to believe.

On Sir Robert Cotton the Antiquary.

P Oſterity hath many fates bemoan'd,
 But ages long ſince paſt for thee have groan'd.
 Times Trophies thou didſt reſcue from the grave,
 Who in thy death a ſecond buriall have.
 Cotton, death's conqueſt now compleat I ſee,
 Who ne're had vanquiſht all things but in thee.

An Elegie.

H Eav'n knows my love to thee, fed on deſires
 So hallowed, and unmixt with vulgar fires,

As are the purest beams shot from the Sun
 At his full height; and the devotion
 Of dying Martyrs could not burne more clear,
 Nor innocence in her first Robes appear
 Whiter then our affections they did show
 Like frost forc'd out of flames, and fire from snow.
 So pure the *Phoenix* when she did refine
 Her age to youth, borrowed no flames, but mine.
 But now my dayes orecaſt, for I have now
 Drawn anger like a tempeſt ore the brow
 Of my fair Miſtreſs, thoſe your glorious eyes
 Whence I was wont to ſee my day ſtarr riſe,
 Threat like revengefull Meteors: and I feel
 My torment and my guilt double my hell.
 'Twas a miſtake, and might have venial been,
 Done to another, but it was made ſin,
 And juſtly mortall too by troubling Thee:
 Slight wrongs, are treaſons done to majeſtic.
 O all the bleſt Ghoſts of deceaſed Loves,
 That now live Sainted in th' *Elyſian* groves,
 Mediate for mercy for me: at her ſhrine
 Meet in full quire, and joyn your prayers with mine,
 Conjure her by the merits of your kiſſes,
 By your paſt ſufferings and preſent bliſſes:
 Conjure her by your mutual hopes, and feares:
 By all your intermixt ſighs, and teares,
 To plead my pardon: go to her and tell
 That you will walk the guardian Sentinell,
 My ſoules ſafe Genii: that ſhe need not fear
 A mutinous thought, or one cloſe rebell there.
 But what needs that, when ſhe alone ſits there.
 Sole angel of that Orbe? in her own ſphere
 Alone ſhe ſits, and can ſecure it ſee
 From all irregular motions: only ſhe
 Can give the balſome that muſt cure this ſore,
 And the ſweet Antidote to ſin no more.

Η' Εὐφῶνς ἢ ποίησις ἢ μανικῶ. *Arist.*

From witty mery and mad
All Poetry conception had.

No Sires but these will Poetry admit,
Madness or wit.

This definition Poetry doth fit,
It is a witty madness, or mad wit.

Onely these two Poetique heat admits,
A witty man, or one that's out of's wits.

Ad Amicum Litigantem.

Would you conimerce a Poet Sir, and be
A graduate in the threadbare mystery?
The Oxes ford will no man thither bring,
Where the horse more raid the Pegasus spring;
Nor will the brdge through which low *Cham* doth run
Direct you to the banks of *Helicon*.
If in that Art you mean to take degrees,
Beldam's the best of Universities:
There study it, and when you would no more
A Poet be, goe drink some Hellebore.
Which drug when I had tasted, so on I left
The bare *Pernassus*; and the barren cleft;
And can no more one of their Nation be,
Because recover'd o' my lunacie.
But you may then succeed me in my place
Of Poet, no pretence to make your grace
Denied you; for you go to law, 'tis said;
And then 'tis ta'ne for granted you are mad.

*Felicem Anticyram! nullo ibi credo Poetas
In sano tumido corde fovere modos.
Hanc; fama est tantum sanos admittere cives.
Exulas hinc vesteo, (turba molesta) furor!*

Nullus

Nullus in hac Elegis, nullus jugulatur Jambis;
 Iacula non Satyram, non Epigramma timet.
 Nullus in hac teneras recitator verberat aures,
 Non hic judicium non petit ille tuum.
 Non hic te Choloris, non hic laudata fatigat
 Cœlia; nulla tuam mordet hirudo cutem.
 Putida nec medias dirumpunt carmina mensas;
 Mucida nec quisquam ura legendo facit.
 Nusquam aliquis, terræ securior errat, ob unum hoc
 Grates Helleboro quin agat ille suo,

In Corydonem & Corinnam.

AH miser, & nullo felix in amore ! Corinnam
 Cum rogat illa, negas; cum aegat illa, rogas.
 Ambos urit Amor, quid sit feliciu ? ambos
 Tempore non uno sed tamen urit amor;
 Cum flagrat Corydon, frigescit fibra Corinnæ,
 Cum tua frigescit fibra, Corinna calet.
 Cur æstas Corydonis hiems sit facta Corinnæ ?
 Quidve Corinnæ æstas sit Corydonis hyems ?
 Unde ignis glaciem ? glaciem unde efficit ignem ?
 Desine ! crudeles, save Cupido, iocos !
 Desine ! sed nec te Corydonis tollere flammæ,
 Tollere nec castas Virginis oro nives
 Ire duos, extingue duos, & pectus utrumq;
 Aut calor, aut teneat pectus utrumq; gelit.

Paraphras'd.

AA wretch in thy Corinna's love unblest !
 How strange a fancy doth torment thy breast
 When she desires to sport thou fastest her nay;
 When she denies, then thou desirest to play.
 Love burnes you both (O 'tis a happy turn !
 But 'tis at several times love both doth burne.

When scorching heat hath *Coridons* heart possess,
 Then raignes a frost in cold *Corinna's* brest:
 And when a frost in *Corydon* doth raigne,
 Then is *Corinna's* brest on fire again.
 Why then with *Corydon* is it summer prime,
 When with *Corinna* is it winter time?
 Or why should then *Corinna's* summer be,
 When it is Winter *Corydon*, with thee?
 Can Ice from fire, or fire from Ice proceed?
 Ah jest not Love in so severe a deed!
 I bid thee not *Corydons* flame to blow
 Clean out; nor clean to melt *Corinna's* snow.
 Burn both! freeze both! let mutual fervour hold
 His and her brest, or his and hers a cold.

Ad Bassum.

Nostri, (*Bassie*) solent pretio conducere stultos
Quos in deliciis Aulicus omnis habet.
Atsi quis cuperet sapientem vendere præco,
Rarus erit minimo qui valit asse virum.
usque adeò nocet ingenium, tantoque putatur
Quo minus est cerebri, charius esse caput.
Unde tot ignari Veneris? cur stultus amatur?
Hei mihi! cur tanti non sapuisse fuit?
Hæc ratio est, paribus gaudet Venus atque Cupido,
Et nunquam similes non sibi jungit Amor.

To one admiring her self in a Looking Glasse.

FAir Lady, when you see the Grace
 Of Beauty in your Looking-Glasse:
 A stately forehead smooth and high,
 And full of Princely Majesty;
 A sparkling eye, no gemme so faire,
 Whose lustre dimmes the Cyprian starre.

A glorious cheek divinely sweet,
 Wherein both Roses kindly meet.
 A cherry Lip that would entice
 Even Gods to kiss at any price.
 You think no beauty is so rare
 That with your shadow might compare.
 That your reflection is alone,
 The thing that men most dote upon.
 Madam, alas your Glass doth lye,
 And you are much deceiv'd ; For I
 A beauty know of richer grace.
 (Sweet be not angry) 'tis your face.
 Hence then O learn more mild to be,
 And leave to lay your blame on me :
 If me your real substance move,
 When you so much your shadow love.
 Wise nature would not let your eye
 Look on her own bright Majesty ;
 Which had you once but gaz'd upon,
 You could, except your self, love none :
 What then you cannot love, let me,
 That face I can, you cannot see.

Now you have what to love, you'l say
 What then is left for me I pray ?
 My face, Sweet heart, if it please thee ;
 That which you can, I cannot see :
 So either love shall gain his due,
 Your's sweet in me, and mine in you.

*An Eglogue occasion'd by two Doctors disputing
 upon Prædestination.*

Corydon.

HO jolly *Thyrsis*, whither in such hast ?
 Is't for a wager that thou run'st so fast ?
 Or past your hour below yon haw-thorntree
 Dost longing *Galatea* look for thee ?

G 3

Thyrsis.

Thyrsis.

No *Corydon*, I heard young *Daphnis* say
Alexis challeng'd *Tyterus* to day
 Who best shall sing of Shepherd's Art, & praise;
 But hark I hear 'em, listen to their laies.

Tyterus.

Alexis read, what means this mastique thing?
 An Ewe I had two Lambs at once did bring;
 Th' one black as Jet; the other white as snow:
 Say in just providence how it could be so?

Alexis.

Will you *Pan's* goodness therefore partiall call,
 That might as well have given the none at all?

Tyterus.

Were they not both eand by the self same Ewe?
 How could they merit then so different hue?
 Poor Lamb alas; & couldst thou, yet unborne,
 Sin to deserve the guilt of such a scorne!
 Thou hadst not yet foul'd a religious spring,
 Nor fed on plots of hollowed grass, to bring
 Staines to the fleece; nor browz'd upon a tree
 Sacred to *Pan* or *Pales* Deitie.
 The Gods are ignorant if they not foreknow;
 And knowing, 'tis unjust to use thee so.

Alexis.

Tytir with me contend, or *Corydon*;
 But let the Gods, and their high wills alone;
 For in our flocks that freedom challenge we;
 The kid is sacrific'd, and that goes free.

Tyterus.

Feed where you will my Lambs; what boots it us
 To watch, and water, fold, and drive you thus!
 This on the barren mountains flesh can glean,
 That fed in flowry pastures will be leane.

Alexis.

Plow, sow, and compass, nothing boots at all,
 Unless the due upon the Tilth do fall.

So labour silly Shepheards what we can,
All's vain unless a blessing drop from *Paz.*

Tyterus.

Ill thrive thy Ewes if thou these lyes mainrain.

Alexis.

And may thy Goates miscarry sawcy swain!

Thyrsis.

Fie, Shepheards fie! while you these strifes begin,
Here creeps the Woolf, & there the Fox gets in.
To your vain piping on so deep a Reed
The Lambskins listen, but forget to feed.
It gentle Swains befits of Love to sing,
How love left Heaven, & heaven's immortal King,
His Coæternal Father, O admire,
Love is a Sonne as ancient as his Sire.
His Mother was a Virgin: how could come
A birth so great, and from so chaste a womb.
His cradle was a manger; Shepheards see
True faith delights in poore simplicity.
He press'd no grapes, nor prun'd the fruitful vine;
But could of water make a brisker wine.
Nor did he plough the earth, and to his barne
The harvest bring, nor thresh, and grind the Corne;
Without all these Love could supply our need;
And with five loaves five thousand hungers feed;
More wonders did he, for all which suppose.
How he was crown'd with Lilly, or with Rose?
The winding Ivy, or the glorious Bay,
Or Mirtle, with the which *Venus* they say,
Girts hir proud Temples? Shepherds, none of them
But wore (poor head) a thorny Diadem.
Feet to the Lame he gave; with which they run
To work their Surgions last destruction.
The blind from him had eyes, but us'd that light
Like Basilisques to kill him with their sight.
Lastly he was betray'd (ô sing of this)
How love could be betray'd! 'twas with a kiss.

And then his innocent hands, and guiltless feet
 Were nail'd unto the Cross, striving to meet
 In his spread Arms his Spouse ; so mild in show
 He seem'd to court th' Imbraces of his foe.
 Through his pierc'd side, through which a spear was sent
 A torrent of all flowing Balsame went.
 Run *Amarillis*, run : one drop from thence
 Cures thy sad soul, and drives all anguish hence.
 Go sun-burn'd *Thestylis*, go and repair
 Thy beauty lost and be again made fair.
 Love-sick *Amintas* get a *Philtrum* here,
 To make thee lovely to thy truly dear.
 But coy *Licoris* take the Pearl from thine,
 And take the blood-shot from *Alexis* eyne.
 Wear this an Amulet against all Syrens smiles,
 The stings of snakes, and Tears of Crocodiles.
 Now Love is dead : Oh no, he never dies ;
 Three days he sleeps, and then again doth rise,
 (Like fair *Aurora* from the Eastern Bay)
 And with his beams drives all our clouds away ;
 This pipe unto our flocks, this sonnet get.
 But hie, I see the Sun ready to set,
 Good night to all, for the great night is come ;
 Flocks to your folds, and Shepherd's hie you home,
 To morrow morning when we all have slept,
Pan's Cornet's blown, and the great *Sheep-shear's* kept.

An Eglogue to Mr. Johnson.

Tityrus.

Under this Beech why sittest thou here so sad
 Son *Damon*, that was erst a Jovial lad ?
 These groves were wont to Echo with the sound
 Of thy shrill reed, while every Nymph danc'd round.
 Rouse up thy soul, *Parnassus* mount stands high,
 And must be climb'd with painfull industry.

Damon.

Damon. You Father on his forked top sit still,
And see us panting up so steep a hill ;
But I have broke my Reed and deeply swore
Never with wax , never to joyn it more.

Tyr. Fond Boy 'twas rashly done ; I meant to thee,
Of all the sonnes I have by legacie
To have bequeath'd my pipe : thee , thee of all,
I meant it should her second Master call.

Dom. And do you think I durst presume to play
Where *Tityrus* had worn his lip away !
Live long thy self to tune it : 'tis from thee,
It has not from it self such Harmony.

But if we ever such disaster have,
As to compose our *Tityrus* in his grave :

Yonder upon yon aged Oak, that now
Old trophies beares, on every sacred bow,
Wee'le hang it up a relique, we will do it,
And learned swaines shall pay devotion to it.

Tyr. Canst thou farewell unto the Muses bid ?
Then Bees shall loath the Thyme, the new-wean'd Kid
Browze on the buds no more, the teeming Ewes
Hence forth the tender fallows shall refuse.

Dom. I by those Ladies now do nothing set,
Let'm for me some other servant get :
They shall no more be Mistresses of mine,
No, though my pipe had hope to equal thine.
Thine which the floods have stopt their course to hear ;
To which the spotted Linx hath lent an ear.

Which while the severall Echoes would repeat,
The Musick has been sweet, the Art so great
That *Pan* himself amaz'd at thy deep aires,
Sent thee of his own bowl to drown thy cares.
Of all the Gods *Pan* doth the pipe respect,
The rest unlearned pleasures more affect.

Pan can distinguish what thy raptures be
From *Bavius* loose lascivious Minstrallie,
Or *Mevius* windy Bagpipe, *Mevius*, he
Whose wit is but a Tavern Tympanic.

If ever I flock of my own do feed,
 My fattest Lambs shall on his Altar bleed.
Tyt. Two Altars I will build him, and each year
 Will sacrifice two well-fed Bullocks there;
 Two that have horns that while they butting stand,
 Strike from their feet a cloud of numerous sand.
 But what can make thee leave the Muses, man,
 That such a Patron hast as mighty *Pan*?
 Whence is this fury? Did the partial eare
 Of the rude Vulgar, when they late did hear
Egon and thee contend which best should play,
 Him Victor deem, and give thy kid away?
 Does *Amarillis* cause this high despair?
 Or *Galatea's* coyness breed thy care?
Dam. Neither of these; the vulgar I contemne;
 Thy pipe not alwaies *Tyterus* wins with them:
 And as for Love insooth I do not know
 Whether he weares a bow, and shafts or no.
 Or did I, I a way could quickly find,
 To win the beauteous *Galatea's* mind,
 Or *Amarillis*: I to both could send
 Apples that with *Hysperia's* fruit contend:
 And on occasion could have quickly guest
 Where two fairing-doves built their Amorous nest.
Tyt. if none of these, my *Damon*, then aread
 What other cause can so much passion breed!
Dam. Father, I will, in those indulgent eares
 I dare unload the burden of my feares.
 The Reapers that with whetted sickles stand,
 Gathering their falling eares i'th' other hand;
 Though they endure the scorching summers heat,
 Have yet some wages to allay their sweat:
 The Lopper that doth fell the sturdy Oak,
 Labours, yet has good pay for every stroke.
 The Plowman is rewarded: only we
 That sing, are paid with our melody;
 Rich churles have learnt to praise us, and armire,
 But have not learnt to think us worth the hire.

So toyling Ants perchance are like to hear
 The summer Musique of the Gras-hopper,
 But after rather let him starve with pain,
 Then spare him from their store one single grain.
 As when great *Junos* beaurious Bird displaies
 Her starry tail, the boyes doe run and gaze
 At her proud train; so look they now ad aies
 On Poets; and do think if they but praise,
 Or pardon what we sing, enough they do:
 Is, and 'tis well if they doe so much too.
 My rage is swell'd so high I cannot speak it,
 Had I *Pan's* pipe or thine, I now should break it!
Tit. Let Moles delight in earth; Swine dung-hills rake;
 Crows pray on Carion; Frogs a pleasure take
 In slimy pooles; and Niggards wealth admire;
 But we whose soules are made of purer fire,
 Have other aims: Who songs for gain hath made,
 Has of a Liberal Science fram'd a Trade.
 Hark how the Nitingale in yonder tree,
 Hid in the boughs, warbles melodiously
 Her various musique forth, while the whole Quire
 Of other birds flock round, and all admire!
 But who rewards her? will the ravenous Kite
 Part with her prey to pay for her delight?
 Or will the foolish, painted, prating Jay
 Now turn'd a hearer, to requite her play
 Lend her a straw, or any of the rest
 Fetch her a feather when she builds her nest?
 Yet sings she ne're the less till every den
 Do catch at her last notes: And shall I then
 His fortunes, *Damon*, 'bove my own commend,
 Who can more cheefe into the market send?
 Clowns for posterity may cark and care,
 That cannot out-live death but in an Heir:
 By more then wealth we propagate our Names,
 That trust not to successions, but our Fames.
 Let hide-bound churles yoke the laborious Oxe,
 Milk hundred Goats, & shear a thousand flocks;

Plant gainful Orchards, and in silver shine;
 Thou of all fruits shouldst only prune the Vine :
 Whose fruit being tasted might erect thy brain
 To reach some lavishing high and lofty strain ;
 The double birth of *Bacchus* to express,
 First in the Grape, the second in the Press,
 And therefore tell me boy, what is 't can move
 Thy mind being fix'd on the Muses Love ?
Dam. When I contented liv'd by *Cham's* fair streams,
 Without desire to see the prouder *Thames*,
 I had no flock to care for, but could sit
 Under a Willow covert, and repeat
 Those deep and learned layes, on every part
 Grounded on judgment, subtilty, and Art,
 That the great Tutor to the greatest King,
 The Shepherd of *Stagira* us'd to sing
 The Sheperd of *Stagira*, that unfolds
 All natures closet, shows what e're it holds,
 The matter, form, sense, motion, place, and measure
 Of every thing contain'd in her vast treasure :
 How elements do change, what is the cause
 Of Generation ; what the Rule and Laws
 The Orbs do move by ; Censures euery starre,
 Why this is fixt, and that irregular ;
 Knowes all the Heavens, as if he had been there,
 And help't each Angel turn about her spheare.
 The thirsty Pilgrim travelling by land,
 When the fierce Dog-starre doth the day command,
 Half choak't with dust, parch't with the soultry heat ;
 Tir'd with his journey, and o'recome with sweat,
 Finding a gentle spring, at her cool brink
 Doth not with more delight sit down and drinke,
 Then I record his songs ; seeing a cloud,
 And fearing to be wet do run and shroud
 Under a bush, when he would sit and tell
 The cause that made her misty womb to swell ;
 Why it sometimes in drops of rain doth flow,
 Sometimes dissolves her self in flakes of snow :

Nor gaz'd he at a Comet, but would frame
 A reason why it wore a beard of flame.
 Ah *Tityrus*, I would with all my heart,
 Even with the best of my carv'd mazers part,
 To hear him, as he us'd, divinely shew,
 What 'tis that paints the divers colour'd bow :
 Whence thunders are discharg'd, whence the winds stray,
 What foot through heaven hath worn the milky way ;
 And yet I let this true delight alone,
 Call'd thence to keep the flock of *Corydon*.
 Ah woe is me anothers flock to keep ;
 The care is mine the Master shears the sheep !
 A flock it was that would not keep together :
 A flock that had no fleece, when it came hither,
 Nor would it learn to listen to our layes,
 For twas a flock made up of several strays :
 And now I would return to *Cham*, I hear
 A desolation frights the Muses there !
 With rustique swaines I mean to spend my time ;
 Teach me there father to preserve my time.
Tyt. To morrow morning I will counsell thee,
 Meet me at *Fannus* Beech, for now you see
 How larger shadows from the Mountains fall,
 And *Corydon* doth *Damon*, *Damon* call.
Damon, 'tis time my flock were in the fold,
 More then high time : did you not erst behold
 How *Hesperus* above yon clouds appear'd,
Hesperus leading forth his beauteous heard ?

A Pastoral Courtship.

BEhold these woods and mark my Sweet
 How all the boughes together meet !
 The *Cedar* his fair arms displays,
 And mixes branches with the *Bays*
 The lofty *Pine* deignes to descend,
 And sturdy *Oakes* do gently bend.

One with another subtly weaves
 Into one loom their various leaves;
 As all ambitious were to be
 Mine and *Phillis* canopie!

Let's enter, and discourse our Loves;
 These are, my Dear, no tel-tale groves!
 There dwell no Pyes nor Parrots there,
 To prate again the words they hear.
 Nor babling Echo, that will tell
 The neighboring lulls one syllable. 1

Being enter'd lets together lye,
 Twin'd like the *Zodiaks Gemini*!
 How soon the flowers do sweeter smell?
 And all with emulation swell
 To be thy pillow? These for thee
 Were meant a bed, and thou for me,
 And I may with as just esteem
 Press thee, as thou maist lie on them.
 And why so coy? What dost thou fear?
 There lurkes no speckled Serpent here,
 No venomous snake makes this his rode,
 No Kanker, nor the loathsome toad.
 And yon poore spider on the tree,
 Thy spinster will, no poisoner be.
 There is no Erog to leap, and fright
 Thee from my arms, and break delight;
 Nor snail that o're thy coat shall trace,
 And leave behind a slimy lace.

This is the hallowed shrine of Love;
 No wasp nor hornet haunts this grove,
 Nor pismire to make pimples rise
 Upon thy smooth and ivory thighs.
 No danger in these shades doth lie,
 Nothing that wears a sting but I:
 And in it doth no venom dwell;
 Although perchance it make thee swell.

Being set, let's sport a while my Fair,
 I will tye Love knots in thy hair.

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See *Zephorus* through the leaves doth stray,
 And has free liberty to play ;
 And braids thy locks : And shall I find
 Less favor then a sawcy wind ?
 Now let me sit and fix my eyes
 On thee that art my Paradise.
 Thou art my all ; the spring remains
 In the fair violets of thy veins :
 And that it is a summers day,
 Ripe Cherries in thy lips display.
 And when for Autumne I would seek,
 'Tis in the Apples of thy cheek.
 But that which only moves my smart,
 Is to see winter in thy heart.
 Strange, when at once in one appear
 All the four seasons of the year !
 Ple clasp hat neck where should be set
 A rich and Orient Carkenet ;
 But swains are poor ; admit of then
 More natural chains, the arms of men.
 Come let me touch those breasts, that swell
 Like two fair Mountains, and may well
 Be stil'd the Alpes but that I fear
 The snow has less of whiteness there.
 But stay (my love) a fault I spy,
 Why are these two fair fountains dry ?
 Which if they run, no Muse would please
 To tast of any spring but these.
 And *Ganymed* employ'd should be
 To fetch his *Jove Nectar* from thee.
 Thou shalt be Nurse fair *Venus* swears,
 To the next Cupid that she bears.
 Were it not then discreetly done
 To ope one spring to let two runne ?
 Fy, fy, this Belly, Beaury's mint,
 Blushes to see no coyn stamp't in't.
 Employ it then, for though it be
 Our wealth, it is our royaltie ;

And

And beauty will have currant grace
 That bears the Image of your face
 How to the touch the Ivorie thighs
 Veil gently, and again do rise,
 As pliable to impression,
 As Virgins wax, or *Parian stone*
 Dissolv'd to softness; plump, and full,
 More white and soft then *Cotfall wool*,
 Or Cotton from the *Indian Tree*,
 Or pretty silk-wormes huswiferie;
 These on two Marble pillars rais'd
 Make me in doubt which should be prais'd;
 They, or their Columnes must; but when
 I view those feet which I have seen
 So nimbly trip it o're the Lawns,
 That all the *Satyrs* and the fawns
 Have stood amaz'd, when they would passe
 Over the layes, and not a grais
 Would feel the weight, nor rush nor bent,
 Drooping betray which way you went;
 O then I felt my hot desires
 Burn more, and flame with double fires.
 Come let those thighs, those legs, those feet
 With mine in thousand windings meet.
 And woven in more subtle twines
 Then woodbine, Ivy, or the vines.
 For when Love sees us circling thus,
 He'le like no Arbor more then us.
 Now let us kiss, would you be gone?
 Manners at least allows me one:
 Blush you at this? pretty one stay,
 And I will take that kiss away.
 Thus with a second and that too
 A third wipes off: so will we goe
 To numbers that the starres overrun,
 And all the Atoms in the Sun.
 For though we kiss till *Phæbus* ray
 Sink in the Seas, and kissing stay

Till his bright beams return again,
There can of all but one remain :
And if for one good manners call,
In one, good manners, grant me all.

Are kisses ? all they but fore-run
Another duty to be done,
What would you of that Minstrel say
That tunes his pipes and will not play ?
Say what are blossoms in their prime,
That ripen not in harvest time ?
Or what are buds that ne're disclose
The long d for sweetness of the rose ?
So kisses to a Lover's guest
Are invitations not the feast.
See every thing that we espy
Is fruitful, saving you and I :
View all the fields, survey the bowers,
The buds, the blossoms, and the flowers;
And say if they so rich could be
In barren base Virginitie:
Earths not so coy as you are now,
But willingly admits the plow.
For how had man or beast been fed,
If she had kept her maidenhead ?
Cælia once coy as are the rest,
Hangs now a babe on either brest ;
And *Chloris* since a man she took,
Has less of greenness in her look.
Our ewes have ean'd, and every damme
Gives suck unto her tender Lamb.
As by these groves we walk'd along,
Some Birds were feeding of their young,
Some on their eggs did brooding sit,
Sad that they had not hatch'd them yet,
Those that were slower then the rest
Were busie building of the nest.
You only will not pay the fine
You vow'd and ow'd to *Valentine*.

As you were angling in the brook
 With filken line and silver hook,
 Through Chrystal streams you might descry
 How vast and numberless a fry
 The fish had spawn'd, that all along
 The banks were crowded with a throng.
 And shall fair *Venus* more command
 By water then she does by Land?
 The *Phoenix* chaff, yet when she dyes,
 Her self with her own ashes lyes.
 But let thy love more wisely thrive
 To do the act while th'art alive.
 'Tis time we left our childish Love
 That trades for toys, and now approve
 Our abler skill; they are not wise
 Look Babies only in the eyes.
 That smooth red smile shews what you meant,
 And modest silence gives consent.
 That which we now prepare, will be
 Best done in silent secrecie.
 Come do not weep, what is't you fear?
 Least some should know what we did here?
 See not a flower you prest is dead,
 But re-erects his bended head;
 That whosoe're shall pass this way
 Knows not by these where *Phyllis* lay.
 And in your forehead there is none
 Can read the act that we have done.

Phyllis.

Poor credulous and simple maid!
 By what strange wiles art thou betraid!
 A treasure thou hast lost to day
 For which thou canst no ransome pay.
 How black art thou transformd with sin!
 How strange a guilt gnaws me within!
 Grief will convert this red to pale;
 When every wake, and Whitsund-ale

Shall talk thy shame ; break, break sad heart,
 There is no Medicine for my smart ;
 No hearb nor balm can cure my sorrow,
 Unless you meet again to morrow.

*Upon a very deformed Gentlewoman, but of a voice
 incomparable sweet.*

JChanc'd sweet *Lesbia's* voice to hear,
 O that the pleasure of the ear
 Contented had the appetite ;
 But I must satisfie the sight ;
 Where such a face I chanc'd to see
 From which good Lord deliver me.
 I't not prophane if I should tell
 I thought her one of those that fell
 With *Lucifers* Apostate train,
 Yet did her Angels voice retain ?
 A cherubin her notes descry'd,
 A Devill every where beside.
 Ask the dark woods, and they'le confess
 None did such Harmony express
 In all their bowres from May to June,
 Yet nere was face so out of tune.
 Her Virginall-teeth false time did keep,
 Her wrinkled forehead went too deep.
 Lower then *Gammut* sunk her eyes,
 'Bove *Ela* though her nose did rise.
 I'le trust Musicians now, that tell
 Best musique doth in discords dwell.
 Her ayres enrich'd the gentle quire
 Of Birds to come, who all admire,
 And would with pleasure longer stay,
 But that her looks frights them away.
 Which for a good *Priapus* goes,
 And well may serve to scare the crows.

Her voice might tempt th^e immortal race ;
 But let her only shew her face,
 And soon she might extinguish thus
 The lusting of an *Incubus*.

So have I seen a Lute o're worn,
 Old and rotten, patcht and torn,
 So ravish with a sound, and bring
 A close so sweet to every string,
 As would strike wonder in our ears,
 And work an envy in the Sphears.

Say monster strange, what maist thou be ?

Whence shall I fetch thy Pedigree ?

What but a Panther could beget

A beast so foule, a breath so sweet ?

Or thou of *Syrens* issue art,

If they be fish the upper part.

Or else blind *Homer* was not mad

Then, when he sung *Ulysses* had

So strange a gift from *Aeolus*,

Who odour-breathing *Zephyrus*

In several bottles did inclose ;

For certain thou art one of those.

Thy looks, where other women place

Their chiefeft pride, is thy disgrace.

The tongue, a part which us'd to be

Worst in thy Sex, is best in thee.

Were I but now to choose my dear

Not by my eye but by my ear,

Here would I dote ; how shall I woo

Thy voice, and not thy body too ?

Then all the brood I get of thee,

Would *Nightingales* and *Cygnets* be :

Cygnets betimes their throats to try,

Borne with more Musique then they dye.

Say *Lesbia*, say, what god will bless

Our loves with so much happiness ?

Some women are all tongue, but o

Why art not thou my *Lesbia* so ?

Thy looke doth speak thee witch ; one spell
 To make thee but invisible;
 Or die ! resign thy self to death,
 And I will catch thy latest breath ;
 But that the nose will scarce I fear
 Find it so sweet as did the ear.
 Or if thou wouldst not have me coy,
 As was the self-inamour'd Boy,
 Turn onely voice, an Echo prove,
 Here, here, by heav'n, I'le fit my Love ;
 If not, you gods, to ease my mind,
 Or make her dumb, or strike me blind ;
 For grief, and anger in me rise,
 Whil'st she hath tongue, or I have eyes.

The Milk-maids Epithalamium.

Joy to the Bridegroom and the Bride
 That lie by one anothers side !
 O fie upon the Virgin-Beds ;
 No loss is gain but Maiden-heads.
 Love quickly send the time may be
 When I shall deal my Rosemary !

I long to simper at a feast,
 To dance, and kifs, and do the rest.
 When I shall Wed, and Bedded be,
 O then the qualme comes over me,
 And tells the sweetness of a Theam
 That I nere knew but in a dream.

You Ladies have the blessed nights,
 I pine in hope of such delights :
 And silly Damsel only can
 Milk the Cows teats, and think on man,
 And sigh and wish to taste and prove
 The wholesome Sillibub of Love.

Make hast, at once twin-Brothers beare ;
 And leave new matter for a starre.
 Women and ships are never shown
 So fair as when their sails are blown.
 Then when the Midwife hears your moan,
 Ple sigh for grieve that I have none.

And you, deare Knight, whose every kisse
 Reaps the full crop of *Cupids* blisse,
 Now you have found contests and tell
 That single sheets do make up hell.
 And then so charitable be
 To get a man to pittie me.

*An Eglogue on the noble Assemblies revived on
 Cotswold Hills, by M. Robert Dover.*

Collen. Thenot.

WHat Clod-pates, *Thenot*, are our Brittish Swains?
 How Lubber-like they loll upon the plains?
 No life, no spirit in e'm; every Clown
 Soon as he lays his Hook and Tarbox down,
 That ought to take his Reed, and chant his layes,
 Or nimble run the winding of the Maze,
 Now gets a bush to room himself, and sleep;
 'Tis hard to know the Shepherd from the sheep.
 And yet methinks our English postures be
 As flowrie as the Lawns of *Arcadie*;
 Our Virgins blith as theirs, nor can proud *Greece*
 Boast purer ayre, nor sheere a finer fleece.

The. Yet view their out-side, *Collen*, you would say
 They have as much brawn in their necks as they.
 Fair *Tempe* brags of lusty arms that swell
 With able sinews, and might hurle as well
 The weighty sledge; their legs, and thighes of bone,
 Great as *Colossus*, yet their strength is gone;

They

They look like yonder man of wood, that stands
To bound the limits of the Parish-lands.

Dost thou ken, *Collen*, what the cause might be
Of such a dull and general Lethargie ?

Col. Swain, with their sports their souls were ta'ne away
Till then they all were active, every day ;

They exercis'd to weild their limbs, that now
Are numb'd to every thing but flail and Plow ;

Early in May up got the jolly rout,

Call'd by the Lark, and spred the fields about :

One for to breath himself, would coursing be

From this same Beech, to yonder Mulberie,

A second leapt, his supple nerves to trie,

A third was practising his Melody.

This a new Jig was footing, others were

Busied at wrestling, or to throw the Barre :

Ambitious which should bear the Bell away,

And kiss the Nut-brown Lady of the *May*.

This stirr'd 'em up ; a jolly swain was he

Whom *Peg* and *Susan* after Victory

Crown'd with a garland they had made befer

With Daiesies, Pinks, and many a Violet,

Couflip, and Gilliflower. Rewards though small,

Encourage vertue ; but if none at all

Meet her she languisheth, and lyes, as now

Where worths deny'd the honour of a bough.

And, *Thenot*, this the cause I read to be

Of such a dull and generall Lethargie.

The. Ill thrive the Lowt that did their mirth gain-say,

Wolves haunt these flocks, that took those sports away !

Coll. Some melancholy swains about have gone

To teach all zeal their own complexion :

Choler they will admit sometimes I see,

But Flegme, and Sanguine no Religions be.

These teach that Dancing is a Iezabel ;

And Barley-break, the ready way to Hell,

The Morice Idols, Whitsun -ales can be

But prophane Reliques of a Jubilee ?

These in a zeal, express how much they do
 The Organs' hate, have silenc'd Bag-pipes too ;
 And harmless May-poles, all are rail'd upon
 As if they were the towers of *Babylon*.
 Some think not fit there should be any sport
 In th' Countrey, 'tis a dish proper to th' Court.
 Mirth not becomes 'em, let the sawcy swain
 Eat Beef, and Bacon, and go sweat again.
 Besides, what sport can in their pastimes be
 When all is but ridiculous fopperie ?
The. Collen, I once the famous *Spain* did see,
 A nation glorious for her gravity ;
 Yet there an hundred Knights on warlike Steeds
 Did skirmish out a fight, arm'd but with Reeds ;
 At which a thousand Ladies eyes did gaze,
 Yet 'twas no better then our Prison-base.
 What is the Barriers but a Courtly way
 Of our more down-right sport, the Cudgell play ?
 Foot-ball with us may be with them Balcone,
 As they at Tilt, so we at Quintain run.
 And those old Pastimes relish best with me,
 That have least Art, and most simplicity.
Collen, they say at Court there is an Art
 To dance a Ladies honour from her heart ;
 Such wiles poor Shepherds know not ; all their sence
 Is dull to any thing but Innocence.
 The Countrey Lasse, although her dance be good,
 Stirs not anothers Galliard in the Blood,
 And yet their sports by some controul'd have been,
 Who think there is no mirth but what is sin.
 O might I but their harmless Gambols see
 Restor'd unto an ancient liberty,
 Where spotless dalliance traces o're the Plains,
 And harmless Nymphs jet it with harmless swains ;
 To see the age again of Innocent Loves
 Twine close as Vines, yet kiss as chaste as Doves.
 Methinks I could the *Thracian* Lyre have strung,
 Or run'd my whistle to the *Mantuan* song.

Coll. Then tune thy whistle boy, and string thy Lyre,
That age is come again ; thy brave desire
Pan hath approv'd ; dancing shall be this year
Holy as is the motion of a Sphear.

The. Collen, with sweeter breath fame never blew
Her sacred Trump, if this good news be true !

Coll. Knowst thou not *Cotswold* hills ? *To.* through all the Gland
No finer Wool runs through the spinsters hand.

But silly *Collen*. ill thou dost divine ;
Canst thou mistake a Bramble for a Pine ?
Or think this bush a Cedar ? or suppose
Yon Hamlet, where to sleep each shepherd goes,
In circuit, buildings, people, power and name,
Equals the bow string'd by the silver Thame ?
As well thou maist their sports with ours compare,
As the soft Wool of Lambs, with the Goats hair.

Coll. Last evening Lad, I met a noble swain,
That spurr'd his sprightful Palfrey o're the plain,
His head with ribbands crown'd, and deckt as gay
As any Lass upon her Bridall day :
I thought (what easie faiths we shepherds prove)
This, not the Bull, had been *Europas* Love !
I ask't the cause ; they told me this was he,
Whom this days triumph crown'd with victory :
Many brave steeds there were, some you should find
So fleet as they had been sons of the wind :
Others with hoofs so swift, beat o're the race
As if some engine shot 'em to the place.
So many, and so well wing'd steeds there were
As all the brood of *Pegasus* had been there.
Rider and horse could not distinguish'd be,
Both seem'd conjoyn'd a *Centaurs* progeny.
A numerous troop they were, yet all so light
Earth never groan'd, nor felt 'em in their flight !

Such Royal pastimes *Cotswold* mountains fill,
When gentle swains visit her glorious hill :
Where with such packs of hounds they hunting go
As *Cyrus* nere did wind his Bugle to !

Whose

Whose noyse is musical, and with full cries
 Beats o're the fields, and Ecchoes through the skies;
Orion hearing wish'd to leave his Sphear,
 And call his dog from heaven to sport it there.
Watt though he fled for life, yet joy'd withall
 So brave a dirge sung forth his funerall.

Nor *Syrens* sweetlier trill, Hares as they flie
 Look back, as glad to listen, loth to die.
The. No doubt but from this brave Heroick fire
 In the more noble hearts, sparks of desire
 May warme the colder boores, and emulous strife
 Give the old Mirth and Innocence a new life,
 When thoughts of fame their quickned souls shall fill
 At every glance that shews 'em *Cotswold* hill.

Coll. There Shepherd, there, the solemn games be plaid,
 Such as great *Toeseus*, or *Alcides* made :
 And *Jove* desires had his invention been
 Such as *Apollo* wishes he had seen,
 The *Nemean*, and *Isthmian* pastimes still
 Though dead in *Greece*, survive on *Cotswold* hill.

The. O happy hill ! the gentle Graces now
 Shall trip o're Thine and leave *Cirtherons* brow :
Parnassus clift shall sink below his spring,
 And every Muse shall on thy frontlet sing.
 The Goddesses again in strife shall be,
 And from Mount *Ida* make appeal to thee ;
Olympus pay thee homage, and in dread
 The aged *Alpes* shall bow his snowy head ;
Flora with all her store thy Temples Crown,
 Whose height shall reach the stars : Gods looking down
 Shall bless the Incense that thy flowers exhale,
 And make thee both a Mountain and a Vale.
 How many Ladies on thy top shall meet,
 And press thy tresses with their od'rous feet ?
 Whose eyes when wondring men see from afar,
 Theyle think thee Heaven and each of them a starr.
 But gentle *Collen* say what God or man
 Fame we for this great work, *Daphnis* or *Pan*?

Col. Daphnis is dead, and *Pan* hath broke his Reed,
 Tell all your flocks 'tis Joviall *Dovers* deed.
 Behold the Shepherds in their ribbands goe,
 And shortly all the Nymphs shall wear 'em too :
 Amaz'd to see such glory met together,
 Bless *Dovers* pipe, whose Musique call d 'm hither.
 Sport you my Rams at sound of *Dovers* name ;
 Big-bellied ewes make haste to bring a Lamb,
 For *Dovers* sold : go maids and Lillies get
 To make him up a glorious Coronet.

Swains keep his holy day and each man swear
 To Saint him in the *Shepherds Calender*.

Ad Medicum.

HEu, quæ me Cholchis magico quæ Thessala cantu
 Sic cruciat miserum, & tantis coquit ilia flammis ?
 Aut quæ cera meas torret liquefacta medullas ?
 Mitius in Lybiam Phæbi jubar antra leonis
 Ingressum fuit, & Vulcania mitius Ætna
 Sævit, ardentes cineres, multamq; favillam
 In Calabros jaculata sinus : Heu quis mihi vestes
 Induit Herculeas ? nam sentio virus, & omnes
 Ebullire meas Nestæo sanguine venas !
 Mille licet pascas fibrâ crescente volucres,
 Felicem Titium, multo quem frigore stringit
 Caucasus ! O liceat mihi tecum monte sub illo
 Æternum tractare gelu, glacieq; perenni
 Demulcere animum, nivibusq; extinguere flammam !
 Aut tecum sitiam, gelidis modo detur in undis
 Stare, tuisq; meum lymphis solarier æstum,
 Tantale ; namq; uror miserè miser, æstuat intus
 Indomitus, totosq; ignis depascitur artus.
 Dum gliscit calor, & sævo coquit igne cruorem,
 Intumet extemplo cutis, exurgitq; tumescens
 Purpureâ maculâ, & multo distincta rubore ;
 Non aliter quàm de calo cum decidet imber,

Plurima

Plurima (vidi etenim) medio natat aequore bulla ;
 Aut quale in nostris (sæpe est spectare) culinis
 Cum primum verubus stridet caro : Belides, in me,
 In me perpetuam defundite, Belides, urnam.
 Gens est, humanos, quæ dicitur, impia, carnes
 Condere visceribus ; me, me, petat, & voret ore
 Jam tostum jecur : heu, fervent mea, & omnia membra
 Aptæ Thyestæis vivunt convivia mensis.
 At cum flamma satis rotos bacchata per artus
 Lenius ardescens deferbuit, illicòturgens
 Descendit cutis, & paulò nunc mitius uror.
 Tandem omnis calor expirat, videorque repente
 Taygeti montis, gelidæ in vallibus Hæmi
 Ramorum densâ requiescere testus in umbra.
 Ad primas revocata redit tandem improbra vires
 Flamma, premitque iterum, solitisque caloribus urit :
 Tunc mihi scintillant oculi, tremulumque videntes
 Imbelli spectant acie ; bina, omnia bina,
 Conspicor, & binis exurgit mensa lucernis ;
 Tum videor Stygiis undis, ipsoque Acheronte
 Immergi ; videor flagranti claudier ære,
 Inque Perillæo mugire incendia Tauro.
 Sum meus ipse Rigus : quæ tantas pabula possunt,
 Quo valeam tantas nutrire bitumine flammæ ?
 Si qua est herbarum virtus (quæ maxima certe est)
 Extinguas plusquam Phæbeus, (Phæbe) calores :
 Extinguas, precor, & cœlo mihi redde salutem,
 Ut semel annosum reparaverat Æsopa Colchis,
 Utque Aries juvenem rediit grandævus in Agnum.

The Song of Orpheus.

HAile sacred Deserts, whom kind nature made
 Onely to shelter with a loving shade,
 The now neglected Musick glad to see
 Lions afford her hospitality,

And

And Tigers bid her welcome, with the rest
 Of savage Beasts accept her for a guest,
 Since men refuse her, and scarce deign an ear
 To her high notes, or if they please to hear,
 'Tis all; amongst my Pupils, you may see
 The Birds that learn't their sweetest laies of me;
 Those that chant Carols in this thankless age
 To pleasure men, rewarded with a Cage.

A Mask for Lydia.

Sweet *Lydia* take this Mask, and shroud
 Thy face within the filken cloud,
 And veil those powerfull Skies:
 For he whose gazing dares so high aspire,
 Makes burning glasses of his eyes,
 And sets his heart on fire.

Veile, *Lydia*, veile, for unto me
 There is no Basilisk but thee,
 Thy very looks do kill:
 Yet in those looks so fixt is my delight,
 Poor soul (alas) I languish still
 In absence of thy sight.

Close up those eyes, or we shall find
 Too great a lustre strike us blind!
 Or if a Ray so good
 Ought to be seen, let it but then appear
 When Eagles do prodace their brood,
 To try their young ones there;
 Or if thou would have me to know
 How great a brightness thou canst show,
 When they have lost the Sun;
 Then do thou rise, and give the world this theme,
 Sol from th' *Hesperides* is run,
 And back hath whipt his teame.

Yet

Yet through the *Goat* when he shall stray,
 Thou through the *Crab* must take thy way ;
 For should you both shine bright
 In the same *Tropick*, we poor moles should get
 Not so much comfort by the light,
 As torment by the heat.

Where's *Lydia* now ? where shall I seek
 Her charming lip, her tempting cheek
 That my affection bow'd ?
 So dark a fable hath ecclipt my fair,
 That I can gaze upon the cloud,
 That durst not see the starr.

But yet methinks my thoughts begin
 To say there lyes a white within,
 Though black her pride controule :
 And what care I how black a face I see,
 So there be whiteneis in the soul,
 Still such an *Ethiop* be.

A Parley with his empty Purse.

Purse, who'l not know you have a Poets been,
 When he shall look and find no gold herein ?
 What respect (think you) will there now be shown
 To this foul nest, when all the birds are flown ?
 Unnatural *vacuum*, can your emptiness
 Answer to some slight questions, such as these ?
 How shall my debts be paid ? or can my scores
 Be cleer'd with verses to my Creditors ?
Hexameter's no sterling, and I fear
 What the brain coines, goes scarce for currant there.
 Can meeter cancell bonds ? is here a time
 Ever to hope to wipe out chalk with rime ?

Or if I now were hurrying to the jaile,
 Are the nine *Muses* held sufficient baile?
 Would they to any composition come,
 If we should mortgage our *Elysium*
Tempe, *Parnassus*, and the golden streams
 Of *Tagus* and *Pactolus*, those rich dreams
 Of active fancy? Can our *Orpheus* move,
 Those rocks, and stones, with his best strains of love?
 Should I (like *Homer*) sing in lofty tones
 To them *Achilles*, and his *Myrmidons*;
Hector, and *Ajax* are but Serjeants names,
 They relish bay-salt, 'bove the Epigrams
 Of the most season'd brain, nor will they be
 Content with Ode, or paid with Elegy.
 Muse, burn thy baies, and thy fond quill resign,
 One cross of theirs is worth whole books of mine.
 Of all the treasure which the Poets hold,
 There's none at all they weigh, except our gold;
 And mine's return'd to th' *Indies*, and hath swore
 Never to visit this cold climate more.
 Then crack your strings good Purse, for you need none
 Gape on, as they do to be paid, gape on.

Upon Love fondly refused for Conscience sake.

Nature, Creations law is judg'd by sense,
 Not by the Tyrant conscience;
 Then our commission gives us leave to doe,
 What youth and pleasure prompts us to:
 For we must question else heavens great decree,
 And tax it with a Treachery;
 If things made sweet to tempt our appetite,
 Should with a guilt stain the delight.
 Higher powers rule, our selves can nothing do;
 Who made us love made 't lawfull too.
 It was not love, but love transform'd to vice
 Ravish'd by envious Avarice,

Made

Made women first impropriate ; All were free,
 Inclosures mens inventions be.
 In th' golden age no action could be found
 For trespass on my neighbours ground :
 'Twas just with any Fair to mix our blood ;
 The best is most diffusive good.
 She that confines her beams to one mans sight,
 Is a dark Lanthorn to a light.
 Say, does the Virgin-spring less chaste appear
 Cause many Thirsts are quenched there ?
 Or have you not with the same odours met,
 When more have smelt your Violet ?
 The Phœnix is not angry at her nest,
 Cause her perfumes make others blest :
 Though Incense to th' eternall gods be meant,
 Yet Mortals Rivall in the scent.
 Man is the Lord of Creatures ; yet we see
 That all his vassals loves are free.
 The severe Wedlocks fetters do not bind
 The Pard's inflam'd, and amorous mind ;
 But that he may be like a Bridegroom led
 Even to the Royal Lions bed.
 The Birds may for a year their loves confine,
 But make new choice each *Valentine*.
 If our affections then more servile be
 Then are slaves, where's mans sovereignty ?
 Why then by pleasing more, should you less please,
 And spare sweets, being more sweet then these ?
 If the fresh trunk have sap enough to give
 That each insertive Branch may live ;
 The Gardner grafts not onely Apples there,
 But Adds the Warden and the Pear ;
 The Peach, and Apricock together grow,
 The Cherry and the Damson too,
 Till he hath made by skilfull husbandry
 An intire Orchard of one Tree.
 So least our Paradise perfection want,
 We may inoculate and plant.

What's

What's Conscience but a Bedlams midnight theam?
 Or nodding Nurſes idle dream?
 So feign'd as are the Goblins, Elves, and Faries
 To watch their Orchards, and their Dairies.
 For who can tell when firſt her reign begun?
 I'th' ſtate of innocence was none:
 And ſince large Conſcience (as the proverb ſhews)
 In the ſame ſenſe with bad one goes;
 The leſs the better, then, whence this will fall,
 He's perfect that hath none at all.
 Suppoſe it be a virtue, rich, and pure,
 'Tis nor for Spring or Summer ſure,
 Nor yet for Autumn; Love muſt have his prime,
 His warmer heats, and harveſt time.
 Till we have flouriſh'd, grown, and reapt our wiſhes.
 What Conſcience dares oppoſe our kiſſes?
 But when times colder hand leads us near home,
 Then let that Winter-vertue come:
 Froſt is till then prodigious; we may do
 What youth and pleaſure prompts us to.

On Importunate Duns.

POx take you all, from you my ſorrows ſwell
 Your Treacherous Faith makes me turn Infidel.
 Pray vex me not for heavens ſake, or rather
 For your poor Childrens ſake, or for their Father.
 You trouble me in vain; what 'ere you ſay
 I cannot, will not, nay, I ought not pay.
 You are Extortioners; I was not ſent
 T'encrease your ſins, but make you all repent
 That 'ere you truſted me; even here,
 I bought too cheap, becauſe you ſold too dear,
 Learn Conſcience of your Wives, for they I ſwear,
 For the moſt part trade in the better Ware.

Heark, Reader, if thou never yet hadst one,
 Ple shew the torments of a *Cambridge Dun*.
 He railes where e're he comes, and yet can say
 But this, that *Randolph* did not keep his day.
 What? can I keep the Day, or stop the Sun
 From setting, or the Night from coming on?
 Could I have kept dayes, I had chang'd the doom
 Of Times and Seasons, that had never come.
 These evil spirits haunt me every day,
 And will not let me eat, study, or pray.
 I am so much in their Books that 'tis known
 I am too seldome frequent in my own.
 What dammage given to my Doors might be
 If Doors might Actions have of Battery?
 And when they find their coming to no end,
 They *Dun* by Proxie, and their Letters send,
 In such a stile as I could never find
 In *Tullie's* long, or *Seneca's* short wind.

*Good Master Randolph, Pardon me, I pray,
 If I remember you forget your day.
 I kindly dealt with you, and it would be
 Unkind in you, not to be kind to me.
 You know, Sir, I must pay for what I have,
 My Creditors will be paid; therefore I crave
 Pay me as I pay them, Sir, for one Brother
 Is bound in Conscience to pay another.
 Besides my Land-lord would not be content
 If I should dodge with him for's quarters rent
 My Wife lies in too, and I needs must pay
 The Mid wife, least the fool be cast away.
 And 'tis a second charge to me, poor man,
 To make the new born Babe a Christian.*

*Besides, the Churching a third charge will be
 In butter'd Haberdine and Frummety.
 Thus hoping you will make a courteous end,
 I rest (I would thou would'st) Your loving
 (Friend,*

A.B. M.H. T.B. H L. I.O.

I.F. M.G. P.W. Nay I know

You have the same stile all, and as for me
 Such as your stile is, shall your payment be.
 Just all alike: See what a cursed Spell
 Charms Devils up, to make my Chamber Hell!
 This some starv'd Prentice brings, one that does look
 With a face blurd more then his Masters book.
 One that in any chink can peeping lye
 More slender then the yard he measures by.
 When my poor stomach barks for meat, I dare
 Scarce humour it, they make me live by air,
 As the *Chameleons* do; and if none pay
 Better then I have done, even so may they.
 When I would go to Chappel, they betray
 My zeal, and when I only meant to pray
 Unto my God, faith all I have to do
 Is to pray them, and glad they'l hear me too.
 Nay should I preach, the Rascals are so vext,
 They'd see a Beadle to arrest my Text;
 And sue, if such a suit might granted be,
 My Use and Doctrine to an Outlary.
 This stings; yet what my gallmost works upon,
 Is, that the hope of my revenge is gone:
 For were I but to deal with such as those
 That knew the danger of my Verse or Prose,
 I'de steep my Muse in Vineger and Gall
 Till the fierce scold grew sharp and hang'd 'um all.
 But those I am to deal with are so dull,
 (Though got by Schollars) he that is most full
 Of Understanding can but hither come,
 Imprimis, Item, and the Total sum.

I do not wish them *Egypt's* plagues, but even
 As bad as they ; I'll add unto them seven.
 I wish not Grasshoppers, Frogs, and Lice come down,
 But clouds of Moths in every shop i'th' Town.
 Then honest Devil to their ink convey
 Some *Aqua fortis*, that may eat away
 Their books. To add more torments to their lives,
 Heaven I beseech thee, send 'em handsome Wives;
 Such as will pox their flesh, till sores grow in't,
 That all their Linnen may be spent in lint.
 And give them Children with ingenuous faces,
 Indued with all the Ornaments and Graces
 Of Soul and Body, that it may be known.
 To others, and themselves, they'r not their own.
 And if this vex 'em not, I'll grieve the Town
 With this curse, States put *Trinity-Lecture* down.
 But my last imprecation this shall be,
 May they more Debtors have, and all like me.

A Character.

Allico-politico-Academico

THOU Cozen to great Madams, and allyed
 To all the Beauties that are Ladified;
 Thou Eagle of the Realm, whose eyes can see
 Th' invisible plots of forraign policie.
 Thou great and unknown Learning of thy Nation,
 Made not by study, but by inspiration!
 The Court, the State, the Schollars together be
 By th' ears, and sight, and scratch, and all for thee.
 When I beheld thee cringe in some fair Hall,
 And scrape proportions Mathematical,
 Varying thy mouth as 'twere by Magick-spell
 To circle, oval, square, and triangle,

And

And take a Virgin by the ivory hand,
 Minting words to her, none can understand
 But in a vision, and some words repeat
 So well enchanted, none the sense can get
 Till they have conjur'd in lines strange and many
 To find what spirit it has, if it have any.
 To see thy feet (though nature made them splay)
 Screw in the toes to dance and force a way
 To some smooth measure, as might justly vaunt
 Thou art turn'd Monsieur of an Elephant.
 Thy mother, sure, going to see some sport,
 Tilting, or Masque, conceiv'd thee in the Court.
 But when I view thee grayely nod, and spit
 In a grave posture, shake the head, and sit
 Plots to bring *Spain* to *England*, and confine
 King *Philips* Indies unto *Middletons* Mine:
 When I read o're thy Comments sagely writ
 On the Currantoes, and with how much wit
 Thy profound *Aphorismes* do expound to us
 The *Almanacks*, and *Gal'obelgium*;
 When I conceive what news thou wilt bring o're
 When thou returnst with thy Embassador,
 What slopes the *Switzer* wears to hide his joynts;
 How *French*, and how the *Spaniard* truss their points,
 How ropes of Onions at Saint *Omers* go,
 And whether Turks be Christians yea or no.
 Then I believe one in deep points so able,
 Was surely got under the Councel-table.
 But when I hear thee of *Celarant* write,
 In *Ferio* and *Baralypton* fight,
 Me thinks my then Prophetick soul durst tell
 Thou must be born at *Aristotles* well.
 But shall I tell thee, friend, how thy blest fate
 By chance hath made thy name so fortunate;
 The States-man thinks thou hast too much o'th' Court,
 The Courtier thinks thy sager parts do sort
 Best for the State: as for the Ladies, they
 Pos'd with the Medly of thy language, say

Th'art a meer Scholler, and the Scholler swears
Thou art of any tribe rather than theirs.
One thinks thee this, one that, a third thinks either,
Thou thinkst thy self th'art all, and I think neither.

On the loss of his Finger.

HOW much more blest are trees than men?
Their boughs lopt off will grow agen.
But if the steel our limbs dis sever,
The joynt once lost is lost for ever.
But fondly I dull fool complain,
Our members shall revive again,
And thou poor finger that art dust
Before the others members, must
Return as soon as heavens command,
And reunited be to th^r hand
As those that are not ashes yet;
Why dost thou then so envious sit,
And malice Oakes that they to fate
Are tenants of a longer date?
Their leases do more years include,
But once expir'd are nere renew'd.
Therefore dear finger though thou be
Cut from those muscles govern'd thee,
And had thy motion at command,
Yet still as in a margent stand,
To point my thoughts to fix upon
The hope of Resurrection:
And since thou canst no finger be,
Be a deaths head to humble me,
Till death doth threat her sting in vain,
And we in heaven shake hands again.

A

*A Paræneticon to the truly noble Gentleman,
Mr. Endymion Porter.*

Go bashful Muse, thy message tell to one
That drinks and fills thy *Helicon*.
Who when his quill a sportive number seeks,
Plants Roses in the Ladies cheeks;
And with a sad note from their eyes can call
Pearl showers to dew those buds withall.
Whose layes when I by chance am blest to hear
My soul climbs up into mine ear,
And bids your sisters challeng from the Moon
The learned, as the fair *Endymion*.
Sing of his faith to the bright soul that's fled,
And lest you all poor girls struck dead
With just despair of any future men
T' employ, or to reward a Pen.
A soul that staying would have wonders wrought,
High as himself, or his great thought,
And full of dayes and honours (with our prayers,
In stead of beads summ'd up with tears.)
Might offer own free flight to heaven have gone,
Offer what's heart, his hand, his sword had done.
But sing not thou a tale of discontent
To him whose joy is to lament.
We ought to pay true tears upon the hearse,
And lay some up in faithful verse,
And so cast off our black; for more then thus
Troubles the Saints for troubling us.
Say to him *Cupid* being once too kind,
Wept out his eyes and so grew blind.
For dead *Adonis*, grief being paid her due,
He turn'd Loves god, and so do you.

To a Painted Mistress.

THere are who know what once to day it was ;
 Your Eyes, your Conscience, and your morning glass,
 How durst you venture that adulterate part
 Belabour'd with your *Fucus* and best art,
 To the rude breath of every rash salute ?
 What did your proffer whisper ? expect suit ;
 You were too pliant with your ear ; you wish'd
Pomatum and *Vermilion* might be kiss'd ;
 That lip, that cheek by man was never known ;
 Those favours you bestow are not your own.
 Henceforth such kisses I'll desire, like thee,
 Which druggists sell to you, and you to me.

Upon an Hermaphrodite.

SIR, or *Madam*, choose you whether,
 Nature twists you both together ;
 And makes thy soul to each confess,
 Both petticoat and breeches dress.
 Thus we chastise the God of Wine
 With water that is feminine,
 Till the cooler Nymph abate
 His wrath, and so incorporate.
Adam till his rib was lost.
 Had the sexes thus ingroft.
 When providence our Sire did cleave,
 And out of *Adam* carved *Eve*,
 Then did man 'bout Wedlock treat
 To make his body up compleat.
 Thus Matrimony speaks but thee
 In a grave solemnity ;
 For Man and Wife make but one right
 Canonical Hermaphrodite.

Ravel thy body, and I find
 In every limb a double kind.
 Who would not think that head a pair,
 That breeds such factions in the hair?
 One halfe's so churlish in the touch,
 That rather then endure so much
 I would my tender limbs apparel
 With *Regulus* his nailed barrel.
 And the other half so small,
 And so amorous with all,
 That *Cupid* thinks each hair to grow,
 A string for his invifible Bow.

When I look babies in thine eyes,
 Here *Venus*, there *Adonis* lies.
 And though thy beauty be high noon,
 Thy orbs contain both Sun and Moon.
 How many melting kifses skip,
 Betwixt thy Male and Female lip;
 Betwixt thy upper brush of hair,
 And thy nether beards despair?
 When thou speak'ft (I would not w^{rong}
 Thy sweetness with a double tongue)
 But, in every fimple found
 A perfect Dialogue is found.
 Thy breasts diftinguifh one another,
 This the fifter, that the brother.
 When thou joyn'ft hands, my ears ftruck, fancies
 The Nuptial found, *I John take Frances*.
 Feel but the difference, foft and rough,
 This is a gawtlet, that a muff.
 Had fly *Ulyffes* at the fack
 Of *Troy*, brought thee his Pedlers-pack
 And weapon too, to know *Achilles*
 From King *Nicomedes Phyllis*,
 His plot had fail'd; this hand would feel
 The needle; that, the Warlike fteel.
 When mufick doth thy pace advance,
 Thy right leg takes thy left to dance.

Nor is't a Galliard danc'd by one,
 But a mixt dance, although alone.
 Thus every Heteroclite part
 Changes gender but the heart.
 And those which modesty can mean
 (And dare not speak) are Epicene.
 That Gamster needs must overcome
 That can play both *Tyb* and *Tom*.
 Thus did Natures Mintage vary,
 Coyning thee both *Philip* and *Mary*.

To his well Timbred Mistriss.

Sweet, heard you not fames latest breath rehearse
 How I left hewing blocks to hack a Verse,
 Now grown the Master-Log, while others be
 But shavings, and the chips of Poetry!
 And thus I Saw Deal-boards of beauty forth,
 To make my Love a Ware-house of her worth.
 Her legs are heart of Oak, and columns stand
 To bear the amorous bulk; then Muse command
 That Beech be work'd for thighs unto those legs,
 Turn'd round and carv'd; and joyned fast with pegs.
 Contrive her belly round, a dining room,
 When Love and Beauty will a feasting come.
 Another story make from waste to chin,
 With breasts like Pots to nest young Sparrows in.
 Then place the Garret of her head above,
 Thatcht with a yellow hair to keep in Love.
 Thus have I finisht Beauties master prize
 Were but the Glasier here to make her eyes.
 Then Muse her out-works henceforth cease to raise
 To work within, and wainscot her with praise.

On six Maids bathing themselves in a River.

Vhen bashful Day-light now was gone,
 And Night that hides a blush came on,
 Six pretty Nymphs to wash away
 The sweating of a summers day,
 In *Chams* fair streams did gently swim,
 And naked bathe each curious limb.
 O who had this blest sight but seen
 Would think that they had *Clælia's* been!

A Schollar that a walk did take
 (Perchance for meditation sake)
 This better object chanc'd to find,
 Straight all things else were out of mind;
 What fitter study in this life,
 For *Præctick* or *Contemplative*?
 He thought, poor soul, what he had seen
Diana and her Nymphs had been,
 And therefore thought in *pireous* sea:
Aëleons fortunes had been near.
 Or that the water Nymphs they were
 Together met to sport them there:
 And that to him such love they bore
 As unto *Hylas* once before.

What could he think but that his eye
 Six Nymphs at once did there espie
 Rise from the waves? or that perchance
 Fresh-water *Syrens* came to dance
 Upon the stream with tongue and look
 To tempt poor Schollars from their book?
 He could not think they *Graces* were
 Because their numbers doubled are.
 Nor can he think they *Muses* be,
 Because (alas) there wanted three.

I should have rather guest that there
 Another brood of *Helens* were.

The maids betrai'd were in a fright
 And blusht, but 'twas not seen by night.
 At last all by the bank did stand,
 And he (kind heart) lent them his hand.
 Where 'twas his blisse to feel all o're
 Soft paps, smooth thighs, and something more.
 But envious night hid from his eyes
 The place where love and pleasure lies.

Guesse lovers, guesse, guesse you that dare
 What then might be this Schollers prayer.
 That he had been a Cat to spy,
 Or had he now *Tiberius*'s eye,
 Yet since his wishes were in vain
 He helpt them d'on their clothes again,
 Makes promise there should none be shent,
 So with them to the Tavern went.
 How they all night did sport and play,
 Pardon my *Muse*, I dare not say;
 Guesse you that have a mind to know
 Whether he were a fool or no.

The Wedding Morne.

A Rise, come forth, but never to return
 To the same Center, 'tis the Virgin Urn;
 Bury it in those thoughts which did possess
 Thee from the Cradle, 'till this happiness;
 Which but to think upon will make thy cheek,
 Fairer then is the Morn you so much seek
 In beauty to outvy; and be the pride
 Of all that ever had the name of bride.
 Up maids, and let your nimble fingers be
 True instruments of curiosity:
 Set not a pin amiss, nor let a pleat
 Be folded in her gown but what's in state;
 And when her Ivory-temple you would deck,
 Forbear your Art, for nature gives you check.

There

There in the circuit of her radiant hair
 See *Cupid* fetter'd in a golden snare.
 Mark the triumphant Throne wherein the Boy
 Installed sits to give the Bridegroom Joy.
 But when shees drest that her listning ear
 Is welcom'd by the Bridegrooms being near
 Look how she stands, and how her stedfast eye
 Is fix'd on him at's first discovery.
 Both being met mark how their souls do strive
 To be in eithers joy contemplative.
 Whose kisses raise betwixt them such a fire
 That should the Phoenix see, he to expire
 Would shun the spicy mountain, and so take
 Himself between their lips a grave to make.

In praise of women in generat.

HE is a Parricide to his mothers name,
 And with an impious hand murtherers her fame,
 That wrongs the praise of women, that dares write
 Libels on Saints, or with foul ink requite
 The milk they lent us; Better Sex, command
 To your defence my more religious hand
 At sword, or Pen; yours was the nobler birth,
 For you of man were made, man but of earth,
 The son of dust; and though your sin did breed
 His fall, again you rais'd him in your seed:
Adam in's sleep a gainful loss sustain'd
 That for one rib a better self regain'd;
 Who had he not your blest creation seen,
 An Anchorite in Paradise had been.
 Why in this work did the creation rest
 But that eternal providence thought you best
 Of all his six dayes labour; beasts should do
 Homage to man, but man should wait on you.
 You are of comfier sight, of daintier touch,
 A tender flesh, a colour bright, and such

As *Parians* see in marble, skin more fair,
 More glorious head, and far more glorious hair,
 Eyes full of grace and quickness, purer roses
 Blush in your cheeks, a milder white composes
 Your stately fronts, your breath more sweet than his
 Breaths spice, and Nectar drops at every kiss.
 Your skins are smooth, bristles on theirs do grow
 Like quills of Porcupins, rough wooll doth flow
 O're all their faces; you approach more near
 The form of Angels, they like beasts appear:
 If then in bodies where the souls do dwell
 You better us, do then our souls excel?
 No, we in souls equal perfection see,
 There can in them nor male nor female be.
 Boast we of knowledge? You have more than we;
 You were the first ventur'd to pick the tree.
 And that more Rhetorick in your tongues doth lye.
 Let him dispute against that dares deny
 Your least commands; and not perswaded be
 With *Sampsons* strength, and *Dauids* piety,
 To be your willing Captives: vertue sure
 Were blind as fortune, should she choose the poor
 Rough cottage man to live in, and despise
 To dwell in you the stately edifice.
 Thus you are prov'd the better sex, and we
 Must all repent that in our Pedigree
 We chose the Fathers name, where should we take
 The Mothers, a more honour'd blood, 'twould make
 Our generation sure and certain be,
 And I'd believe some faith in Heraldry.
 Thus perfect Creatures if detraction rise
 Against you sex, dispute but with your eyes,
 Your hand, your lip, your brow, there will be sent
 So subtile and so strong an argument
 Will teach the Stoick his affection too,
 And call the Cynick from his Tub to woo.
 Thus mustring up your beautoustroops go on
 The fairest is the valiant *Amazon*.

To M. I. S. on his Grateful Servant.

I Cannot fulminate or tonitruate words
 To puzzle intellects, my ninth lasse affords
 No Lycophronian buskins, nor can strain
 Garagantuan lines to Gigantize thy vein,
 Nor make a jusjurand, that thy great plaies
 Are terr'delso-gos, or incognitaes;
 Thy Pegasus in his admir'd careere,
 Curvets no Capreols of Nonfence here.

VVonder not friend, that I do entertain
 Such language, that both think and speak so plain.
 Know, I applaud thy smooth and even strains
 That will inorm, and not confound our brains.
 Thy Helicon, like a smooth stream doth flow,
 While others with disturbed channels go,
 And headlong, like Niles Cataracts do fall
 With a huge noise, and yet not heard at all.
 When thy intelligence on the Cock-pit stage
 Gives it a soul from the immortal rage.
 I hear the Muses birds with full delight
 Sing where the birds of *Mars* were wont to fight;
 Nor flatter I, thou knowest I do abhor it,
 Let others praise thy Play, I'le love thee for it;
 That he that knows my friend shall say, he has
 A friend as Grateful as his Servant was.

In Obitum Francisci Verulamii.

D*Um moriens tantam nostris Verulanius Heros*
Tristitiam Musis, luminaque uda facit :
Credimus heu nullum fieri post fata beatum,
Credimus & Samium desipuisse senem :

Scilicet

Scilicet hic miseris felix nequit esse Camænis.
 Nec se, quàm Mulas plus amat iste suas.
 At luctantem animam Clotho imperiosa coegit
 Ad cælum, invitos traxit in astra pedes.
 Ergone Phœbeas jacuisse putabimus artes ?
 Atque herbas Clarii nil valuisse Dei ?
 Phœbus idem potuit, nec virtus abfuit herbis,
 Hunc artem atque illas vim retinere putes :
 At Phœbum (ut metuît ne Rex foret iste Camœnis)
 Rivali medicam crede negasse manum.
 Hunc dolor est ; quod cum Phæbo Verulamius Heros
 Major erat reliquis, hac foret arte minor.
 Vos tamen ô, tantum Manes atque Umbra, Camœnæ,
 Et penè inferni pallida turba Jovis,
 Si spiratis adhuc, & non lusistis ocellor,
 Sed neque post illum vos superesse putem :
 Si vos ergo aliquis de morte reduxerit Orpheus,
 Istaque non aciem fallit imago meam :
 Discite hunc gemitus, & lamentabile carmen,
 Ex oculis vestris lacryma multa fluat.
 Et quam multa fluit ? veras agnosco Camœnas,
 Et lachrymas ; Helicon vix satis unus erit ;
 Deucalionæis & qui non mersus in undis.
 Parnassus (mirum est) hisce latebit aquis.
 Scilicet hic periit, per quem vos vivitis, & qui
 Multâ Pierias nutrit arte Deas.
 Vidit ut hic artes nullâ radice retentas,
 Languere ut summo semina sparsa solo ;
 Crescere Pegaseas docuit, velut hasta Quirini
 Crevit, & exiguo tempore Laurus erat.
 Ergo Heliconiadas docuit cum crescere divas,
 Diminuent hujus secula nulla decus.
 Nec ferre ulterius generosi pectoris æstus
 Contemptum potuit, Diva Minerva, tuum.
 Restituit calamus solitum divinus honorem,
 Dispulit & nubes alter Apollo tuas.

Dispulit

Dissulit & tenebras, sed quas obscura vetustas
 Temporis & prisce lippa senectâ tulit ;
 Atque alias methodos sacrum instauravit acumen,
 Gnossiâque eripuit, sed sua fila dedit.
 Scilicet antiquo sapientum vulgus in ævo.
 Tam claros oculos non habuisse liquet :
 Hi velut Eoo surgens de littore Phœbus,
 Hic velut in mediâ fulget Apollo die :
 Hi veluti Typhis tentârunt æquore primum,
 At vix deseruit littora prima ratis :
 Pleidas hic, Hyadasque atque omnia sydera noscens,
 Syrtes, atque tuos, improba Scylla, canes ;
 Scit quod vitandum est, quo dirigit æquore navem,
 Certius & cursum nautica monstrat acus :
 Infantes illi Musas, hic gignit adultas ;
 Mortales illi, gignit at iste Deas.
 Palmam ideo reliquis Magna Instauratio libris
 Abstulit, & cedunt squallidâ turba sôphi :
 Et vestita novo Pallas modo prodit amictu,
 Anguis depositis ut nitet exuviis.
 Sic Phœnix cineres spectat modo nata paternos,
 Jactat, & antiquum sperat ab inde decus.

Sed quanta effulgent plus quam mortalis ocelli
 Lumina, dum regni mystica sacra canat ?
 Dum sic naturæ leges, arcanaque Regum,
 Tanquàm à secretis esset utrisq; canat :
 Dum canat Henricum, qui Rex, idemque Sacerdos,
 Connubio stabili junxit utramq; Rosam.

Atque hæc sunt nostris longè majora Camœnis,
 Non hæc infelix Granta, seu Aula sciit.
 Sed cum Granta labris admovent ubera tantis,
 Tus habet in laudes (maximè Alumne) tuas.

*Jus habet, ut mœstos lachrymis exstingueret ignes,
Possit ut è medio diripuisse rogo.
At nostræ tibi nulla ferunt encomia Musæ,
Ipse canis, laudes & canis inde tuas.
Nos tames & laudes, quâ possumus arte, canemus,
Si tamen ars desit, laus erit iste dolor.*

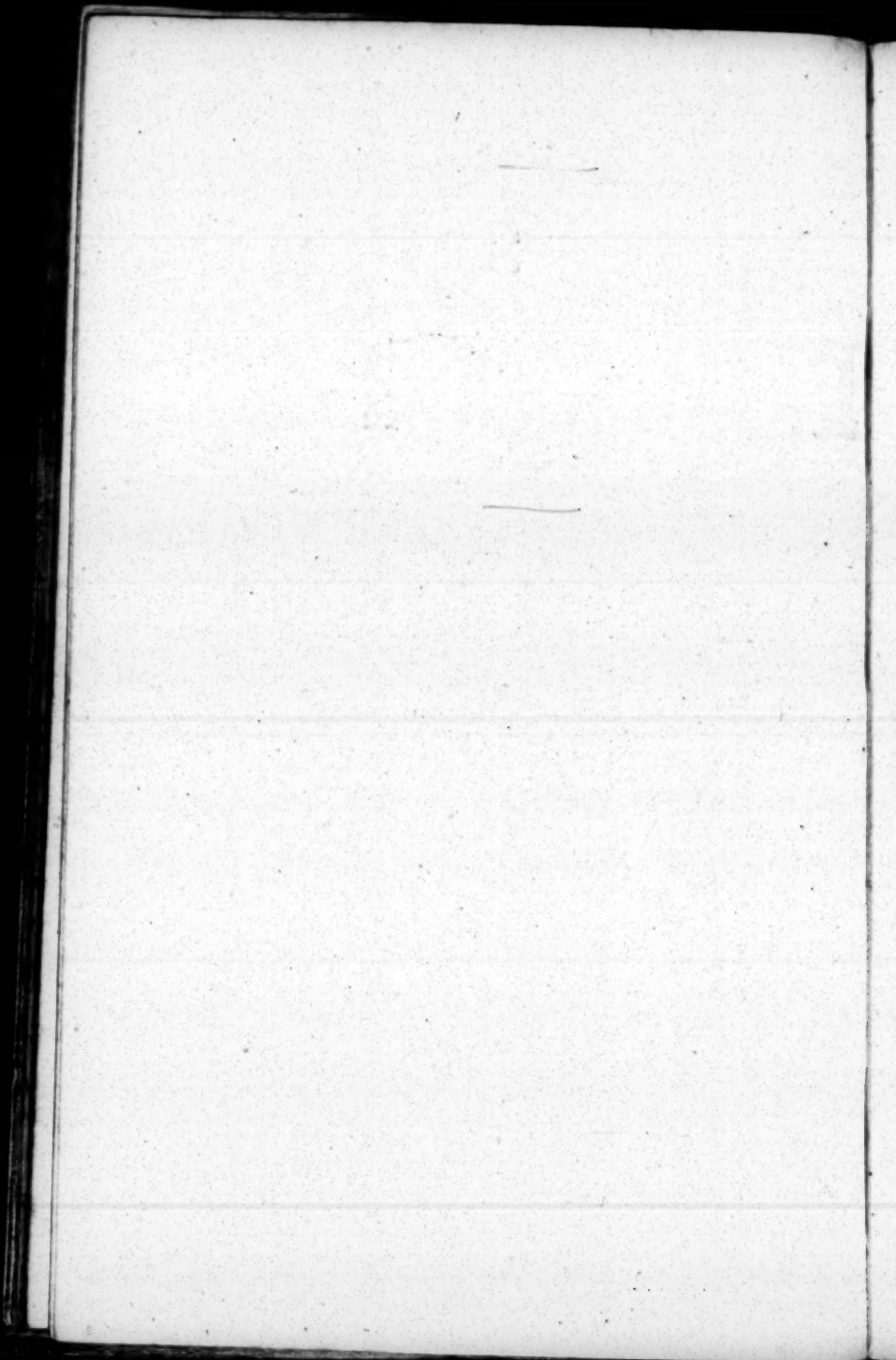
FINIS.

THE
MUSES.
Looking Glass.

By T. R.



London, Printed Anno Dom. 1668.





T H E
Muses Looking-Glass.

Actus I. Scen. I.

Enter Bird a Feather-man, and Mistress Flowrdew, Wife to a Haberdasher of Small Wares ; the one having brought Feathers to the Play-house ; the other Pins and Looking-Glasses : Two of the; Sanctified Fraternity o Black-Fryers,

F *Lowrd.* See Brother how the wicked throng and croud,
To works of Vanity ! Not a nook or corner

In all this house of sin, this cave of filthiness,

This den of spiritual thieves, but it is stuff,
Stuffed, and stuff full as a Cushion
With the leud Reprobate.

Bird. Sister, were there not before Inns ?
Yes, I will say Inns, for my zeal bids me
Say filthy Inns, enough to harbour such
As travell'd to destruction the broad way ;
But they build more and more, more shops of Satan.

Flowrd. Iniquity aboundeth, though pure zeal
Teach, preach, huff, puff, and snuff at it, yet still,
Still it aboundeth. Had we seen a Church,
A new built Church, erected North and South,

It had been something worth the wondring at.

Bird. Good works are done.

Flowrd. I say, no works are good,
Good works are meerly Popish, and Apocryphal.

Bird. But th'bad abound, surround, yea, and confound
No marvel now if Play-houses increase,
For they are all grown so obscene of late,
That one begets another.

Flowrd. Flat fornication !
I wonder any body takes delight
To hear them prattle.

Bird. Nay, and I have heard
That in a ---- Tragedy I think they call it,
They make no more of killing one another,
Then you sell Pins.

Flowrd. Or you sell Feathers Brother,
But are they not hang'd for it !

Bird. Law grows partial,
And finds it but Chance-medly : and their Comedies
Will abuse you, or me, or any body :
We cannot put our moneys to increase
By lawfull usury, nor break in quiet,
Nor put off our false wares, nor keep our wives
Finer then others, but our ghosts must walk
Upon their stages.

Flowrd. Is not this flat conjuring,
To make our ghosts to walk ere we be dead ?

Bird. That's nothing Mistress *Flowrdew*, they will play
The knave, the fool, the devil, and all for money.

Flowrd. Impiety ! O that men indued with reason,
Should have no more grace in them ?

Bird. Be there not other
Vocations, as thriving, and more honest ?
Bailiffs, Promooters, Jaylors, and Apparitors,
Beadles, and Marshals men, the needful instruments
Of the Republick ; but to make themselves
Such Monsters ? for they are monsters, th'are monsters,
Base, sinful, shameless, ugly, vile, deform'd

Pernicious

Pernicious monsters ?

Flowrd. I have heard our Vicar
Call Play-houses the Colledges of transgression,
Wherein the seven deadly sins are studied.

Bird. Why then the City will in time be made
An university of iniquity.
We dwell by *Black-Fryers* Colledge, where I wonder
How that prophane nest of pernicious Birds
Dare roost themselves there in the midst of us,
So many good and well disposed persons.
O Impudence !

Flowr. It was a zealous Prayer
I heard a Brother make, concerning Play-houses.

Bird. For Charity, what is it ?

Flowrd. That the *Globe*,
Wherein (quoth he) reigns a whole world of vice,
Had been consum'd : The *Phoenix* burnt to Ashes,
The *Fortune* whipt for a blinde whore : *Black-Fryars*
He wonders how it escap'd demolishing
I th time of Reformation. Laitlyhe wish'd
The *Bull* might cross the *Thames* to the *Bear-Garden*,
And there be soundly baited ?

Bird. A good Prayer.

Flowr. Indeed it something pricks my Conscience,
I come to sell em Pins and Looking-Glasses.

Bird. I have their custom too for all their Feathers :
'Tis fit that we which are sincere Professors,
Should gain by Infidels.

SCEN. 2.

Enter Roscius a Player.

Mr. *Roscius* w^have brought the things you spake,

Rosc. Why 'tis well,

Flowr. Pray Sir, what serve they for ?

Rosc. We use them in our Play.

Bird. Are you a Player?

Rosc. I am Sir, what of that?

Bird. And is it lawful?

Good sister, let's convert him. Will you use
So fond a calling?

Flowr. And so impious?

Bird. So irreligious?

Flowr. So unwarrantable?

Bird. Onely to gain by vice?

Flowr. To live by sin?

Rosc. My spleen is up: And live not you by sin?
Take away vanity, and you both may break.
What serves your lawful trade of selling Pins,
But to joynt gew-gaws, and to knit together
Gorgetts, Strips, Neck-cloaths, Laces, Ribbands, Ruffs,
And many other such like toys as these,
To make the Baby-Bride a pretty Puppet?
And you sweet Featherman, whose ware though light,
O'er weighs your conscience, what serves your trade
But to plume folly, to give Pride her wings,
To deck vain-glory? spoiling the Peacocks tail
T'adorn an Ideots Coxcomb: O dull ignorance!
How ill 'tis understood what we do mean
For good and honest! They abuse our Scene,
And say we live by vice: Indeed 'tis true,
As the Physitians by diseases do,
Onely to cure them: They do live we see
Like Cooks by pamp'ring prodigality,
Which are our fond accusers. On the Stage
We set an Usurer to tell this age
How ugly looks his soul: A prodigal
Is taught by us how far from liberal
His folly bears him. Boldly I dare say,
There has been more by us in some one Play
Laugh't into wit and vertue, then hath been
By twenty tedious Lectures drawn from sin,
And soppy humors: Hence the cause doth rise
Men are not won by th'ears so well as eyes.

First see what we present.

Flwr. The sight is able

To unsanctifie our eyes, and make 'em carnal.

Rosc. Will you condemn without examination ?

Bird. No sifter, let us call up all our zeal,

And try the strength of this temptation :

Satan shall see we dare defie his Engines.

Flwr. I am content.

Rosc. Then take your places here, I will come to you,

And moralize the plot.

Flwr. That moralizing

I do approve, it may be for instruction.

SCEN. 3.

Enter a deformed Fellow.

Defor. Roscius, I hear you have a new Play to day.

Rosc. We want not you to play *Mephostophilus*.

A pretty natural vizard !

Defor. What have you there ?

Rosc. A Looking Glass or two.

Defor. What things are they ?

Pray let me see them. Heaven, what sights are here ?

I've seen a Devil. Looking Glasses call you them ?

There is no Basilisk but a Looking Glass.

Rosl. 'Tis your own face you saw.

Defor. My own ? thou liest :

I'd not be such a Monster for the World.

Rosc. Look in it now with me, what seest thou now ?

Defor. An Angel and a Devil.

Rosc. Look on that

Thou cald'st an Angel, mark it well, and tell me
Is it not like my face ?

Defor. As 'were the same.

Rosc. Why so, is that like thine. Dost thou not see,
'Tis not the Glass, but thy deformity,

Thar

That makes this ugly shape ; if they be fair
 That view the Glafs, ſuch the reflections are.
 This ſerves the body : The Soul ſees her face
 In Comedy, and has no other Glafs.

Defor. Nay then farewel, for I had rather ſee
 Hell then a Looking glaſs or Comedy.

Exit Defor.

Rofc. And yet methinks if 'twere not for this Glafs,
 Wherein the form of Man beholds his grace,
 We could not find another way to ſee
 How near our ſhapes approach Divinity.
 Ladies, let they who will your Glafs deride,
 And ſay it is an instrument of Pride ;
 I will commend you for it : There you ſee
 If you be fair, how truly fair ye be :
 Where finding beauteous faces, I do know
 You'll have the greater care to keep them ſo.
 A heavenly viſion in your beauty lies,
 Which nature hath denied to your own eyes :
 Were it not pity, you alone ſhould be
 Debarr'd of that others are bleſt to ſee ?
 Then take your Glaſſes, and your ſelves enjoy
 The benefit of your ſelves ; it is no toy,
 Though ignorance at ſlight eſteem hath ſet her,
 That will preſerve us good, or make us better.
 A Country ſlut, (for ſuch ſhe was, though here
 I th' City may be ſome, as well as there ,)
 Kept her hands clean, (for thoſe being always ſeen,
 Had told her elſe how ſluttish ſhe had been,)
 But had her face as naſty as the ſtall
 Of a Fiſhmonger, or an Uſurers Hall
 Daub'd o'er with dirt : One might have dar'd to ſay
 She was a true piece of *Prometheus* clay,
 Not yet inform'd ; And then her unkemb'd hair
 Dreſt up with Cob-webs, made her Hag-like ſtare ;
 One day within her Pail (for Country Laſſes
 (Fair Ladies) have no other Looking glaſſes,)

She

She spied her ugliness, and fain she would
Have blushed, if through so much dirt she could :
Asham'd, within that water, that I say
Which shew'd her filth, she washt her filth away.

So Comedies, as Poets do intend them.

Serve first to shew our faults, and then to mend them.

Upon our Stage two Glasses oft there be,
The Comick Mirror, and the Tragedy :
The Comick Glass is full of merrv strife,
The low reflection of a Country life.
Grave Tragedy, void of such homely sports,
Is the sad Glass of Cities and of Courts.
I'll shew you both : *Thalia*, come and bring
Thy Buskin'd sister, that of Blood doth sting.

SCEN. 4.

Comedy, Tragedy, Mime, Satyre.

Comed. Why do you stop ? go on.

Trag. I charge him stay.

My Robe of State, Buskins, and Crown of Gold,
Claim a priority.

Com. Your Crown of Gold

Is but the wreath of wealth ; tis mine of Lawrel,
Is vertues Diadem : This grew green and flourish'd
When nature pittying poor mortality,
Hid thine within the bowels of the earth :
Men looking up to Heaven, found this that's mine ;
Digging to find out Hell, they lit on thine.

Trag. I know you have tongue enough.

Com. Besides, my Birth-right
Gives me the first possession.

Trag. How, your Birth-right ?

Com. Yes sister, Birth-right ; and a Crown besides,
Put on before the Altar of *Apollo*
By his dear Priest *Phenomee*, she that first
Full of her God, rag'd in Heroick numbers.

Trag.

Trag. How came it then the Magistrate decreed
A publick charge to furnish out my *Chorus*,
When you were fain t'appear in rags and tatters,
And at your own expences?

Come. My reward
Came after, my deserts went before yours.

Trag. Deserts? yes! what deserts, when like a gypsic
You took a poor and beggarly pilgrimage
From village unto village; when I then
As a fit ceremony of Religion
In my full state contended at the Tomb
Of mighty *Theseus*.

Come. I before that time
Did chaunt our Hymns in praise of great *Apollo*,
The shepherds Deity, whom they reverence
Under the name of *Nomius*, in remembrance
How with them once he kept *Admetus* sheep.
And 'cause you urge my poverty, what were you?
Till *Sophocles* laid gilt upon your Buskins,
You had no ornaments, no robes of state,
No rich and glorious Scene; your first benefactors
Who were they, but the reeling Priests of *Bacchus*,
For which a Goat gave you reward and name?

Trag. But Sister, who were yours, I pray, but such
As chaunted forth Religious, bawdy Sonnets;
In honour of the fine chaste God *Priapus*?

Come. Let age alone, merit must plead our Title.

Trag. And have you then the forehead to contend?
I stalk in Princes Courts, great Kings, and Emperors
From their close Cabinets, and Council Tables,
Yield me the fatal matter of my Scene.

Come. Inferior persons, and the lighter vanities,
(Of which this age I fear is grown too fruitful)
Yield subjects various enough to move
Plentiful laughter.

Trag. Laughter! a fit object
For Poetry to aim at.

Come. Yes, Laughter is my object: 'Tis a property

In man essential to his reason.

Trag. So ;

But I move horror, and that frights the guilty
From his dear sins : He that sees *Oedipus*
Incestuous, shall behold him blind withal.
Who views *Orestes* as a Parricide,
Shall see him lash'd with *Furies* too : Th'ambitious
Shall fear *Prometheus* Vultur : Daring gluttony
Stand frighted at the sight of *Tantalus* :
And every family, great in sins as Blood
Shake at the memory of *Pelops* house.
Who will rely on Fortunes giddy smile,
That hath seen *Priam* acted on the Stage ?

Come. You move with fear, I work as much with shame,
A thing more powerful in a generous breast.

Who sees an eating Parasite abus'd ;
A covetous Baud laugh'd at ; an ignorant Gull
Cheated ; a glorious Soldier knockt and baff'd ;
A crafty servant whipt ; a niggard churl
Hoarding up dicing-monys for his son ;
A spruce fantastick Courtier, a mad roarer,
A jealous tradesman, an over weening Lady,
Or corrupt Lawyer rightly personated,
But (if he have a blush) will blush, and shame
As well to act those follies as to own them !

Trag. The subject of my Scene is in the persons
Greater, as in the vices ; Atheists, Tyrants,
O'er-daring Favorites, Traytors, Parasites,
The Wolves and Cats of State, which in a language
High as the men, and loud as are their crimes
I thunder forth with terror and amazement
Unto the ghostly wond'ring audience.

Satyre. And as my Lady takes deserved place
Of the light Mistress, so yield thou to me
Fantastick *Mime*.

Mime. Fond *Satyre* why to thee ?

Sat. As the attendant of the Nobler Dame,
And of my self more worthy.

Mime.

Mime. How ! more worthy ?

Stat. As one whose whip of steel can with a lash
imprint the Characters of shame so deep,
Even in the brazen forehead of proud sin,
That not eternity shall wear it out.
When I but frown'd in my *Lucilius* brow,
Each conscious cheek grew red, and a cold trembling
Freez'd the chill soul ; while every guilty breast,
Stood fearfull of dissection, as afraid
To be anatomiz'd by that skilful hand,
And have each artery, nerve, and vein of sin
By it laid open to the publick scorn.
I have untruss'd the proudest ; greatest tyrants
Have quak'd below my powerful whip, half dead
With expectation of the smarting jerk,
Whose wound no salve can cure ; each blow doth leave
A lasting scar, that with a poyson eats
Into the marrow of their fames and lives,
Th'eternal ulcer to their memories !
What, can your Apish fine gesticulations
My Manlike-Monky *Mime*, vie down to this ?

Mime. When men through sins were grown unlike the
gods,
Apes grew to be like men ; therefore I think
My Apish imitation, Brother Beadle,
Does as good service to reform bad manners
As your proud whip, with all his ferks, and jerks.

The *Spartans* when they strove t'express the loath-
someness
Of Drunkenness, to their children brought a slave,
Some captive *Helot*, overcharg'd with Wine
Reeling in thus : His eyes shot out with staring,
A fire in his Nose, a burning redness
Blazng in either Cheek, his hair upright,
His Tongue and Senses faltring, and his stomach
O'reburden'd, ready to discharge her load
In each mans face he met. This made 'em see
And hate that, sin of Swine, and not of men.

Would

Would I express a complemental youth,
 That thinks himself a spruce and expert Courtier,
 Bending his supple Hams, kissing his hands,
 Honouring Shoo-strings, scriving his writh'd face
 To several postures of affection,
 Dancing an entertainment to his friend,
 Who would not think it a ridiculous motion?
 Yet such there be that very much please themselves
 In such like antick humors. To our own sins
 We will be Moles, even to the grossest of them:
 But in anothers life we can spie forth
 The least of faults, with eyes as sharp as Eagles,
 Or th' *Epidaurian* Serpent: Now in me,
 Where self-love casts not her *Egyptian* mists,
 They find this mis-becoming foppishness,
 And afterwards apply it to themselves:
 This (*Satyre*) is the use of *Mimique* Elves.

Trag. Sister, let's lay this poor contention by,
 And friendly live together; if one Womb
 Could hold us both, why should we think this room
 Too narrow to contain us? On this Stage
 We'll plead a tryal; and in one year contend
 Which shall do best: That past, she then that shall
 By the most sacred and impartial judgement
 Of our *Apollo* best deserve the Bays,
 Shall hold th'intire possession of the place.

Come. I were unworthy if I should
 Appeal from this tribunal: Be it so;
 I doubt not but his censure runs with me:
 Never may any thing that's sad and Tragical,
 Dare to approach his presence; let him be
 So happy as to think no man is wretched,
 Or that there is a thing call'd Misery.

Trag. Such is my Prayer, that he may only see,
 Not be the subject of a Tragedy!
 Sister, a truce till then; that vice may bleed,
 Let us joyn whips together.

Come. 'Tis agreed.

Mime. Let it be your office to prepare
The Mask which we intend.

Come. 'Tis my care.

Exeunt.

Flower. How did she say ? a Mask ? Brother flie
hence,
Flie hence, Idolatry will over take us.

Rose. It was a Mask she spake of, a rude Dance
Presented by the seven deadly sins.

Bird. Still 'tis a Mask, Sister ; away, I tell you
It is a Mask, a Mask of vile Idolatry.

Rose. 'Tis but a simple Dance, brought in to shew
The native foulness and deformity
Of our dear sin, and what an ugly guest
He entertains, admits him to his breast ?

Song and Dance.

*Say, in a Dance how shall we go,
That never could a measure know !
How shall we sing to please the Scene
That never yet could keep a mean ?
Disorder is the Mask we bring,
And discords are the Tunes we sing :
No sound in our harsh ears can find a place.
But highest Trebles, or the lowest Base.*

Flower. See Brother, if mens hearts and consciences
Had not been fear'd and cauteriz'd, how could they
Affect these filthy harbingers of hell !
These Proctors of Belzebub, Lucifers Hinch-boys !

Rose. I pray ye, stir your selves within a while,

Exeunt.

Rose

Roscius solus.

And here, unless your favorable mildness
 With hope of mercy do encourage us,
 Our Author bids us end: he dares not venture
 Neither what's past, nor that which is to come
 Upon his Country, 'tis so weak, and impotent,
 It cannot stand a tryal; nor dares hope
 The benefit of his Clergy; But if rigour
 Sit Judge, must of necessity be condemn'd
 To *Vulcan* or the Spunge: All he can plead
 Is a desire of Pardon; for he brings you
 No plot at all, but a meer *Olla Podrida*,
 A medly of ill plac'd, and worse pen'd humors.
 His desire was in single Scenes to shew
 How Comedy presents each single vice
 Ridiculous, whose number as their Character
 He borrows from the man to whom he owes
 All the poor skill he has, great *Aristotle*.
 Now if you can endure to hear the rest,
 Y^e are welcome; if you cannot, do but tell
 Your meaning by some sign, and all farewell.
 If you will stay, resolve to pardon first;
 Our Author will deserve it by offending.
 Yet if he miss a Pardon, as in justice
 You cannot grant it, though your mercy may,
 Still he hath this left for a comfort to him,
 That he picks forth a subject of his Rime
 May lose perchance his credit, not his time.

*Finis Actus. 1.**Exit.*

ACTUS 2. SCENA 1.

Roscus. Bird. Flowerdew.

Rosc. **R**Eceive your places. The first that we present
are the Extreames of a vertue necessary in our
Conversation, call'd Comitas or Courtesie, which, as all
other vertues, hath her deviations from the mean. The
one Colax, that to seem over-courteous falls into a ser-
vile flattery; the other, (as fools fall into the contraries,
which they shunne) is Dyscolus, who hating to be a sla-
vish Parasite, grows into peevishness and impertinent
distaste.

Flow. I thought you taught two vices for one vertue.

Rosc. So does Philosophy, but the Actors enter.

Colax. Dyscolus.

Colax. How far they sin against humanity
That use you thus! Believe me 'tis a Symptom
Of Barbarisme, and rudeness so to vex
A gentle, modest nature as yours is.

Dysco. Why dost thou vex me then?

Colax. I? Heaven defend!

My breeding has been better; I vex you!
You that I know so vertuous, just, and wise.
So pious and religious, so admir'd,
So lov'd of all?

Dysc. Wilt thou not leave me then
Eternal Torture? could your cruelty find
No back but mine that you thought broad enough
To bear the load of all these Epithites?
Pious? Religious? he takes me for a fool.
Vertuous? and just? Sir, did I ever cheat you,
Cozen, or gull you; that you call me just
And vertuous? I am grown the common scoffe
Of all the world; the scoffe of all the world!

Colax. The world is grown too vile then.

Dysc. So art thou.

Heaven

Heaven! I am turn'd ridiculous!

Colax. You ridiculous?

But 'tis an impious Age; There was a time
(And pitty 'tis so good a time had wings
To flye away,) when reverence was payd
To a gray head; 'twas held a sacriledge
Not expiable to deny respect
To one, Sir, of your years and gravity.

Dysc. My years and gravity! Why, how old am I?
I am not rotten yet, or grown so rank
As I should smell oth' grave: O times and manners!
Well *Colax*, well; go on: ye may abuse me,
Poor dust and ashes, worms meat, years and gravity;
He takes me for a Carcasse! what see you
So crazy in me? I have half my teeth:
I see with spectacles, do I not? and can walk too
With th' benefit of my staffe, mark if I cannot!--
But you sir at your pleasure with years and gravity
Think me decrepit.

Colax. How? Decrepit Sir!

I see young roses bud within your cheeks;
And a quick active blood run free and fresh
Thorough your veins.

Dysc. I am turn'd boy again!
A very stripling school-boy! have I not
The Itch and kibes? am I not scabb'd and mangy
About the wrists and hams?

Colax. Still *Dyscolus*?----

Dysc. *Dyscolus*! and why *Dyscolus*? when were we
Grown so familiar? *Dyscolus*! by my name
Sure we are *Pylades* and *Orestes*! are we not?
Speak good *Pylades*.

Colax. Nay worthy Sir,
Pardon my error, 'twas without intent
Of an offence. I le find some other name
To call you by-----

Dysc. What do you mean to call me?
Fool? Ass? or Knave? my name is not so bad

As that I am ashamed on't.

Colax. Still you take all worse then it was meant,
You are too jealous.

Dysco. Jealous? I have not cause for't, my wifes honest;
Dost see my horns? Dost? if thou doest,
Write Cuckold in my forehead; do, write Cuckold
With *Aqua fortis*, do, Jealous! I am jealous,
Free of the Company! wife I am jealous.

Colax. I mean suspicious.

Dysc. How! suspicious?

For what? for treason, felony, or murder?

Carry me to the Justice: bind me over

For a suspicious person: hang me too

For a suspicious person! O, O, O,

Some courteous plague seize me, and free my soul

From this immortal torment! every thing

I meet with, is vexation, and this, this

Is the vexation of vexations,

The Hell of Hells, and Divil of all Divels.

Flow. For pitty sake fret not the good old Gentleman.

Dysc. O! have I not yet torments great enough,

But you must adde to my affliction?

Eternal silence seize you!

Colax. Sir, we strive

To please you, but you still misconstrue us.

Dysc. I must be pleas'd! a very babe, an infant!

I must be pleas'd! give me some pap, or plums:

Buy me a rattle, or a hobby-horse,

To still me, do! be pleas'd wouldst have me get

A Parasite to be flatter'd?

Col. How? a Parasite?

A coggng, flatt'ring, slavish Parasite?

Things I abhor and hate. 'Tis not the belly

Shall make my brains a captive. Flatterers!

Souls below reason will not stoop so low

As to give up their liberty; only flatterers

Move by anothers wheele, They have no passions

Free to themselves. All their affections,

Qualities,

Qualities, humors, appetites, desires,
Nay wishes, vows and prayers, discourse and thoughts
Are but anothers Bondman. Let me tugg
At the Turks Gallies; be eternally
Damn'd to a Quarry : In this State my mind
Is free: A flatterer has nor soul nor body;
What shall I say? ——— No, I applaud your temper,
That in a generous braveness take distaste
At such whose servile nature strives to please you.

'Tis royal in you Sir,

Dysc. Ha! whats that?

Colax. A feather stuck upon your cloak.

Dysc. A feather!

And what have you to do with my feathers?
Why should you hinder me from telling the world
I do not lye on flock-beds?

Colax. Pray be pleas'd.

I brusht it off for meer respect I bare to you.

Dysc. Respect! a fine respect, Sir, is it not,
To make the world beleieve I nourish vermine?

O death, death, death, if that our graves hatcht worms
Without tongues to torment us, let 'um have
What teeth they will. I meet not here an object
But adds to my affliction! sure I am not

A man; I could not then be so ridiculous:

My ears are overgrown, I am an Ass;

It is my ears they gaze at. What strange *Harpy*,
Centaure or *Gorgon* am I turn'd into?

What *Circe* wrought my Metamorphosis?

If I be a beast, she might have made me Lyon,

Or something not ridiculous! O *Astleon*,

If I do branch like thee, it is my fortune!

Why look they on me else? There is within

A glass they say, that has strange qualities in it;

That shall resolve me, I will in to see

Whether or no, I man or monster be.

Exit.

SCEN. 2.

To them *Deilus. Aphobus.*

Bird. Who be these? They look like Presumption and Despair.

Rosc. And such they are. That is *Aphobus*, one that out of an impious confidence fears nothing. The other *Deilus*, that from an Atheistical distrust, shakes at the motion of a reed. These are the extremes of Fortitude, that steers an even course between overmuch daring, and overmuch fearing.

Flow. Why staies this reprobate *Colax*?

Rosc. Any vice
Yields work for flattery.

Flow. A good Doctrine, mark it.

Deilus. Is it possible? did you not fear it, say you?
To me the meer relation is an ague.
Good *Aphobus* no more such terrible stories;
I would not for a world lye alone to night:
I shall have such strange dreams!

Apho. What can there be
That I should fear? The Gods? If they be good,
'Tis sin to fear them; if not good, no Gods;
And then let them fear me. Or are they Divels
That must affright me?

Deilus. Divels! where good *Aphobus*?
I thought there was some conjuring abroad;
'Tis such a terrible wind! O here it is;
Now it is here again! O still, still, still.

Apho. What's the matter?

Deilus. Still it follows me!
The thing in black, behind; soon as the Sun
But shines, it haunts me? Gentle spirit leave me!
Cannot you lay him *Aphobus*? what an ugly look it has
With eyes as big as sawcers, nostrils wider
Then Barbers basons!

Apho.

Apho. 'Tis nothing *Deilus*

But your weak fancy that from every object
Draws arguments of fear. This terrible black thing—

Deil. Where is it *Aphobus*?

Apho.—Is but your shadow *Deilus*.

Deil. And should we not fear shadows?

Apho. No, why should we?

Deil. Who knows but they come leering after us
To steal away the substance? watch him *Aphobus*.

Apho. I nothing fear.

Colax. I do commend your valour,
That fixes your great soul fast as a Center,
Not to be mov'd with dangers; let slight cock-boats
Be shaken with a wave, while you stand firm
Like an undaunted rock, whose constant hardness
Rebeats the fury of the raging sea,
Dashing it into froth. Base fear doth argue
A low degenerate soul.

Deil. Now I fear every thing.

Colax. 'Tis your discretion. Every thing has danger;
And therefore every thing is to be fear'd,
I do applaud this wisdom: 'Tis a symptom
Of wary providence. His too confident rashness
Argues a stupid ignorance in the soul,
A blind and senseless judgement: give me fear
To man the fort, 'tis such a circumstance
And wary Sentinel—

Flowerd. Now shame take thee for
A luke-warm formalist.

Colax.—But daring valor
Uncapable of danger sleeps securely,
And leaves an open entrance to his enemies.

Deil. What, are they landed?

Apho. Who?

Deil. The enemies
That *Colax* talks of.

Apho. If they be, I care not;
Though they be Gyants all, and arm'd with thunder.

Deil. Why do you not fear thunder?

Apho. Thunder? no!

No more then squibs and crackers.

Deil. Squibs and crackers,

I hope there be none here j s'lid, squibs and crackers!

The meer Epitomes of the Gun-powder Treason,
Faux in a lesser volume.

Apho. Let fools gaze

At bearded stars, it is all one to me

As if they had been shav'd — thus, thus would I

Out-beard a Meteor, for I might as well

Name it a prodigy when my candle blazes.

Deil. Is there a Comet say you? Nay, I saw it,

It reach'd from *Pauls* to *Charing*, and portends

Some certain eminent danger to the inhabitants

'Twixt those two places: I'll go get a lodging

Out of its influence.

Colax. Will that serve? — I fear

It threatens general ruine to the Kingdom.

Deil. I'll to some other Country.

Colax. There's danger to cross the Seas.

Deil. Is there no way good *Colax*,

To cross the Sea by Land? O the scituation!

The horrible scituation of an Island,

Colax. You sir are far above such frivolous thoughts.

You fear not death.

Apho. Not I.

Col. Not sudden death.

Apho. No more than sudden sleep: Sir I dare dye.

Deil. I dare not; Death to me is terrible:

I will not dye.

Apho. How can you Sir prevent it?

Deil. Why I will kill my self.

Col. A valiant course;

And the right way to prevent death indeed.

Your spirit is true Roman! — But yours greater

That fears not death, nor yet the manner of it,

Should heaven fall —

Apho.

Apho. Why, then we should have Larks.

Deil. I shall never eat Larks again while I breath.

Col. Or should the earth yawn like a sepulchre,
And with an open throat swallow you quick?

Apho. 'Twould save me the expences of a grave.

Deil. I had rather trouble my Executors by th' half.

Apho. Cannons to me are pot-guns.

Deil. Pot-guns to me

Are Cannons; the report will strike me dead.

Apho. A Rapier's but a bodkin.

Deil. And a bodkin,

It is a most dangerous weapon; since I read
Of *Julius Cæsars* death, I durst not venture
Into a Taylors shop for fear of bodkins.

Apho. O that the valiant Gyants should again
Rebell against the Gods, and besiege Heaven,
So I might be their leader.

Col. Had *Enceladus*

Been half so valiant, *Jove* had been his prisoner.

Apho. Why should we think there be such things as
dangers?

Scylla, *Charybdis*, *Python* are but fables.

Medeas Bull and Dragon very tales.

Sea-Monsters. serpents, all Poetical figments.

Nay Hell it self, and *Acheron* meer inventions;
Or were they true, as they are false, should I be
So timerous as to fear these Bug-bear Harpyes,
Medusas, *Centaurs*, *Gorgons*?

Deil. O good *Aphobus*,

Leave conjuring, or take me into th' circle.

What shall I do good *Colax*.

Col. Sir walk in,

There is, they say, a Looking-glass, a strange one
Of admirable vertues, that will render you
Free from inchantments.

Deil. How! a Looking-glass?

Dost think I can endure it? Why there lies
A man within't in Ambush to entrap me.

I did but lift my hand up, and he presently
Catcht at it.

Colax. 'Twas the shadow Sir of your self,
Trust me, a meer reflexion.

Del. I will trust thee.

Apho. What Glasse is that ?

Colax. A trick to fright the Ideot
Out of his wits, a Glasse so full of dread,
Rending unto the eye such horrid spectacles
As would amaze even you, Sir I do think
Your optick nerves would shrink in the beholding ;
This if your eye endure, I will confess you
The Prince of Eagles.

Apho. Look to it eyes, if ye refuse this sight,
My nayls shall damn you to eternal night. *Exit.*

Col. Seeing no hope of gain, I pack them hence,
'Tis gold gives flattery all her eloquence.

SCEN. 3.

Acolastus, Anaisthetus.

Rosc. Temperance is the mediocrity of enjoying pleasures ;
when they are present , and a moderate desire of them being
absent ; and these are the extreams of that vertue. Acola-
stus a voluptuous Epicure , that out of an immoderate
and untam'd desire seeks after all pleasures promiscuously
without respect of honest or lawful. The other Anaisthe-
tus a meer Anchorite, that delights in nothing, not in those
legitimate recreations allowed of by God and nature.

Acolast. O now for an eternity of eating !
Fool was he that wish'd but a Cranes short neck ;
Give me one, nature, long as is a Cable,
Or sounding-line, and all the way a palate
To taste my meat the longer. I would have
My senses fast together ; Nature envied us
In giving single pleasures ; let me have

My

My ears, eyes, palate, nose, and touch, at once
 Enjoy their happiness ; lay me in a bed
 Made of a summers cloud ; to my embraces
 Give me a *Venus* hardly yet fifteen,
 Fresh, plump, and active ; she that *Mars* enjoy'd,
 Is grown too stale : And then at the same instant
 My touch is pleas'd, I would delight my sight
 With pictures of *Diana* and her Nymphs,
 Naked, and bathing, drawn by some *Apelles* ;
 By them some of our fairest Virgins stand ;
 That I may see whether 'tis Art or Nature
 Which heightens most my blood and appetite.
 Nor cease I here. Give me the seven Orbs
 To charm my ears with their celestial lutes,
 To which the Angels that do move those spheres
 Shall sing some amorous ditty ; nor yet here
 Fix I my bounds ; The sun himself shall fire
 The Phoenix nest to make me a perfume,
 While I do eat the Bird, and eternally
 Quaffe off eternal Nectar. These single, are
 But torments, but together, O together !
 Each is a Paradise. Having got such objects
 To please the senses, give me senses too
 Fit to receive those objects : Give me therefore
 An eagles eye, a blood-hounds curious smell,
 A Staggs quick hearing, let my feeling be
 As subtile as the spiders, and my taste
 Sharp as a Squirrils : Then I'll read the Alcoran,
 And what delights that promises in future,
 I'll practise in the present.

Bird. Heathenish Glutton !

Flow. Base-bellygod, licencious Libertine !

Anai. And I do think there is no pleasure at all
 But in contemning pleasures ; Happy *Niobe*
 And blessed *Daphne*, and all such as are
 Turn'd stocks and stones : would I were Lawrel too,
 Or marble, I, or any thing insensible.
 It is a toy! for me to eat or drink,

Onely

Only for natures satisfaction ;
 Would *I* could live without it. To my ear
 Musick is but a mandrake. To my smell
 Nard sends of rue and wormwood ; And *I* taste
 Nectar with as much loathing, and distaste
 Asgall, or Aloes, or my Doctors potion.
 My eye can meet no object but *I* hate it.

Accla. Come brother *Stoique*, be not so melancholy.

Anai. Be not so foolish brother *Epicure*.

Aco. Come wee'l go and see a Comedy, that will raise
 Thy heavy spirits up.

Ana. A Comedy ?

Sure *I* delight much in those toyes ; *I* can
 With as much patience hear the Mariners
 Chide in a storm.

Aco. Then lets go drink a while.

Anai. 'Tis too much labour. Happy *Tantalus*
 That never drinks.

Aco. A little Venerie
 Shall recreate thy soul.

Ana. Yes like an itch ,
 For'ts no better : *I* could wish an heir,
 But that *I* cannot take the pains to get one.

Aco. Why, marry, if your conscience be so tender,
 As not to do it otherwise ; Then 'tis lawful.

Ana. True Matrimonies nothing else indeed
 But fornication licens'd, lawful Adultery.
 O heavens ! how all my senses are wide sluces
 To let in discontent and miseries !

How happy are the moles that have no eyes !
 How blest the Adders that have no ears !
 They never see nor hear ought that afflicts them.
 But happier they that have no sence at all,
 That neither see, nor hear, taste, smell, nor feel.
 Any thing to torment them : souls were given
 To torture bodies, man has reason too
 To adde unto the heap of his distractions.
I can see nothing without sense, and motion,

But

But I do wish my self transform'd into it.

Col. Sir I commend this temperance ; your arm'd soul
Is able to contemn these petty baits ,

These slight temptations, which we title pleasures,
That are indeed but names ; Heaven it self knows

No such like thing ; the stars nor eat nor drink,

Nor lye with one another ; and you imitate

Those glorious bodies, by which noble abstinence

You gain the names of moderate, chaste, and sober ;

While this effeminate gets the infamous terms

Of Glutton, Drunkard, and Adulterer ;

Pleasures that are not mans, as man is man,

But as his nature sympathies with beasts.

You shall be the third *Cato*. This grave look

And rigid eye-brow will become a Censor.

But I will fit you with an object Sir,

My noble *Anaisthetus*, that will please you.

It is a Looking-glass, wherein at once

You may see all the dismal groves and caves,

The horrid vaults, dark cells, and barren deserts,

With what in hell it self can dismall be.

Anaif. That is indeed a prospect fit for me.

Exit.

Acol. He cannot seek a stock or stone, but presently

He wishes to be turn'd to one of those.

I have another humor ; I cannot see

A fat voluptuous sow with full delight

Wallow in dirt, but I do wish my self

Transform'd into that blessed Epicure.

Or when I view the hot salacious sparrow

Renew his pleasures with fresh appetite ,

I wish my self that little bird of Love.

Colax. It shows you a man of soft moving clay ;

Not made of flint ; nature has been bountifull

To provide pleasures, and shall we be niggards

At plenteous boards ? He's a discourteous guest

That will observe a dyet at a feast.

When nature thought the earth alone too little

To find us meat, and therefore stor'd the ayr

With

With winged creatures, not contented yet,
 Shee made the water fruitful to delights.
 Nay I believe the other Element too
 Doth nurse some curious dainty for mans food ;
 If we would use the skill to catch the Salamander :
 Did she do this to have us eat with temperance ?
 Or when she gave so many different odors
 Of spices, unguents, and all sorts of flowers,
 She cry'd not — stop your noses : would she give us
 So sweet a quire of wing'd Musicians
 To have us deaf ? or when she plac'd us here,
 Here in a Paradise, where such pleasing prospects,
 So many ravishing colours entice the eye,
 Was it to have us wink ? when she bestow'd
 So powerful faces, such commanding beauties
 On many glorious Nymphs, was it to say
 Be chaste and continent ? Not to enjoy
 All pleasures, and at full, were to make nature
 Guilty of that she ne're was guilty of,
 A vanity in her works.

Acol. A learned Lecture !

*Tis fit such grave and solid arguments
 Have their reward---Here---half of my estate
 T'invent a pleasure never tasted yet,
 That I may be the first shall make it stale.

Col. Within, Sir, is a Glass, that by reflexion
 Doth shew the image of all sorts of pleasures
 That ever yet were acted, more variety
 Then *Aretines* pictures.

Aco. I'll see the Jewel ;
 For though to do most moves my appetite,
 I love to see, as well as act delight.

Exit.

Bird. These are the things indeed the stage doth teach,
 Dear heart, what a foul sink of sin runs here !

Flow. In sooth it is the common shore of lewdness.

SCEN. 4.

Afotus. Aneleutherus.

Rosc. These are Aneleutherus an illiberal Niggardly Usurer that will sell heaven to purchase earth. That his son Afotus, a profuse Prodigal, that will sell earth to buy Hell. The extreams of Liberality, which prescribes a mediocrity in the Getting and Spending of Riches.

Anel. Come boy, go with me to the Scriveners, go.

Afot. I was in hope you would have said a Bawdy house.

Anel. Thence to th' Exchange.

Afot. No, To the Tavern Father.

Anel. Be a good husband boy, follow my counsel.

*Afot. Your counsel? No dad, take you mine,
And be a good fellow---shall we go and roar?*

*S'lid Father, I shall never live to spend
That you have got already--- Pox of Attorneys,
Merchants and Scriveners; I would hear you talk
Of Drawers, Punks, and Panders.*

Anel. Prodigal child!

Thou dost not know the sweets of getting wealth.

*Afot. Nor you the pleasure that I take in spending it
To feed on Caveare, and eat Anchoves.*

*Anel. Afotus, my dear son, talk not to me
Of your Anchoves, or your Caveare.*

*No, feed on Widows, have each meal an Orphan
Serv'd to your table, or a glibbery heir*

With all his lands melted into a morgage.

*The gods themselves feed not on such fine dainties,
Such fattning, thriving diet.*

Afot. Trust me Sir,

I am asham'd la---to call you Father,

Ne're trust me now I'm come to be a Gentleman:

One of your havings, and thus cark and care?

Come, I will send for a whole Coach or two

Of *Bank-side* Ladies, and we will be Joviall!
 Shall the world say you pine and pinch for nothing?
 Well, do your pleasure, keep me short of monies;
 When you are dead, as dye I Hope you must,
 I'll make a shift to spend one half at least
 E're you are coffin'd, and the other half
 E're you are fully laid into your grave.
 Were not you better help away with some of it?
 But you will starve your self, that when y^e are rotten;
 One--Have at all of mine may set it flying.
 And I will have your bones cut into Dice,
 And make you guilty of the spending of it:
 Or I will get a very handsome bowle
 Made of your skull, to drink't away in healths.
Anel. That's not the way to thrive! No, sit and brood
 On thy estate, as yet it is not hatch'd
 Into maturity.

Ast. Marry I will brood upon it,
 And hatch it into chicken, capons, hens,
 Larks, thrushes, quails, wood-cocks, snites and pheasants;
 The best that can be got for love or money.
 There is no life to drinking!

Anel. O yes, yes;
 Exaction, usury, and oppression.
 Twenty i'th' hundred is a very Nectar.

And wilt thou, wastful lad, spend in a supper
 What! with sweat and labour, care and industry
 Have been an age a scraping up together!
 No, no *Astus*, trust grey-head experience;
 As I have been an Oxe, a painfull Oxe,
 A diligent toyling, and laborious Oxe,
 To plow up Gold for thee; so I would have thee--

Ast. be a fine silly Assle to keep it.

Anel. be a good watchful Dragon to preserve it.

Colax. Sir, I over-heard your wise instructions,
 And wonder'd at the gravity of your counsel!
 This wild unbridled boy is not yet grown
 Acquainted with the world; he has not felt

The weight of need, that want is vertues clog ;
 Of what necessity, respect and value
 Wealth is, how base and how contemptible
 Poverty makes us. Liberality
 In some circumstances may be allow'd ;
 As when it has no end but honesty,
 With a respect of person, quantity,
 Quality, time, and place ; but this profuse,
 Vain, injudicious spending speaks him Idiot :
 And yet the best of liberality
 Is to be liberal to our selves ; and thus
 Your wisdom is most liberal, and knows
 How fond a thing it is for discreet men
 To purchase with the loss of their estate
 The name of one poor vertue, liberality,
 And that too only from the mouth of beggars !
 One of your judgement would not, I am sure,
 Buy all the vertues at so dear a rate.
 Nor are you, Sir, I dare presume, so fond
 As for to weigh your gains by the strict scale
 Of equity, and justice, names invented
 To keep us beggars ; I would counsel now
 Your son to tread no steps but yours, for they
 Will certainly direct him the broad way
 That leads unto the place where plenty dwells ;
 And she shall give him honour.

Anel. Your tongue is powerful :
 Pray read this Lecture to my Son ; I goe
 To find my Scriv'ner who is gone, I hear,
 To a strange Glass wherein all things appear.

Ex.

Afst. To see if it can shew him his lost ears.
 Now to your Lecture.

Col. And to such a one
 As you will be a willing Pupil to.
 Think you I meant all that I told your Father !
 No, 'twas to blind the eyes of the old Hunchs.
 I love a man like you that can make much
 Of his blest Genius : Miracle of Charity !
 That open hand becomes thee ; Let thy Father

M

Scrape

Scrape like the Dunghil cock the dirt, and mire,
 To find a pretious Gemme for thee, the Chicken
 Of the white Hen to weare. It is a wonder
 How such a generous branch as you, could spring
 From that old root of damned avarice !
 For every widdows house the father swallows,
 The son should spew a Tavern. How are we
 Richer then others ? not in having much,
 But in bestowing ;
 And that shines glorious in you. The chuffs crowns
 Imprison'd in his trusty chest methinks
 I hear groan out, and long till they be thine,
 In hope to see the light again. Thou canst not
 Stand in a Flood of Nectar up to th' chin,
 And yet not dare to sup it ; nor canst suffer
 The Golden Apples dangle at thy lips,
 But thou wilt taste the fruit. 'Tis generous this.

Asot. Gramarcy thou shalt be Doctor o'th' Chair.
 Here --- 'tis too little, but 'tis all my store,
 I'le in to pump my Dad, and fetch thee more. *Ex.*

Col. How like you now my art ? is't not a subtile one ?

Flow. Now out upon thee thou lewd reprobate :
 Thou man of sin and shame, that sowest cushions
 Unto the elbows of iniquity.

Col. I do commend this zeale ; you cannot be
 Too fervent in a cause so full of goodness.
 There is a general frost hath ceas'd devotion.
 And without such like ardent flames as these
 There is no hope to thaw it, The word, Puritane,
 That I do glorifie, and esteem, rev'rend,
 As the most sanctified, pure, and holy Sect
 Of all professors, is by the prophane
 Us'd for a name of infamie, a by-word, a slander.
 That I sooth Vice ; I do but flatter them,
 As we give children plums to learn their prayers,
 T'entice them to the truth, and by fair means
 Work out their reformation.

Bird. 'Tis well done.

I hope he'll become a brother and make
A Separatist!

Flow. You shall have the devotions
Of all the Elders. But this foppishness
Is wearisome; I could at our *St Antlins*,
Sleeping and all, sit twenty times as long.

Rosc. Go in with me to recreate your spirits,
(As Musique theirs) with some refreshing song.
Whose patience our rude Scene hath held too long.

Finis Actus 2.

Exeunt

ACTUS 3. SCEN. 1.

Roscus, Bird, Flowrdew.

Bird. I will no more of this abomination.

Rosc. The end crowns every action, stay till that.
Just Judges will not be prejudicate.

Flow. Pray Sir continue still the moralizing.

*Ex.
ne?*

Rosc. The next we present, are the extreams of Magnifi-
cence, who teaches a Decorum in great expences, as Libera-
lity in the lesser: One is *Banausus* out of a meer ostentation
vain gloriously expensive; the other *Microprepes*, one in glo-
rious works extreamly base and penurious.

Banausus, Micr prepes.

Ban. Being born not for our selves but for our friends,
Our country and our glory; it is fit
We do express the Majesty of our souls
In deeds of bounty and magnificence.

Micro. The world is full of vanity, and fond fools
Promise themselves a name from building Churches,
Or any thing that tends to the Republique,
'Tis the Re-private that I study for:

Ban. First therefore for the fame of my Republique,
I'll imitate a brave Ægyptian King,
And plant such store of onions, and of garlicks
As shall maintain so many thousand workmen,
To th' building of a Pyramid at *St. Albans*.

M 2

Upon

Upon whose top I'll set a hand of brass,
With a scrowle in't to shew the way to *London*
For th' benefit of Travellers.

Colax. Excellent!

'Tis charity to direct the wandering Pilgrim.

Micro. I am Church-warden, and we are this year
To build our steeple up; now to save charges
He get a high crown'd hat with five Low-bels
To make a peale shall serve as well as *Bow*.

Col. 'Tis wisely cast,
And like a careful Steward of the Church,
Of which the Steeple is no part, at least
No necessary.

Bird. Verily 'tis true
They are but wicked Synagogues where those instru-
ments

Of Superstition and Idolatry ring
Warning to sin, and chime all into the Divel.

Banau. And 'cause there be such swarmes of Heresies
rising:

He have an Artist frame two wonderous weathercocks
Of Gold, to set on *Pauls* and *Grantam* Steeple,
To shew to all the Kingdom what fashion next
The wind of humour hither means to blow.

Micro. A Wicker chaire will fit them for a Pulpit.

Col. It is the Doctrine, Sir, that you respect.

Plow. Insooth I have heard as wholesome instructions
From a zealous wicker chaire, as e're I did
From the carv'd Idol of wainscot.

Banau. Next, I intend to found an Hospital
For the decay'd professors of the Suburbs,
With a Colledge of Physitians too at *Chelssy*
Only to study the cure of the French Pox;
That so the sinners may acknowledge me
Their only benefactor, and repent.

Colax. You have a care Sir of your countries health.

Micro. Then I will sell the lease to thatch the Chancel.

Ban. I have a rare device to set Dutch windmills

Upon

Upon *New market Heath*, and *Salisbury Plain*,
To drain the Fens.

Colax. The Fens Sir are not there.

Ban. But who knows but they may be ?

Col. Very right :

You aime at the prevention of a danger.

Micro. A Porters frock shall serve me for a surplice.

Flow. Indeed a Frock is not so ceremonious.

Ban. But the great work in which I mean to glory,
Is in the raising a Cathedral Church :

It shall be at *Hoggs-Norton*, with a paire

Of stately Organs ; more then pity 'twere

The Pigs should lose their skill for want of practice.

Bird. Organs ! fye on them for *Babylonian Bag-pipes* !

Micro. Then for the painting, I bethink my self
That I have seen in Mother Red-caps Hall
In painted cloth the story of the Prodigall.

Col. And that will be for very good use and moral.

Sir, you are wise ; what serve *Egyptian* Pyramids,

Ephesian Temples, *Babylonian* Towers,

Carian Colosses, *Trajan's* water-works,

Domitian's Amphitheaters, the vain cost

Of ignorance and prodigality ?

Rome flourish'd when her Capitol was thatch'd,

And all her Gods dwelt but in Cottages ;

Since *Parian* marble and *Corinthian* brass

Enter'd her gawdy Temples, soon she fell

To superstition, and from thence to ruine.

You see that in our Churches glorious Statues,

Rich Copes, and other ornaments of state

Draw wandring eyes from their devotion,

Unto a wanton gazing, and that other

Rich edifices, and such gorgeous toys

Doe more proclaim our countries wealth then safety,

And serve but like so many gilded baits

T' entice a forreign foe to our invasion.

Goe in, there is a Glass will shew you Sir,

What sweet simplicities our Grandfires us'd,

How in the age of Gold no Church was gilded.

Exit Micro.

Banau. O I have thought on't, I will straight way build
A Free-schoole here in *London*, a free-schoole
For th' education of young Gentlemen
To studie how to drink, and take Tobacco,
To sweare, to roare, to dice, to drab, to quarrel :
Twill be the great *Gymnasium* of the Realm,
The *Phrontisterium* of great Britany :
And for their better study, I will furnish them
With a large Library of Drapers books.

Col. 'Twill put down *Bodlie* and the *Vatican*.
Royal Banausus ! how many Sphears flye you
Above the earthly dull *Microprepes* ?
I hope to live to see you build a Stewes
Shall out-brave *Venice*, to repair old Tiburn
And make it Cedar. This magnificent course
Doth purchase you an immortality.
In them you build your honour to remain
The example and the wonder of posterity.
While other hide-bound Churles do grutch themselves
The Charges of a Tomb.

Banau. But we have one
In which I'll lie embalm'd with *Myrrhe* and *Cassia*,
And richer unguents then th' *Egyptian Kings*.
And all that this my pretious Tomb may furnish
The Land with Mummie.

Col. Yonder is a Glasse
Will shew you plots and models of all monuments
Form'd the old way ; you may invent anew,
'Twill make for your more glory.

Banau. *Colax*, true.

Rosc. These are the extreame of magnanimity. *Chaunus*,
a fellow so highly conceited of his own parts that he thinks
no honour above him ; the other *Micropsychus*, a base and
low spirited fellow, that undervaluing his own qualities, dares
not aspire to those dignities, that otherwise his merits are ca-
pable of.

S C E N.

S C E N. 2.

Chaunus, Micropsychus.

Chaun. I wonder that I hear no news from Court.

Colax. All haile unto the honourable *Chaunus*,

Chaun. The honourable *Chaunus* ? 'Tis decreed
I am a privy Councillor ; our new honours
Cannot so alter us that we can

Forget our Friends ; walk with us our familiar.

Mic. It puzzles me to think what worth I have,
That they should put so great an honour on me.

Colax. Sir, I do know and see, and so do all
That have not wilful blindness, what rare skill
Of wisdom, policy, judgement, and the rest
Of the state vertues fit within this brest,
As if it were their Parliament ; but as yet
I am not, Sir, the happy Messenger
That tells you, you are cal'd unto the Helm :
Or that the Rudder of great Britany
Is put into your hands, that you may steere
Our floating *Delos* till she be arriv'd
At the blest Port of happiness, and surnam'd
The *Fortunate Isle* from you that are the fortunate.

Chau. 'Tis strange that I the best experienc'd,
The skilfullest and the rarest of all Carpenters,
Should not be yet a Privie Councillor !
Surely the State wants eyes, or has drunk *Opium*
And sleeps, but when it wakes it cannot chuse
But meet the glorious beams of my deserts
Bright as the rising Sun, and say to *England*,
England behold thy light !

Micro. Make me a Constable !
Make me that am the simplest of my Neighbors
So great a Magistrate ! so powerful an Officer !
I blush at my unworthyness : a Constable !
The very Prince o' th' parish ! you are one Sir
Of an ability to discharge it better,

M 4

Ler

Let me resigne to you

Chau. How ? I a Constable ?

What might I be in your opinion Sir ?

Micro. A Carpenter of worship.

Chau. Very well ;

And yet you would make me a Constable !

I le evidently demonstrate that of all men

Your Carpenters are best States-men ; of all Carpenters

I being the best, am best of States-men too :

Imagine, Sir, the Common-wealth a Log,

Or a rude block of wood, Your Stateman comes,

(For by that word I mean a Carpenter)

And which the saw of Policy divides it

Into so many boards or several orders,

Of Prince, Nobility, Gentry, and the other

Inferior boards call'd vulgar, fit for nothing

But to make stiles, or planks to be trod over,

Or trampled on: This adds unto the Log

Call'd Commonwealth at least some small perfection ;

But afterwards he plains them, and so makes

The Common-wealth, that was before a board,

A pretty Wainscot ; some he craves with Titles

Of Lord, or Knight, or Gentleman ; some stand plain,

And serve us more for use then Ornament

We call them Yeomen ; (Boards now out of fashion.)

And lest the disproportion break the frame,

He with the Pegs of amity and concord,

As with the glew-pot of good Government

Joynts 'em together, makes an absolute edifice

Of the Republique : State-skill'd *Machiavel*

Was certainly a Carpenter ; yet you think

A Constable a Gyant-Dignity.

Micro. Pray heaven that *Icarus* like I do not melt

The waxen plumes of my ambition !

Or that from this bright Chariot of the Sun

I fall not headlong down with *Phaeton*,

I have aspir'd so high : make me a Constable

That have not yet attain'd to the *Greek* tongue !

Why

Why 'tis his office for to keep the peace.
 His Majesties peace : I am not fit to keep
 His Majesties Logs much less his Peace, the best
 Of all his Jewels : How dare I presume
 To charge a man in the Kings name ! I faint
 Under the burthen of so great a place,
 Whose weight might press down *Atlas* : Magistrates
 Are only Sumpter-Horses. Nay they threaten me
 To make me Warden of the Church.
 Am I a Patriot, or have I ability
 To present Knights-Recusant, Clergy-reelers,
 Or Gentlemen Fornicators ?

Col. You have worth
 Richly enamel'd with a modesty ;
 And though your lofty merit might sit crown'd
 On *Caucasus*, or the *Pyrenean* mountains,
 You choose the humbler Valley, and had rather
 Grow a safe shrub below ; then dare the Winds,
 And be a Cedar ; Sir you know there is not
 Half so much Honour in the Pilors place
 As danger in the storm. Poor windy Titles
 Of Dignity and Offices that puff up
 The bubble pride till it swell big and burst,
 What are they but brave nothings ? Toys call'd Honours
 Make them on whom they are bestow'd no better
 Than glorious slaves, the servants of the Vulgar :
 Men sweat at Helme, as much as at the Oar.
 There is a Glasse within shall shew you, Sir,
 The vanity of these Silk-worms, that do think
 They toile not, 'cause they spin so fine a thread.

Micro. I'll see it. Honour is a babies rattle,
 And let blind *Fortune* where she will, bestow her ;
 Lay me on earth, and I shall fall no lower. *Exit.*

Chau Colax, what news ?

Col. The *Persian* Emperor
 Is desperately sick.

Chau. Heaven take his soul !
 When I am the grand *Sophie*, (as 'tis likely

I may be) *Colax* thou art made for ever.

Col. The *Turk* they say prepares again for *Poland*.

Chau. And I no *Bashaw* yet? *Sultan* repent it;

Col. The State of *Venice* too is in distraction.

Chau. And can that Stat be so supinely negligent,
As not to know whom they may chuse their Duke?

Col. Our Merchants do report th' inhabitants there
Are now in consultation for the setting
The Crown upon a more deserving head
Then his that bears it.

Chau. Then my fortunes rise

On confident wings, and all my hopes flye certain.

Colax, behold, thou seest the *Prefter-John*.

Well *England* of all Countries in the world

Most blind to thy own good. Other Nations

Woo me to take the bridle in my hands

With gifts and Presents; had I liv'd in *Rome*,

Who durst with *Chaunus* stand a candidate?

I might have choice of *Edile*, *Consul*, *Tribune*,

Or the perpetual *Dictators* place.

I could discharge 'em all, I know my merits

Are large, and boundless: A *Cesar* might be hewed

Out of a Carpenter, if a skilfull workman

But undertook it.

Colax. Tis a worthy confidence.

Let birds of night and shame with their Owles eyes
Not dare to gaze upon the Sun of Honor;

They are no presidents for Eagles: Bats,

Like dull *Mycropsychus*; things of earth, and lead,

May love a private safety; men in whom

Prometheus has spent much of his stoln fire,

Mount upwards like a flame, and court bright honour

Hedg'd in with thousand dangers! Whats a man

Without desert? and what's desert to him

That does not know he has it? Is he rich

That holds within his house some buried Chests

Of Gold, or Pearle, and knows not where to look them?

What was the Load-stone, till the use was found,

But

But a foule dotard on a Fouler Mistress?
 I praise your *Argus* eyes, that not alone
 Shoot their beams forward but reflect and turne
 Back on themselves, and find an object there
 More worthy their intentive contemplation:
 You are at home no stranger, but are grown
 Acquainted with your vertues, and can tell
 What use the Pearle is of, which Dunghill cocks
 Scrape into dirt again. This searching judgement
 Was not intended to work wood, but men.
 Honour attends you. I shall live to see
 A Diadem crown that head. There is within
 A glass that will acquaint you with all places
 Of Dignity, Authority and renown,
 The State, and carriage of them: Choose the best,
 Such as deserve you; and refuse the rest.

Chau. I go, that want no worth to merit honour;
 'Tis honour that wants worth to merit me,
Fortune, thou arbitress of humane things,
 Thy credit is at stake; If I but rise,
 The worlds opinion will conceive th'haist eyes.

Exit.

S C E N. 3.

Orgilus, Aorgus.

Rosc. These are the extreames of meekness. *Orgilus* an angry quarrellsome man mov'd with the least shadow, or appearance of injury. The other in defect, *Aorgus*, a fellow so patient or rather insensible of wrong, that he is not capable of the grossest abuse.

Org. Perswade me not, he has awak'd a fury
 That carries steel about him, Dags, and Pistolls!
 To bite his thumb at me!

Aor. Why should not any man
 Bite his own thumb?

Org.

Org. At me ? weare I a sword
To see men bite their thumbs --- Rapiers and Daggers --
He is the son of a whore.

Aor. That hurts not you.
Had he bit yours, it had been some pretence
T' have mov'd his anger ; he may bite his own
And eat it too.

Org. Muskets, and Canons ! -- eat it ?
If he dare, eat it in contempt of me,
He shall eat something else too that rides here ;
Ile try his Estridge stomach.

Aor. Sir, be patient.

Org. You lye in your throat, and I will not.

Aor. To what purpose is this impertinent madnes ?
Pray be milder.

Org. Your mother was a whore and I will not put it up.

Aor. Why should so slight a toy thus trouble you ?

Ord. Your Father was hang'd, and I will be reveng'd.

Aor. When reason doth in equall ballance poize
The nature of two injuries, yours to me
Lyes heavy, when that other would not turn
An even scale, and yet it moves not me
My anger is not up.

Org. But I will raise it ;
You are a foole !

Aor. I know it, and shall I
Be angry for a truth ?

Org. You are besides
An errant Knave !

Aor. So are my betters Sir,
Org. I cannot move him -- O my spleen it rises,
For very anger I could eat my knuckles.

Aor. You may, or bite your thumb, all's one to me :

Org. You are a horned beast, a very cuckold,

Aor. 'Tis my wives fault, not mine, I have no reason
Then to be angry for anothers sin.

Org. And I did graft your horns, you might have come
And found us glewd together like two Goats,

And

And stood a witness to your transformation.

Aor. Why if I had, I am so far from anger
I would have e'ne falne down upon my knees,
And desir'd heaven to have forgiven you both.

Org. Your children are all Bastards, not one of them
Upon my knowledge of your own begetting.

Aor. Why then I am the more beholding to them
That they will call me father ; it was lust
Perchance, that did beget them, but *I* am sure
'Tis charity to keep the Infants.

Org. Not yet stirr'd ?
'Tis done of meer contempt, he will not now
Be angry, to express his scorn of me.
'Tis above patience this, insufferable,
Proclaim me coward if I put up this !
Dostard you will be angry, will you not ?

Aor. To see how strange a course fond wrath doth go
You will be angry 'cause I am not so.

Org. I can endure no longer ; if your spleen
Lye in your breech, thus I will kick it up ---

Aor. Alpha. Beta. Gamma. Delta. Epsilon. Zeta. Eta. Theta.
Iota. Kappa. Lambda. Mu. Nu. Xi. Omicron. Pi. Rho. Sigma. Tau.
Vpsilon. Phi. Chi. Psi. Omega.

Org. How ? What contempt is this ;

Aor. An Antidote
Against the poyson, Anger : 'twas prescrib'd
A Roman Emperor, that on every injury
Repeated the Greek Alphabet, that being done
His anger too was over. This good rule
I learn'd from him, and Practise.

Org. Not yet angry ?
Still will you vex me ? I will Practise too (*Kicks again*)

Aor. Aleph. Beth. Gimel.

Org. What new Alphabet
Is this ?

Aor. The Hebrew Alphabet that I use,
A second remedy.

Org. O my Torment still ?

Are not your Buttocks angry with my toes ?

Aor. For ought I feel your toes have more occasion
For to be angry with my Buttocks.

Org. Well,

I'll try your Physick for the third assault ;
And exercise the patience of your nose.

Aor. A.B.C.D.E.F.G.H.I. K.L. M.N.O.P. Q.R.S.T.
V.W.X.Y.Z.

Org. Are you not angry now ?

Aor. Now fir ? why now ?

Now have you done ?

Org. O 'tis a meer plot this,
To jeer my tameness : will no sence of wrong
Weaken the Lethargy of a cowards soul ?
Will not this rowse her from her dead sleep, nor this ?

Aor. Why should I Sir be angry if I suffer
An injury ? it is no guilt of mine ;

No, let it trouble them that do the wrong ;
Nothing but peace approaches innocence :

Org. A bitterness o'reflows me ; my eyes flame,
My blood boyles in me, all my faculties
Of soul and body move in a disorder,
Her patience hath so tortur'd me : Sirrah villain
I will dissect thee with my rapiers point :
Rip up each vein, and sinew of my storque,
Anatomize him, searching every entraile,
To see if nature when she made this asse,
This suffering asse, did not forget to give him
Some Gall.

Col. Put it up good *Orgilus*,
Let him not glory in so brave a death,
Asby your hand ; it stands not with your honour
To stain your rapier in a cowards blood.
The *Lesbian* Lyons in their noble rage
Will prey on Bulls, or mate the Unicorn ;
But trouble not the painted butterfly,
Ants crawl securely by him.

Org. 'tis intolerable !

Would

Would thou wert worth the killing.

Colax. A good wish,

Savouring as well discretion, as bold valour :
Think not of such a bask'd ass as this,
More stone, then man. *Medusa's* head has turn'd him.
There is in ants a choler, every fly :

R.S.T. Carries a spleen : poor worms being trampled on
Turn'tayle, as bidding battaile to the feet
Of their oppressors. A dead palsy sure
Hath struck a desperate numness through his soule,
Till it be grown insensible : meer stupidity
Hath seiz'd him : your more manly soul I find
Is capable of wrong, and like a flint
Throws forth a fire into the strikers eyes.

his ? You beare about you valours whetstone, anger ;
Which sets an edge upon the sword, and makes it
Cut with a spirit ; you conceive fond patience
Is an injustice to our selves, the suffering
One injurie invites a second, that
Calls on a third, till wrongs do multiply
And reputation bleed. How bravely anger
Becomes that Martial Brow: A glass within
Will shew you Sir when your great spleen doth rise,
How fury darts a lightning from your eyes.

Org. Learn anger sir, against you meet me next,
Never was man like me with patience vexed.

Ex.

Aor. I am so far from anger in my self,
That 'tis my grief I can make others so.

Col. It proves a sweetness in your disposition,
A gentle winning carriage.- deare *Aorgus*,
O give me leave to open wide my brest,
And let so rare a friend unto my soule,
Enter, and take possession ; such a man
As has no gall, no bitterness, no exceptions ;
Whom nature meant a Dove, would keep alive
The flame of Amity, where all discourse
Flows innocent, and each free jest is taken ;
He's a good friend will pardon his friends errors ;

But

But he's a better, takes no notice of them.
 How like a beast with rude and savage rage
 Breath'd the distemper'd soul of *Orgylus*?
 The proneness of this passion is the nurse
 That fosters all confusion, ruins states,
 Depopulates Cities, laves great Kingdoms waste;
 'Tis that affection of the mind that wants
 The strongest bridle; give it reins, it runs
 A desperate course, and drags down reason with it,
 It is the whirlwind of the soul, the storm
 And tempest of the mind, that raises up
 The billows of disturbed passions
 To ship-wrack Judgement. O-- a soul like yours
 Constant in patience! Let the North wind meet
 The south at sea, and *Zephyrus* breath opposite
 To *Eurus*; let the two and thirty sons
 Of *Æolus* break forth at once to plow
 The Ocean, and dispeople all the woods;
 Yet here could be a calm; it is not danger
 Can make this cheek grow pale, nor injury
 Call blood into it. There's a Glass within
 Will let you see your self, and tell you now
 How sweet a tameness dwells upon your brow.

Aor. Colax. I must believe, and therefore go;
 Who is distrustful, will be angry too.

S C E N. 4.

Alazon. Eiron.

Rosc. *The next are the extreams of Truth. Alazon one that arrogates that to himself which is not his; and Eiron one that out of an itch to be thought modest, dissembles his qualities; the one erring in defending a falsehood, the other of-fending in denying a truth.*

Alaz. I hear you're wondrous valiant.

Eir. I! alas

Who

Who told you I was valiant ?

Alaz. The world speaks it.

Eir. She is deceiv'd, but does she speak truly ?

Alaz. I am indeed the *Hector* of the age ;
But she calls you *Achilles*.

Eir. I *Achilles* !

No, I am not *Achilles*. I confess
I am no coward -- That the world should think
That I am an *Achilles* ! yet the world may
Call me what she please ;

Alaz. Next to my valour,
(Which but for yours could never hope a second)
Yours is reported.

Eir. I may have my share ;
But the last valour shew'd in Christendome
Was in *Lepanto*

(him not ;

Alazon. He might be thought so fir, by them that knew
But I have found him a poor baff'd snake :
Sir I have writ him, and proclaim'd him coward
On every post i' th' City.

Eiron. Who ?

Alaz. *Lepanto*,
The valour fir that you so much renown.

Eir. *Lepanto* was no man fir, but the place
Made famous by the so much mention'd battaile
Betwixt the Turks and Christians.

Alaz. Cry you mercy !
Then the *Lepanto* that I meant it seems
Was but *Lepantos* name-sake. I can
Find that you are well skill'd in history.

Eir. Not a whit, A novice ; I ! I could perchance
Discourse from *Adam* downward, but what's that
To History ? All that I know is only
Th' original, continuance, height and alteration
Of every Commonwealth. I have read nothing
But *Plutarch*, *Livy*, *Tacitus*, *Suetonius*,
Appian, *Dion*, *Turcius*, *Paterculus*,
With *Florus*, *Justin*, *Salust*, and some few

N

More

More of the Latine : For the Modern, I
 Have all without book, *Gallo Belgicus*,
Philip De-Comine, *Machiavele*, *Guiccardine*,
 The Turkish and *Ægyptian* Histories,
 With those of *Spaine*, *France*, and the Netherlands ;
 For *England*, *Polydore Virgi'*, *Cambden*, *Speed*,
 And a matter of forty more ; nothing
 Alas to one that's read in Histories.
 In the Greek I have a smack or so, at
Xenophon, *Herodotus*, *Thucydides*, and
Stowes Chronicle.

Alaz. Believe me sir, and that
Stowes Chronicle is very good Greek ; you little
 Think who writ it ! Doe you not see him ?
 You are blind ; I am the man.

Eir Then I must number
 You with my best Authors in my Library.

Alaz. Sir, the rest too are mine, but that I venture 'em
 With other names, to shun the opinion
 Of arrogance ; so the subtle Cardinal
 Calls one book *Bellarmino*, 'nother *Toftatus*,
 Yet one mans labour both. You talk of numbring ;
 You cannot choose but hear how lowd fame speaks
 Of my experience in Arithmetique :
 She says you too grow near perfection.

Eir. Far from it I ; some in-sight, but no more.
 I count the Stars, can give the Total sum,
 How many Sands there be i'th' sea ; but these
 Are trifles to the expert, that have studied
Pen keth mans president. Sir, I have no skill
 In any thing ; If I have any, 'tis
 In languages, but yet in sooth I speak
 Only my mother Tongue ; I have not gaine'd
 The *Hebrew*, *Chaldee*, *Syriack*, or *Arabick* ;
 Nor know the *Greek* with all her Dialects.
Scaliger and *Tom Coriate* both excel me
 I have no skill in *French*, *Italian*, *Spanish*,
Turkish, *Ægyptian*, *Chyna*, *Persian* Tongues.

Indeed

Indeed the *Latine* I was whipt into ;
 But *Russian*, *Sclavonian*, and *Dalmatian*,
 With *Saxon*, *Danish*, and *Albanian* speech,
 That of the *Cossakes*, and *Hungarian* too,
 With *Biscays*, and the prime of Languages,
Dutch, *Welsh*, and *Irish* are too hard for me
 To be familiar in : and yet some think
 (But thought is free) that I speak all these
 As I were born in each ; but they may err
 That think so ; 'Tis not every Judgement sits
 In the infallible chaire. To confess truth,
 All *Europe*, *Asia*, and *Affrica* too ;
 But in *America*, and the new-found world
 I very much fear there be some languages
 That would go neer to puzzle me.

Alas. Very likely.

You have a pretty pittance in the Tongues ;
 But *Eiron*, I am now more general ;
 I can speak all alike, there is no stranger,
 Of so remote a nation hears me talk
 But confidently calls me Countrey-man.
 The witty world giving my worth her due,
 Surnames me the Confusion : I but want
 An Oratour like you to speak my praise.

Eir. Am I an Orator *Alazon* ? no ;
 Though it hath pleas'd the wiser few to say
Demosthenes was not so eloquent ;
 But friends will flatter, and I am not bound
 To believe all Hyperboles : something fir
 Perchance I have, but 'tis not worth the naming.
 Especially *Alazon*, in your presence.

Alaz. Your modesty *Eiron* speaks but truth in this.

Col. I need not flatter these, they'll do 'it themselves
 And cross the Proverb that was wont to say,
 One Mule doth scrub another ; here each Ass
 Hath learn'd to claw himself.

Alaz. I doe surpass
 All Orators. How like you my Orations ?

Those against *Cataline*, I account them best,
 Except my *Philippicks*; all acknowledge me
 Above the three great Orators of Rome:

Eir. What three, *Alazon*?

Ala. *Marcus, Tullius,*

And *Cicero* the best of all the three.

Eir. Why those three names are the self-same mans.

Alaz. Then all is one. Were those three names three
 men,

I should excell them all. And then for Poetry.

Eir. There is no Poetry but *Homers Iliads*.

Alaz. Alas! 'tis writ ith' nonage of my Muses;
 You understand the Italian?

Eir. A little Sir,

I have read *Tasso*.

Ala. And *Torquato* too?

Eir. They're still the same!

Ala. I find you very skilfull

Eiron, I erre only to sound your judgement;

You are a Poet too?

Eir. The world may think so,

But 'tis deceiv'd, and I am sorry for't,

But I will tell you fir some excellent verses

Made by a friend of mine; I have not read

A better Epigram of *Neorérique*.

Ala. Pray do my eyes the favour, fir, to let me
 learne um.

Eir. Strange sights there late were seen, that did affright

The multitude; the Moon was seen by night,

And Sun appear'd by day -- is it not good?

Ala. Excellent good! proceed.

Eir. Without remorse

Each star and planet kept their wonted course.

What there could fright them? (mark the answer now)

O fir, ask not that;

The Vulgar know not why they fear, nor what.

But in their humours too inconstant be,

Nothing seems strange to them but constancy:

Has not my friend approv'd himself a Poet ?

Aler. The verses fir are excellent, but your friend Approves himself a thief.

Eir. Why good *Alazon* ?

Alaz. A Plagiary, I mean the verses fir Were stolne.

Eir. From whom ?

Alaz. From me, beleev't, I made 'um.

Eir. They are alas unworthy your owning, Such trifles as my muse had stumbled on This morning.

Alaz. Nay, they may be yours : I told you That you come near me fir. Yours they may be : Good wits may jump : but let me tell you, *Eiron*, Your friend must steal them, if he have them.

Col. What pretty Gulls are these ? I le take 'um off. *Alazon*, You are learned.

Alaz. I know that.

Col. And vertuous.

Alaz. 'Tis confests d.

Col. A good Historian.

Alaz. Who dares deny it ?

Col. A rare Arithmetician.

Alaz. I have heard it often.

Col. I commend your care That know your vertues, why should modesty (neighbours)

Stop good mens mouths from their own praise ? ours Are envious, and will rather blast our memories With infamy, then immortalize our names ; When fame hath taken cold, and lost her voice, We must be our own trumpets ; careful men Will have an Inventory of their goods, And why not of their vertues ; should you say You were not wise, it were a sin to truth. Let *Eirons* modesty tell bashful lies, To cloak and masque his parts ; he's a fool for't. 'Twas heavenly counsel bid us know our selves.

You may be confident, chant your own encomiums
Ring out a Panegyrique to your self;
And your self write the learned Commentary
Of your own actions.

Ala. So I have.

Co. Where is it?

Ala. Tis stolne.

Co. I know the thief, they call him *Cæsar*.

Goe in good fir, there is within a Glasse
That will present you with the Felons face. *Ex. Ala.*
Eiron, You hear the news?

Eir. Not I, what is it?

Co. That you are held the only man of Art.

Eir. Is't currant, *Colax*?

Col. Currant as the ayre,

Every man breaths it for certainty.

Eir. This is the first time I heard on't in truth;
Can it be certain? so much charity left
In mens opinion?

Co. You call it charity

Which is their duty. Vertue fir like yours,
Commands mens praises. Emptiness and folly,
Such as *Alaxon* is, use their own Tongues,
While real worth hears her own praise, not speaks it.
Other mens mouthes become your trumpeters,
And winged fame proclaims you lowdly forth
From East to West, till either Pole admire you.
Self praise is bragging, and begets the envy
Of them that hear it, while each man therein
Seems undervalued: You are wisely silent
In your own worth, and therefore 'twere a sin
For others to be so: The fish would lose
Their being mute, ere such a modest worth
Should want a speaker: yet Sir I would have you
Know your own vertues, be acquainted with them.

Eir. Why good fir bring me but acquainted with 'em.

Col. There is a glasse within shews you your self
By a reflection; goe and speak 'em there.

Eir.

Eir. I should be glad to see 'em any where. *Exit Eir:*

Rosc. Retire your selves again, for these are sights
Made to revive, not burden with delights.

Exeunt omnes.

Finis Actus 3.

ACTUS 4. SCEN. 1.

Flowerdew, Bird, Roscius.

Bird. MY indignation boyleth like a pot,
An over-heated pot, still, still it boyleth;
It boyleth, and it bubbleth with disdain.

Flow. My spirit within me too sumeth, I say
Fumeth, and steemeth up, and runneth ore
With holy wrath at these delights of flesh.

Rosc. The Actors beg your silence--- *The next vertue
whose extreame we would present, wants a name both in the
Greek and Latine.*

Birds. Wants it a name? 'tis an unchristian vertue.

Rosc. But they describe it such a modesty as direct's us in
the pursuit, and refusal of the meaner honours, and so an-
swers to Magnanimity, as Liberality to Magnificence: But
here, that humour of the persons, being already forestall'd,
and no pride now so much practis'd, or countenanc'd as
that of apparel, let me present you Philotimia, an over-
curious Lady, too neat in her attire; and for Aphilotimus
Luparus a lusty sordid sloven.

Flow. Pride is a vanity worthy the correction.

Philotimia, Luparus, Colax.

Phil. What mole drest me to day? O patience! (maids?
Who would be troubled with these Mop-ey'd Chamber-
Ther's a whole haire on this side more then t' other,
I am no Lady else! come on you sloven.
Was ever Christian Madam so tormented
To wed a swine as I am? make you ready.

Lup. I would the Taylor had beed hang'd for me

That first inuented cloathes ---- O nature, nature !
 More cruel unto man then all thy creatures !
 Calves come into the world with doublets on,
 And oxen have no breeches to put off.
 The Lamb is born with her freeze coat about her :
 Hogs go to bed in rest, and are not troubled
 With pulling on their hose and shoos i'th morning,
 With gartering, girdling, trussing, buttoning,
 And a thousand Torments that afflict humanity.

Phi. To see her negligence ! she hath made this cheek
 By much too pale, and hath forgotten to whiten
 The natural redness of my nose, she knows not
 What 'tis wants dealbation. O fine memory !
 If she has not set me in the self-same teeth
 That *I* wore yesterday, *I* am a Jew,
 Does she think that *I* can eat twice with the same,
 Or that my mouth stands as the vulgar does ?
 What ? are you snoring there, youle rise you sluggard,
 And make you ready ?

Lupa. Rise, and make you ready ?
 'To works of that, your happy birds make one ;
 They when they rise are ready. Blessed birds !
 They, fortunate creatures ! sleep in their own clothes,
 And rise with all their feather-beds about them.
 Would nakedness were come again in fashion ;
 I had some hope then when the breasts went bare,
 Their bodies too would have come to it in time.

Phi. Beshrew her for't, this wrinkle is not fill'd.
 Youl goe and wash --- you are a pretty husband :

Lupa. Our Sow ne're washes, yet she has a face
 Methinks as cleanly, Madam as yours is,
 If you durst wear your own.

Co. Madam, *Superbia*,
 You're studying the Ladies Library,
 The Looking-glass, 'tis well ! so great a beauty
 Must have her ornaments. Nature adorns
 The Peacocks taile stars ; 'tis she attires
 The Bird of Paradise in all her Plumes ;

She

She decks the fields with various flowres ; 'tis she
 Spangled the Heavens with all those glorious lights ;
 She spotted th' Ermins skin ; and arm'd the fish
 In silver male. But man she sent forth naked,
 Not that he should remain so, but that he
 Indued with reason should adorn himself
 With every one of these. The silk-worme is
 Only mans spinster, else we might suspect
 That she esteem'd the painted Butter fly
 Above her master-piece. You are the Image
 Of that bright goddess, therefore weare the Jewels
 Of all the East ; let the red sea be ranfack'd
 To make you glitter, look on *Luparus*
 Your husband there, and see how in a sloven
 All the best characters of Divinity,
 Not yet worne out in man, are lost and buried.

Phil. I see it to my grief, pray counsel him.

Col. This vanity in your nice Ladies humors
 Of being so curious in her toys, and dresses,
 Makes me suspicious of her honesty.
 These Cobweb-lawnes catch Spiders. Sir, beleive it;
 You know that those do not commend the man,
 But 'tis the living ; though this age preferre
 A cloak of Plush, before a brain of art.
 You understand what misery 'tis to have
 No worth but that we owe the Draper for ;
 No doubt you spend the time your Lady loses
 In tricking up her body, to cloath the soul.

Lup. To cloath the soul ? must the soul too be cloath'd?
 I protest sir, I had rather have no soul
 Than be tormented with the cloathing of it.

Rosc. To these enter the extreame of modesty, a neer kins-
 woman of the vertues, Anaiskyntia or Impudence, a
 bawd, and Kataplectus an over-bashful Schollar : where
 our Author hopes the woman will pardon him, if of 4 and 20
 vices, he presents but two (pride and impudence) of their
 sex.

SCEN.

SCEN. 2.

Anaiskynthia, Katapleſtus.

Phil. Here comes *Anaiskynthia* too; --O fates !
Acolastus, and *Aſotus* have ſent for me,
 And my breath not perfum'd yet ! *Kat.* O ſweet mothers
 Are the Gentlemen there already ?

Anaiſ. Come away,
 Are you not aſham'd to be ſo baſhful ? well
 If I had thought of this in time, I would
 As ſoon have ſeen you fairly hang'd as ſent you
 To th' Univerſity.

Phil. What Gentleman is that ?

Anaiſ. A ſhamefaſt Schollar, Madam ; look upon her,
 Speak to her, or you loſe your exhibition :

--- You'l ſpeak I hope ; weare not away your buttons.

Kat. What ſhould I ſay ?

Anaiſ. Why tell her you are glad
 To ſee her Ladyſhip in health ; nay out with it.
Katap. *Gaudeo te bene valere* --

Phil. A pretty Proficient ?
 What ſtanding is he of i'th Univerſity ?

Anaiſ. He dares not answer to that queſtion, Madam--

Phil. How long have you been in the Academy ?

Katap. *Profeſſo Do-Domina ſum Bac-Bac-Baccha-
 laureus Artium.*

Phil. What pitty 'tis he is not impudent.

Anaiſ. Nay all my coſt I ſee is ſpent in vain ;
 I having as your Ladyſhip knows full well,
 Good practice in the Suburbs ; and by reaſon
 That our morality there is very ſubject
 To an infection of the French Diſeaſe,
 I brought my Nephew up i'th' Univerſity,
 Hoping he might (having attain'd ſome knowledge)
 Save me the charge of keeping a Phyſitian ;

But

but all in vain : he is so bashfull, Madam,
he dares not look upon a womans water.

Colax. Sweet Gentleman, proceed in bashfulness,
Tis vertues best preserver :

Kata. *Reſte dicis, ſic inquit Ariſtoteles.*

Col. That being gone,

The reſt ſoon follow, and a ſwarme of vices

Enter the ſoul ; no colour but a bluſh

Becomes a young mans cheek : pure ſhamefaſtneſs

Is porter to the Lips and ears, that nothing

Might enter, or come out of man, but what

Is good, and modeſt : Nature ſtrives to hide

The parts of ſhame, let her, the beſt of guides,

Katap. *Natura dux optima.*

Colax. Teach us to do ſo too in our diſcourſe.

Katap. *Gratias tibi ago*

Philo. Inure him to ſpeak bawdy.

Anaiſ. A very good way ; *Katapleſtus*, here's a Lady
Would hear you ſpeak obſcenely.

Katap. *Obſcenum eſt, quod intra ſcenam agi non oportuit.*

Anaiſ. Off goes your Velvet Cap ! did I maintain you
To have you diſobedient ? you'l be perſwaded ?

Katap. *Liberis operam dare.*

Anaiſ. What's that in Engliſh ?

Katap. To doe an endeavour for children.

Anaiſ. Some more of this, it may be ſomething one day :

Katap. *Communis eſt omnium animantium conjunctionis
appetitus procreandi cauſa.*

Phil. Conſtrue me that.

Katap. All creatures have a natural deſire, or appetite to
be joyned together in the lawful bonds of Matrymony,
That they may have ſons and daughters.

Anaiſ. Your Landreſs has beſtow'd her time but ill.
Why could not this have been in proper terms ?

If you ſhould chatechize my head, and ſay,
What is your name, would it not ſay a head ?

So would my ſkin confeſs it ſelf a ſkin ;

Nor any part about me be aſham'd

Of his own name, although I catechiz'd
All over. Come good Nephew, let not me
Have any member of my body nicknam'd.

Col. Our Stoique, the gravest of Philosophers,
Is just of your opinion, and thus argues;
Is any thing obscene ! the filthiness
Is either ground'd in the things themselves,
Or in the words that signifie those things ;
Not in the things ; that would make nature guilty,
Who creates nothing filthy and unclean,
But chaste, and honest ; if not in the things,
How in the words, the shadows of those things ?
To manure grounds, is a chaste honest terme ;
Another word that signifies the same,
Unlawful : every man endures to hear,
He get a child ; speak plainer and he blushes,
Yet means the same. The Stoique thus disputes,
That would have men to breath as freely downward,
As they do upward,

Anais. I commend him Madam,
Unto Your Ladiships service, he may mend
With counsel ; let him be your Gentleman-usher ;
Madam, you may in time bring down his legs
To the just size, now overgrown with playing
Too much at foot-ball.

Philo. So he will prove a Stoique ;
I long to have a Stoique strut before me :
Here kifs my hand. Come what is that in Latin ?

Katap. *Deosculor manum.*

Philo. My lip ; nay fir you must if I command you.

Katap. *Osculor te, vel osculor a te.*

Philo. His breath smells strong.

Anais. 'Tis but of *Logick*, Madam.

Philo. He will come to it one day -- you shall go with
To see an excellent glass to dress me by. (me
Nay go ! you must go first ; you are too mannerly.
It is the office of your place, so--on

Exeunt.

Colax. Slow *Luparus* rise, or you'll be *Metamorphos'd*;
Acteon's

Atheons fate is imminent.

Lup. Where's my wife?

Colax. She's gone with a young Snip, and an old baud.

Lup. Then I am cuckolded; if I be, my comfort is
She has put me on a cap, that will not trouble me
With pulling off; yet Madam I'll prevent you.

Rosc. The next are the extreams of justice.

S C E N. 3.

*Enter Justice Nimis, Justice Nihil,
Plus and Parum their Clerks.*

Nim. Plus!

Plus. What says your worship?

Nim. Have my tenants

That hold their lease of Lust here in the suburbs,
By copy-hold from me, their Lord in chief,
Paid their rent charge?

Plus. They have, and 't please your worship;
I, Receiver general gave 'em my acquittance.

Parum. Sir I resigne my Pen and inkhorn to you;
I shall forget my hand, if I stay here.
I have not made a *Mittimus* since I serv'd you;
Were I a reverend Justice as you are,
I would not sit a Cipher on the Bench,
But doe as Justice *Nimis* does, and be
The *Dominus fac-totum* of the Sessions.

Nihil. But I will be a *Dominus-fac-misericordiam*
Instead of your *Totums*: people shall not wish
To see my spurs fil'd off, It does me good
To take a merciful nap upon the Bench,
Where I so sweetly dream of being pittyful
I wake the better for it.

Nim. The yearly value
Of my faire mannor of *Clerkenwell*, is pounds
So many--besides New-years capons, the Lordship

Of

Of *Turnbial* so --- with my *Pick-hatch* grange
 And *Shoreditch* farm, and other premises
 Adjoyning, very good, a pretty maintenance
 To keep a Justice of Peace, and *Coram* too ;
 Besides the fines I take of young beginners,
 With harriots of all such as due, *quatenus* whores,
 And ruin'd bawds, with all Amercements due ;
 To such as hunt in Purly, this is something,
 With mine own Game reserv'd.

Plus. Besides a pretty pittance too for me,
 That am your worships Bayly.

Par. Will't please your worship fir, to hear the Catalogue

Of such offenders, as are brought before you?

Nihil. It does not please me, Sir, to hear of any
 That do offend ; I would the world were innocent.
 Yet to express my mercy you may read them.

Par. First here is one accus'd for cutting a purse.

Nihil. Accus'd ? is that enough ? if it be guilt
 To be accus'd, who shall be innocent ?
 Discharge him *Parum*.

Parum. Here's another brought
 For the same fact, ta'ne in the very Action.

Nihil. Alas it was for need ; bid him take warning,
 And so discharge him too ; 'Tis the first time.

Nimis. *Plus*, say, what hopes of gain brings this days
 fin ?

Plus. *Anaiskyntia*, Sir was at door,
 Brought by the Constable.

Nimis. Set the Constable by the heels.
 He's at certain with us.

Plus. Then there's *Intemperance* the bawd.

Nim. A tenant too.

Plus. With the young Lady, Madam *Incontinence*.

Nim. Search o're my Dooms-day book; is not she, *Plus*,
 One of my last Compounders ?

Plus. I remember it.

Then there is jumping *Jude*, Heroique Doll,
 With bouncing *Nan*, and *Cis*, your worships sinner.

Nim.

Nim. All subsidy women ; goe free 'm all.

Parum. Sir, here's a known offender : one that has
Been stockt, and whipt innumerable times,
Has suffer'd Bridewell often ; not a Jayle
But he's familiar with, burnt in the hand,
Forehead, and shoulder ; both his ears cut off,
With his nose slit ; what shall I do with him ?

Nibi. So often punish'd ? nay, if no correction
Will serve his turn ; e'en let him run his course.

Plus. Here's Mistress *Frailty* too, the waiting-woman.

Nim. For what offence ?

Plus. A sin of weakness too.

Nim. Let her be strongly whipt.

Plus. An't please your worship,
She has a noble mans letter.

Nim. Tell her, *Plus*, she must
Have the Kings Picture too.

Plus. Besides
Sh' has promis'd me I should examine her
Above i'th garret.

Nim. Whats all that to me ?

Plus. And she intreats your worship to accept.

Nim. Nay, if she can intreat in *English*, *Plus*,
Say she is injur'd.

Par. Sir, here's *Snip* the Taylor
Charg'd with a riot,
Nihil, Parum, let him go,
He is our Neighbour.

Par. Then there is a stranger for quarreling.

Nihil. A stranger ! O 'tis pity
To hurt a stranger, we may be all strangers,
And would be glad to find some mercy, *Parum*.

Plus. Here's a Gentlewoman of *S. Joanes* is
Charg'd with dishonesty.

Nim. With dishonesty ?
Severity will amend her, and yet *Plus*,
Ask her a question, if she will be honest ?

Plus. And here's a coblers wife brought for a scoll.

Nim.

Nim. Tell her of a cucking stoole, tell her here be
Oyster queans with Orange women,
Carts and Coaches store, to make a noyse ;
Yet if she can *speak English*,
We may suppose her silent.

Par. Here's a Batchelor
And a Citizens wife for flat Adultery ;
What will you do with them ?

Nib. A Citizens wife !
Perchance her husband is grown Impotent,
And who can blame her then ?

Par. Yet I hope you'l bind over the Batchelor.

Nib. No, enquire
First if he have no wife ; for if the Batchelor
Have not a wife of his own, 'twas but frailty ;
And Justice counts it venial.

Plus. Here's one *Adicus*,
and *Sophron*, that do mutually accuse
Each other of flat felony !

Nim. Of the two which is the richer ?

Plus. *Adicus* is the richer.

Nim. Then *Sophron* is the thiefe.

Plus. Here is withall

Panurgus come with one call'd *Prodotes*,
Lay treason Sir to one anothers charge ;
Panurgus is the richer ?

Nim. He's the Traytor then.

Plus. How Sir ? the richer ;

Nim. Thou art ignorant *Plus* ;
We must do some injustice for our credit,
Not all for gain.

Plus. *Eutrapelus* complains Sir,
Bomolochus has abus'd him.

Nim. Send *Eutrapelus* to th' Jaile.

Plus. It is *Eutrapelus* that complains Sir.

Nim. Tell him we are pleas'd to think 'twas he of-
fended.

Will must be law : wert not for *Summum Jus*,

How

How could the land subsist?

Colax. I, or the Justices
Maintain themselves? go on--The Land wants such
As dare with rigour execute her Laws;
Her festred members must be lanc'd and tented;
He's a bad Surgeon that for pitty spares
The part corrupted, 'till the Gangrene spread,
And all the body perish; he that's merciful
Unto the bad, is cruel to the good.
The Pillory must cure the ears disease;
The Stocks the foots offences; let the back
Bear her own sin, and her rank blood purge forth
By the phlebotomy of a whipping post:
And yet the secret, and purse-punishment
Is held the wiser course; because at once
It helps the virtuous and corrects the vicious.
Let not the sword of Justice sleep, and rust
Within her Velvet sheath; preserve her edge,
And keep it sharp with cutting; Use must whet her;
Tame mercy is the breast that suckles vice,
Till Hydra-like she multiply her heads.
Tread you on sin, squeeze out the Serpents brains,
All you can find--for some have lurking holes
Where they lye hid. But there's within a glass
Will shew you every close offenders face.

Nim. Come *Plus*, let's go in to find out these concealments;

We will grow rich and purchase honour thus--

I mean to be a *Baron of Summum Jus.* *Exit. Ni. Plus.*

Parum. You are the strangest man, you will acknowledge

None for offenders; here's one apprehended
For Murther.

Nihil. How!

Par. He kill'd a man last night.

Nih. How cam't to pass?

Par. Upon a falling out.

Nih. They shall be friends, I'll reconcile 'em. *Parum.*

O

Par.

Par. One of them is dead.

Nib. Is he not buried yet ?

Par. No Sir.

Nib. Why then I say they shall shake hands.

Col. As you have done

With Clemency, most Reverend Justice *Nibil* ;
 A gentle mildness thrones it self within you ;
 Your worship would have justice use her ballance
 More then her sword ; nor can you endure to dye
 The robe she wears deep scarlet in the blood
 Of poor offenders : How many men hath rigour
 By her too hasty, and severe proceedings,
 Prevented from amendment, that perchance
 Might have turn'd honest, and have prov'd good Chri-
 stians ?

Should Jove not spare his thunder, but as often
 Discharge at us, as we dart sins at him,
 Earth would want men, and he himself want arms,
 And yet tire *Vulcan*, and *Pyracmon* too.
 You imitate the Gods ! and he sins less
 Strikes not at all, then he strikes once amiss.
 I would not have justice too falcon-ey'd ,
 Sometimes a wilfull blindness much becomes her ;
 As when upon the bench she sleeps and winks
 At the transgressions of mortality :
 In which most merciful posture I have seen
 Your pitiful Worship snorting out pardons
 To the despairing sinner ; there's within
 A mirror, sir, like you ! goe see your face,
 How like *Astrea* 'tis in her own Glass.

Par. And I'll petition Justice *Nimis*'s Clerke.
 To admit me for his under Officer.

Exeunt.

S C E N. 4.

Agroicus.

Rosc. This is *Agroicus*, a rustique clownish fellow, whose discourse is all Country; an extream of urbanity, whereby you may observe there is a vertue in jesting.

Agro. They talk of wittie discourse and fine conceits, and I ken not what, a deal of prittle prattle would make a Cat piss to hear 'em. Cannot they be content with their Grandams English? They think they talk learnedly, when I had rather hear our brindled cur howle, or Sow grunt. They must be breaking of jests with a murrain, when I had as live hear 'em break wind, Sir reverence. My zonne *Dick* isa pretty bookish Scholler of his age, God blefs him; he can write and read, and makes bonds and bills, and hobligations; God save all. But bu'r Lady if I wotted it would make him such a Jacksawce, as to have more wit then his vore-vathers, he should have learn'd nothing for old *Agroicus*, but to keep a talley: There is a new trade lately come up to be a vocation, I wis not what; they call 'em--Boets, a new name for beggars I think, since the statute against Gypsies. I would not have my zonne *Dick* one of those Boets for the best Pig in my sty by the mackins: Boets? Heav'n shield him, and zend him to be a good Varmer; if he can cry hy, ho, gee, hut, gee, ho, it is better I trow then being a Boet. Boets? I had rather zee him remitted to the Jayle, and have his twelve God-vathers, good men and true, condemn him to the gallowes, and there see him vairely persecuted. There is a *Bomilchus* one of the Boets, now a bots take all the red-nose tribe of 'em for *Agroicus*! he does so abuse his betters! well 'twas a good world when I verst held the Plow!

Col. They car'd not then so much for speakin'g well As to mean honest; and in you still lives The good simplicity of the former times:

When to do well was Rhetorique, not to talk.
 The tongue-disease of Court spreads her infection
 Through the whole Kingdom; flattery, that was wont
 To be confin'd within the verge, is now
 Grown Epidemical, for all our thoughts
 Are born between our lips: The heart is made
 A stranger to the tongue; as if it us'd
 A language that she never understood.
 What is it to be witty in these dayes,
 But to be bawdy, or prophane? at least
 Abusive? Wit is grown a petulant waspe,
 And stings she knows not whom, nor where, nor why;
 Spues Vinegar and gall on all she meets
 Without distinction, buys laughter with the loss
 Of reputation, Father, Kinsman, Friend;
 Hunts Ord'naries only to deliver
 The idle Tympanies of a windy brain,
 That beats and throbs above the pain of child-bed,
 Till every care she meets be made a Midwife
 To her light Bastard issue; how many times
Bomolochus sides and shoulders ake; and groan!
 He's so witty---here he comes---away--

Agro. His wit is dangerous, and I dare not stay. *Exit.*

SCENE 5.

Bomolochus.

Rosc. *This is the other extreame of Urbanity; Bomolochus a fellow conceited of his own wit, though indeed it be nothing but the base dregs of scandal, and a lump of most vile and loathsome scurrility.*

Bird. *I, this is he we lookt for all the while! Scurrility, here she hath her impious Throne, Here lies her heathenish dominion, In this most impious cell of corruption: For 'tis a Purgatory, a meer Limbo.*

Where

Where the black Devil and his dam Scurrility
 Do rule the roſt, ſoul Princes of the aire !
 Scurrility ! That is he that throweth ſcandals,
 Soweth, and throweth ſcandals, as 'twere dirt,
 Even in the face of holineſs and devotion.
 His preſence is contagious ; like a dragon
 He belches poyſon forth, poyſon of the pit,
 Brimſtone, helliſh and ſulphureous poyſon ;
 I will not ſtay , but fly as far as zeal
 Can hurry me--the roof will fall and brain me,
 If I endure to heare his blaſphemies,
 His graceleſs blaſphemies.

Rofc. He ſhal vent none here ;
 But ſtay, and ſee how juſtly we have us'd him.

Flow. Stay brother, I do find the ſpirit grow ſtrong.

Col. Hail ſacred wait !--Earth breeds not Bayes enough
 To crown thy ſpacious merit.

Bomo. Oh--Oh--Oh--

Col. *Cratinus*, *Eupolis*, *Ariſtophanes*,
 Or whatſoever other wit did give
 Old *Comedies* the reins and let her looſe
 To ſtigmatize what brow ſhe pleas'd with ſlander
 Of people, Prince, Nobility--All muſt yeeld
 To this triumphant brain.

Bomo. Oh--Oh--Oh--

Col. They ſay you'l loſe a friend before a jeſt,
 'Tis true, there's not a jeſt that comes from you,
 That is the true *Minerva* of this brain ,
 But is of greater value then a world
 Of friends, were every payre of men we meet
 A *Pylades* and *Oreſtes*.

Bomo. Oh--Oh--Oh--

Col. Some ſay you will abuſe your Father too,
 Rather then loſe the opinion of your wit ;
 Who would not that has ſuch a wit as yours ?
 'Twere better twenty Parents were expos'd
 To ſcorn and laughter, then the ſimpleſt thought
 Or leaſt conceit of yours, ſhould dye abortive.

Or perish a brain-Embrio.

Bomo. Oh--Oh--Oh--

Col. How's this? that tongue grown silent that Syrens
Stood still to admire?

Bomo. Oh--Oh--Oh--

Col. Twere better that the spheres should lose their ^(harmony)
And all the Choristers of the wood grow hoarse:
What Wolfe hath spied you first!

Bomo. Oh--Oh--Oh--

Col. Sure *Hermes* envying that there was on earth
An eloquence more than his, has struck you dumb!
Malitious deity!

Bomo. Oh--Oh--Oh--

Col. Goe in fir, there's a Glas that will restore
That tongue whose sweetness Angels might adore.

Bomo. Oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-

Rosc. Thus, fir, you see how we have put a gagge
In the licentious mouth of base scurrility;
He shall not *Ibis*-like purge upward here,
T'infest the place with pestilential breath;
We'le keep him tongue-ti'd; you, and all, I promise
By *Phœbus* and his daughters, whose chaste zones
Were never yet by impure hands untied;
Our language shall flow chaste; nothing sounds here
That can give just offence to a strict eare.

Bird. This gagg hath wrought my good opinion of you.

Flow. I begin to think 'em lawful recreations.

Colax. Now there's none left here, whereon to practise,
I'll flatter my dear self--O that my skill
Had but a body, that I might embrace it!
Kisse it, and hug it, and beget a brood,
Another brood of pretty skills upon it!
Were I divided I would hate all beauties.
And grow enamour'd with my other half!
Self-love, *Narcissus*, had not been a fault,
Hadst thou, instead of such a beauteous face,
Had but a brain like mine: I can gild vice,
And praise it into Alchymie, till it goe.

For perfect gold, and cozen almost the touchstone.
 I can perswade a Toad into an Oxe,
 Till swell'd too big with my *Hyperboles*
 She burst asunder; and 'tis vertues name
 Lends me a mask to scandalize her self.
 Vice, if it be no more, can nothing doe :
 That art is great makes virtue guilty too.
 I have such strange varieties of colours.
 Such shifts of shapes ; blew *Proteus* sure begot me
 On a Camelon, and I change so quick
 That I suspect my mother did conceive me,
 As they say Mares do, on some wind or other.
 I'll peep to see how many fools I made
 With the report of a miraculous glass.
 --Heaven bless me, I am ruin'd ! O my brain
 Witty to my undoing ! I have jested
 My self to an eternal misery.
 I see lean hunger with her meager face
 Ride Post to overtake me, I do prophecy
 A Lent immortal ; *Phæbus*, I could curse
 Thee and thy brittle gifts ; *Pandora's* box
 Compar'd with this, might be esteem'd a blessing.
 The Glass which I conceiv'd a fabulous humour,
 Is to the height of wonder prov'd a truth ;
 The two extrems of every vertue there
 Beholding how they either did exceed,
 Or want of just proportion joyn'd together,
 And are reduc'd into a perfect Mean :
 As when the skilful and deep learn'd Physitian
 Does take two different poysons, one that's cold ,
 The other in the same degree of heat,
 And blends them both to make an Antidote ;
 Or as the Lutenist takes flats and sharps ,
 And out of those so dissonant notes, does strike
 A ravishing Harmony. Now there is no vice,
 'Tis a hard world for *Colax* : what shift now ?
Dyscolus doth expect me since this age
 Is grown too wise to entertain a Parasite,

Ile to the Glass, and there turn vertuous too,
Still strive to please, though not to flatter you.

Bird. There is good use indeed-la to be made
From their Conversion.

Flow. Very good insooth-la
And edifying.

Rosc. Give your eyes some respite.
You know already what our vices be,
In the next Act you shall our vertues see

Exeunt

ACTUS 5. SCEN. 4.

Roscins. Flowrdew. Bird.

Flow. **N**OW verily I find the devout Bee
May suck the hony of good Doctrine thence,
And bear it to the hive of her pure family,
Whence the prophane and irreligious spider
Gathers her impious Venome! I have pick'd
Out of the Garden of this play a good
And wholesome salad of instruction!
What do you next present?

Rosc. The several vertues.

Bird. I hope there be no *Cardinal* vertues there!

Rosc. There be not.

Bird. Then I'le stay, I hate a vertue
That will be made a *Cardinal*: *Cardinal* vertues!
Next to *Pope* vertues are most impious.
Bishop-vertues are unwarrantable:
I hate a vertue in a *Morris* dance.
I will allow of none but *Deacon*-vertues,
Or *Elder*-vertues.

Rosc. These are *Moral*-vertues.

Bird. Are they lay-vertues?

Rosc. Yes?

Bird. Then they are lawful;

Vertues

Vertues in Orders are unsanctified.

Rosc. We do present them royal, as they are
In all their state, in a full dance.

Bird. What dance?

No wanton Jig I hope, no dance is lawful

But *Prinkum Prankum*!

Flow. Will vertues dance?

O vile, absurd, Maypole-Maid Marrian vertue!

Rosc. Dancing is lawful, &c.

Flourish.

Enter Mediocritie.

Flow. Who's this?

Rosc. It is the Mother of vertues.

Flow. Mother of Pearl I think she is so gawdy.

Rosc. It is the golden Mediocritie.

Flow. She looketh like the Idol of *Cebap-side*.

Mediocritie.

Med. I am that even course that must be kept
To shun two dangerous gulfs; the middle tract

'Twixt *Scylla* and *Charybdis*; the small *Isthmus*

That suffers not th' *Aegean* tide to meet

The violent rage of the *Jonian* wave.

I am a bridge o're an impetuous sea;

Free, and safe passage to the wary step:

But he whose wantonnesse, or folly dares

Decline to either side, falls desperate

Into a certain ruine,--Dwell with me,

Whose mansion is not plac'd so neer the Sun,

As to complain of's neighbourhood, and be scorch'd

With his directer beams; nor so remote

From his bright rayes as to be situate

Under the Icy Pole of the cold Bear;

But in a Temperate zone: 'tis I am she,

I am the golden Mediocritie -

The labour of whose wombe are all the vertues,

And every passion too commendable:

Sisters

Sisters so like themselves, as if they were
 All but one birth ; no difference to distinguish them,
 But a respect they bear to several objects :
 Else had their names been one as are their features.
 So when eleven fair Virgins of a blood,
 All Sisters, and alike grown ripe of years,
 March into several houses, from each family,
 Each makes a name distinct, and all are different :
 They are not of complexion red or pale,
 But a sweet mixture of the flesh and blood,
 As if both roses were confounded there.
 Their stature neither Dwarfse nor Gyantish,
 But in a comely well dispos'd proportion ;
 And all so like their Mother, that indeed
 They are all mine, and I am each of them.
 When in the midst of dangers I stand up,
 A wary confidence betwixt fear and daring,
 Not so ungodly bold, as not to be
 Fearful of heaven's just anger when she speaks
 In prodigies, and tremble at the hazard
 Of my Religion, shake to see my Country
 Threatned with fire and sword, be a stark coward
 To any thing may blast my reputation :
 But I can scorn the worst of poverty,
 Sicknefs, Captivity, Banishment, Grim death,
 If she dare meet me in the bed of honour ;
 Where, with my countries cause upon my sword,
 Not edg'd with hope or anger, nor made bold
 With civil blood, or customary danger ;
 Nor the fools Whetstone, in experience ;
 I can throw valour as lightning from me,
 And then I am the *Amazon* fortitude !
 Give me the moderate cup of lawful pleasures,
 And I am *Temperance*. Take me wealths just steward,
 And call me *Liberality* ; with one hand
 I'll gather riches home, and with the other
 Rightly distribute 'em, and there observe
 The persons, quantity, quality, time and place :

And

And if in great expences I be set
 Chief Arbitress, I can in glorious works,
 As raising Temples, Statues, Altars, Shrines,
 Vestures, and ornaments to Religion, be
 Neither too thrifty nor too prodigal.
 And to my country the like mean observe,
 In building Ships, and Bulwarks, Castles, walls,
 Conduits, Theaters, and what else may serve her
 For use or ornament : and at home be royal
 In buildings, Gardens, costly furniture,
 In entertainments free and hospitable,
 With a respect to my estate, and means,
 And then I may be nam'd *Magnificence* ;
 As *Magnanimity*, when I wisely aime
 At greatest honours, if I may deserve 'em,
 Not for ambition, but for my countries good,
 And in that vertue all the rest do dwell,
 In lesser dignities I want a name ;
 And when I am not over patient,
 To put up such gross wrongs as call me coward,
 But can be angry, yet in that observe
 What cause hath mov'd my anger, and with whom,
 Look that it be not suddain, nor too thirsty
 Of a revenge, nor violent, nor greater
 Then the offence ; know my time when, where
 I must be angry, and how long remain so ;
 Then, then you may surname me *Mansuetude*.
 When in my carriage and discourse I keep
 The mean that neither flatters nor offends
 I am that vertue the well nurtur'd Court
 Gives name and should do being - *Courtesy*,
 Twixt sly dissembling and proud arrogance
 I am the Vertue Time calls daughter, *Truth*,
 Give me my sword and ballance rightly swayd,
 And *Justice* is the Title I deserve.
 When on the stage I come with innocent wit,
 And jests that have more of the salt than gall,
 That move the laughter and delight of all,

Without

Without the grief of one ; free, chaste conceits,
 Not scurril, base, obscene ; illiberal,
 Or contumelious flanders, I am then
 The vertue they have term'd *Urbanity* :
 To whom if your least countenance may appear,
 She vowes to make her constant dwelling here.
 My daughters now are come.

The Songs

SCEN. 2.

The Masque, wherein all the Vertues dance together.

Medioc. You have seen all my daughters, Gentlemen ;
 Chuse you wives hence ; you that are Batchelours
 Can find no better ; and the married too
 May wed'em, yet not wrong their former wives.
 Two may have the same wife , and the same man
 May wed two Vertues, yet no Bigamie ;
 He that weds most is chastest ; These are all
 The daughters of my womb ; I have five more,
 The happy issue of my Intellect,
 And thence syrnam'd the intellectual Vertues,
 They now attend not at their mothers train,
 We hope they Act in each spectators brain.
 I have a Neece besides, a beauteous one,
 My daughters dear companion--lovely Friendship
 A Royal nymph ; her we present not too,
 It is a vertue we expect from you.

Exit cum Choro cantantium.

SCEN. 3.

Bird. O Sister what a glorious train they be !
Flow. They seem to be the Family of love,
 But is there such a Glasse, good *Roscius* ?
Rosc. There is ! sent hither by the great Apollo

Who

who in the worlds bright eye and every day
 Set in this Car of light, surveys the earth
 From East to West, who finding every place
 Fruitful in nothing but fantastique follies,
 And most ridiculous humours, as he is
 The God of Physick, thought it appertain'd
 To him to find a cure to purge the earth
 Of ignorance and sin, two grand diseases,
 And now grown Epidemical: many Receipts
 He thought upon, as to have planted *Hellebore*
 In every Garden--But none pleas'd like this.
 He takes out water from the *Muses* spring,
 And sends it to the North, there to be freez'd
 Into a Chrystal--That being done, he makes
 A Mirrour with it: and instills this vertue,
 That it should by reflection shew each man
 All his deformities both of soul and body;
 And cure 'em both--

Flow. Good Brother lets go see it!
 Saints may want something of perfection.

Rosc. The Glass is but of one dayes continuance;
 For Pluto thinking if it should cure all,
 His kingdom would grow empty (for 'tis sin
 That peoples hell) went to the fates and bid 'em
 Spin it too short a thread; (for every thing
 As well as man is measur'd by their spindle.)
 They, as they must obey, gave it a thread
 No longer then the Beasts of *Hippanis*,
 That in one day is spun, drawn out, and cut.
 But *Phæbus* to requite the black Gods envy,
 Will when the Glass is broke, transfuse her vertue
 To live in Comœdie--If you mean to see it,
 Make haste--

Flow. We will go post to reformation.

Exeunt.

Rosc. Nor is the Glass of so short life I fear
 As this poor labour--our distrustful Author
 Thinks the same Sun that rose upon her cradle,
 Will hardly set before her funeral;

Your gracious and kind acceptance may
Keep her alive from death, or when shees dead,
Raife her again, and spin her a new thread.

S C E N. 4.

Enter Flowrdew and Bird.

Flow. This ignorance even makes Religion sin,
Sets zeal upon the rack, and stretches her
Beyond her length : Most blessed Looking-glasse
That didst instruct my blinded eyes to day,
I might have gone to hell the narrow way !

Bird. Hereafter I will visit Comedies,
And see them oft, they are good exercises !
I'll teach devotion now a milder temper,
Not that it shall lose any of her heat
Or Purity, but henceforth shall be such (Exeunt.)
As shall burn bright, although not blaze so much.



EPILOGUS,

Roscus solus.

Y'Have seen the Muses Looking Glasse, Ladies faire,
And Gentle youths, and others too who ere
Have fill'd this Orbe : it is the end we meant,
Your selves unto your selves still to present.
A soldier shall himself in Hector see,
Grave Counsellors: Nestor, view themselves in thee.

when

When Lucrece Part shall on our Stage appear,
Every chaste Lady sees her shadow there.
Nay come who will, for our indifferent Glasses
Will shew both fools, and knaves, and all their faces,
To vex and cure them : But we need not fear,
We do not doubt but each one now that's here,
That has a faire soule and a beauteous face,
Will visit oft the Muses Looking Glass.

When I wrote I was full of the
 hope that I should be able to
 do some good in the world
 and that I should be able to
 do it in a way that would
 be of service to the world
 and that I should be able to
 do it in a way that would
 be of service to the world
 and that I should be able to
 do it in a way that would
 be of service to the world

3

AMYNTAS:

OR

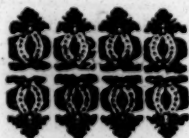
The Impossible Dowry.

A PASTORAL.

Acted before the King and Queen
at WHITE-HALL.

By T. R.

— Pastorem, Tityre, pingues
Pascere oportet oves, diductum dicere Carmen.



OXFORD,
Printed by H. H. 1668.

When I was young I was very fond of
reading and I have since been
much interested in the history of
the world and the progress of
civilization. I have read many
books and have been much
amused and instructed by them.
I have also been much interested
in the study of the human mind
and the various faculties of the
soul. I have been much
amused and instructed by the
study of the human mind and
the various faculties of the soul.

3

AMYNTAS:

OR

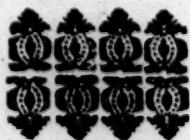
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Drammatis personæ.

- Pilumnus.* The high Priest of *Ceres* : Father to *Damon*,
and *Urania*.
Medorus. Father to *Laurinda*.
Claius. A wild Sylvian, Father to *Amyntas* and
Amaryllis.
Chorymbus. An under-Priest.
Damon. }
Alexis. } Two Rivals in *Laurinda's* Love.
Amyntas. A man Shepherd.
Laurinda. A wavering Nymph.
Urania. A sad Nymph, enamoured on *Amyntas*.
Amaryllis. A distressed sheperdesse, in love with *Damon*.
Thestylis. An old Nymph, sister to *Claius*.
Jocastus. A phantastique shepherd and a fairy Knight.
Bromius. His man, a blunt Clown.
Mopsus. A foolish Augur enamoured on *Thestylis*.
Dorylas. A knavish boy.
Ëcho.

Chorus of } Priests.
 } Shepherds.
 } Nymphs.

Quorum fit mentio.

Philebus. }
Lalage. }
Mycon. }

The Scene *Cicilie*, in the
holy vale.

The time an *Astrologicall* day from
Noon to Noon.

Prologus,



PROLOGUS.

Nymph. Shepherd.

Nymph. I Le speak the Prologue.

Shep: Then you do me wrong.

Nymph. Why, dare your Sex compare
with ours for tongue ?

Shep: A Female Prologue !

Nym: Yes, as well as Male.

Shep: That's a new trick;

Nym: And t'other is as stale.

Shep: Men ate more eloquent then women made.

Nym: But women are more powerfull to perswade.

Shep: It seems so ; for I dare no more contend.

Nym: Then best give ore the strife, and make an end,

Shep: I will not yield.

Nym: Shall we divide it then ?

Shep: You to the women speak.

Nym: You to the Men.

Shep: Gentlemen, look not from us Rurall Swaiths

For polish'd speech, high lines, or Courtly strains :

Expect not we should bring a labour'd Scene,

Or complements : we ken not what they mean.

Nym: And Ladies, we poor Country Girles do come

With such behaviour as we learn'd at home.

Haw shall we talk to Nymphs so trim and gay,

That nere saw Lady yet, but at a *May* ?

Shep: H's muse is very bashful, should you throw

A Snake into her Cradle, I do know

She is no *Hercules* to outlive your Ire.

Nym. One Hiffe would make the fearfull fool expire;
Without a sting.

Sh. Gentlemen, do but you
Like this, no matter what the women do.

Nym. It was a saucy Swaine thus to conclude !
Ladies, the Gentlemen are not so rude,
If ever they were school'd by powerfull love ,
As to dislike the things you shall approve.
If you but like him, 'twill be greater praise
Then if each Muse of Nine had fetch'd him Bayes !

AMYNTAS.

ACTUS I. SCENA I.

Laurinda. Dorylas.

Dor. **T**Is news, *Laurinda*, that will ravish you !

Lau. How ! ravish me ? if't be such desperate news
I pray conceal it.

Dor. So I will.

Lau. Nay, *Dorylas*:

Pray tell it though.

Dor. 'Tis desperate news, I dare not.

Lau. But prethee do.

Dor. I must conceal it.

Lau. Do not.

Dor. Mistresse, you have prevail'd: I will relate it.

Lau. No matter though whether you do or no.

Dor. No ? then I will not tell you.

Lau. Yet I care not

Much if I hear it.

Dor. And I care not much

Whether I tell it or no.

Laur.

Laur. What is it ?

Dor. Nothing.

Laur. Sweet *Dorylas*, let me know.

Dor. What pretty weather cocks
These women are ! I serve a Mistress here
Fit to have made a Planet : shee't wax and wane
twice in a minute.

Laur. But good *Dorylas*,
Your news.

Dor. Why, excellent news !

Laur. But what ?

Dor. Rare newes ?

News fit,—

Laur. For what ?

Dor. To be conceal'd : why Mistress,
The Rivalls, those on whom this powerfull face
Does play the Tyrant.——

Laur. *Dorylas*. What of them ?

Dor. Now, now she wanes : O for a dainty husband
To make her a full Moon ! The amorous couple,
Your brace of sweet-hearts, *Damon* and *Alexis*,
Desire your audience.

Laur. Is this all your news ?
You may conceal it.

Dor. Now you have heard it told,
I may conceal it ! well, I thank thee nature,
Thou didst create mee man ; for I want wit
Enough to make up woman : but good Mistress,
What do you think of *Damon* ?

Laur. As a man
Worthy the best of Nymphs.

Dor. What of *Alexis* ?

Laur. As one that may deserve the fairest Virgin
In Sicily.

Dor. What Virgin ?

Laur. *Proserpine*,
Were she yet *Ceres* daughter.

Dor. And what *Damon* ?

Lau. He? *Ceres* self, were she not yet a mother.

Dor. *Creet. Creet!* There is no Labyrinth but a woman!
Laurinda, gentle *Mistresse*, tell me which
 Of these you love?

Lau. Why, *Damon* best of any.

Dor. Why so, that's well and plain:

Lau. Except *Alexis*--

Dor. Why then you love *Alexis* best.

Lau. Of any. *Dor.* I am glad on't.

Lau. But my *Damon*.

Dor. Be this true,

And Ile be sworn *Cupid* is turn'd a jugler;

Presto! You love *Alexis* best but *Damon*;

And *Damon* but *Alexis!* love you *Damon*?

Lau. I do. *Dor.* And not *Alexis*?

Lau. And *Alexis*?

Dor. She would ha' both, I think.

Lau. Nor I by *Ceres*.

Dor. Then you love neither?

Lau. Yes I do love either.

Dor. Either, and yet not both, both best, yet neither;
 Why do you torture those with equal Racks,
 That both vowe service to you? If your love
 Have prefer'd *Damon*, tell *Alexis* of it;
 Or if *Alexis*, let poor *Damon* know it,
 That he which is refus'd, smothering in his flame,
 May make another choice, now doubtfull hope
 Kindles desire in both.

Lau. Ah *Dorylas*,

Thy yeares are yet uncapable of love!
 Thou hast not learn'd the mysteries of *Cupid*!
 Dost thou not see through all *Sicilia*,
 From gentlest shepherds to the meanest Swains,
 What inauspicious torches *Hymen* lights
 At every wedding? what unfortunate hands
 Link in the wedding ring? Nothing but fears,
 Jars, discontents, suspitions, Jealousies.
 These many years meet in the bridal sheets;

Or if all these be missing, yet a barrenesse,
A curse as cruel, or Abortive births
Are all the blessings crown the Genial bed,
Till the successe prove happier, and I find
A blessed change, Ile temper my affection,
Conceale my flames, dissemble all my fires,
And spend those years I owe to love and beauty,
Only in choosing on whose love to fix
My love and beauty.

Dor. Rare Feminine wisdom!
Will you admit 'em?

Lau. Yes, go call them hither.
Yet do not, now I think on't: yet you may too;
And yet come back again.

Dor. Nay I will go.

Lau. Why *Dorylas*.

Dor. What news? *Lau.* Come back I say.

Dor. Yes, to be sent again.

Lau. You'll stay, I hope.

Dor. Not I, by *Ceres*.

Lau. *Dorylas*.

Dor. No, good Mistresse,
Farewell, for I at length have learn'd to know
You call me back only to bid me go. *Exit.*

Lau. Tis no great matter, sirrah: - when they come
Ile bear my self so equal unto both,
As both shall think I love him best, this way
I keep both fires alive, that when I please
I may take which I please. But who comes here?

SCENE. 2.

Laurinda. Thestylis.

O *Thestylis*, y'are welcome!

Thest. If, *Laurinda*,

My too abrupt intrusion come so rudely
As to disturb your private meditations,
I begge your pardon.

Laur. How now *Thestylis* ?
Grown Orator of late ? has learned *Mopsus*
Read Rhetorick unto you, that you come
To see mee with *Exordiums* ?

Thest. No *Laurinda* ;
But if there be a charm call'd Rhetorique ;
An art, that woods and Forrests cannot skill ;
That with perswasive magick could command
A pittie in your soul, I would my tongue
Had learn'd that powerfull art !

Laur. Why *Thestylis*,
Thou know'st the breasts I suck'd were neither Wolves
Nor Tygers, and I have a heart of wax,
Soft and soon melting ; try this amorous heart, 'tis not
Of flint or marble .

Thest. If it were, *Laurinda*,
The teares of her, whose Orator I come
Have power to soften it. Beauteous *Amaryllis*,
She that in this unfortunate age of love,
This haplesse time of *Cupids* Tyranny
Plac'd her affection on a scornfull sheapherd,
One that disdains her love.

Laur. Disdains her love !
I tell thee, *Thestylis*, in my poor judgment,
(And women if no envie blind their eies,
Best judge of womens beauties) *Amaryllis*
May make a bride worthy the proudest Shepherd
In all *Sicilia* : but wherein can I
Pity this injur'd Nymph ?

Thest. Thus she desires you,
As you desire to thrive in him you love ;
As you do love him whom you most desire ,
Not to love *Damon* : *Damon* alas repaies
Her love with scorn ; tis a request she saies
She knows you cannot grant, but if you do not,
She will not live to ask again.

Laur. Poor Nymph !
My *Amaryllis* knowes my fidelity,

How often have we sported on the Lawns ;
And danc'd a roundelay to *Jocustus* pipe ?
If I can do her service , *Thestylis* ,
Be sure I will : Good wench , I dare not stay ,
Lest I displease my Father ; who in this age
Of haplesse lovers , watches me as close
As did the Dragon the *Hesperian* fruit .
Farewell .

Exit LAUR.

Thest. Farewel , *Laurinda* ! Thus , poor fool ,
I toil for others , like the painfull Bee ,
From every flower cull hony drops of love
To bring to others hives : *Cupid* does this
'Cause I am *Claius* sister . Other Nymphs
Have their variety of loves , for every gown ,
Nay , every petticoat ; I have onely one ,
The poor fool *Mopsus* ! yet no matter , wench ,
Fools never were in more request then now :
He make much of him ; for that woman lies
In weary sheets , whose husband is too wise .

SCEN. 3.

Thestylis. Mopsus. Jocastus.

Mop: *Jocastus* , I love *Thestylus* abominably ,
The mouth of my affection waters at her .

Joc. Be wary , *Mopsus* , learn of me to scorn
The Mortals ; choose a better match : go love
Some Fairy Lady ! Princely *Oberon*
Shall stand thy friend : and beauteous *Mab* his Queen
Give thee a *Maid of Honour* ?

Mop. How , *Jocastus* ?
Marry a Poppet ? Wed a mote i'th Sun ?
Go look a wife in nut-shells ? wooe a gnat
That's nothing but a voice ? No , no , *Jocastus* ,
I must have flesh and blood , and will have *Thestylis* .
A fig for *Fairies* !

Thest. ---- 'Tis my sweet-heart , *Mopsus* ,

And

And his wife brother ; O the twins of folly !
 These do I entertain only to season
 The poor *Amyntas* madnesse.

Mop. Sacted red and white,
 How fares thy reverend beauty ?

Thest. Very ill,
 Since you were absent, *Mopsus* ! where have you
 Been all this live-long hour ?

Mop. I have been
 Discoursing with the birds.

Thest. Why, can birds speak ?

Jo. In Fairy land they can : I have heard 'em chirp.
 Very good Greek and Latin.

Mop. And our birds
 Talk better far than they : a new-laid egge
 Of *Sicily* shall out-talk the bravest Parrot
 In *Oberons Utopia*.

Thest. But what languages
 Do they speak, servant ?

Mop. Several languages,
 As *Cavation*, *Chirpation*, *Hootation*.
Whisflection, *Crowation*, *Cacklection*,
Shreekation, *Hissation*.

Thest. And Foolation ?

Mop. No, that's our language, we our selves speak that,
 That are the learned Augurs.

Thest. What successe
 Does your Art promise ?

Mop. Very good.

Thest. What birds
 Met you then first ?

Mop. A Wood-cock and a Goose.

Thest. Well met.

Mop. I told'm so.

Thest. And what might this portend ? (and Cock.

Mop. Why thus --- and first the Wood-cock --- Wood
 Both very good signes. For first the wood doth signifie
 The fire of our love shall never go out,

Because

Because it has more fuel : wood doth signifie
More fuel.

Thest. What the Cock ?

Mop. Better then t'other :

That I shall crow over those that are my Rivals,
And roost my self with thee.

Thest. But now, the Goose ?

Mop. I, I, the Goose likes me best of all,
Th'ast heard our gray beard shephards talk of *Rome*,
And what the Geese did there : the Goose doth signifie
That I shall keep the *Capitol*.

Thest. Good Gauder !

Jo. It cannot choose but strangely please his Highness!

Thest. What are your studying of, *Jocastus*, ha ?

Jo. A rare device, a Masque to entertain
His grace of *Fairy* with.

Thest. A Masque ? What i't ?

Jo. An anti-masque of fleas, which I have taught
To dance *Curranto's* on a spiders thread.

Mop. An anti-masque of fleas ? brother me thinks
A Masque of birds were better, that could dance
The *Morice* in the air, *Wrens*, and *Robbin-red-breasts*,
Lennets, and *Titmice*.

Jo. So ! and why not rather
Your Geese and Wood-cocks ? Mortal hold thy tongue,
Thou dost not know the mystery.

Thest. Tis true,

He tells you, *Mopsus* ; leave your Augury,
Follow his counsel, and be wise.

Mop. Be wise ?

I scorn the motion ! follow his counsel, and be wise :
That's a fine trick i' faith ! is this an age
For to be wise in ?

Thest. Then you mean, I see,
T'expound the Oracle.

Mop. I do mean to be
Th'interpreter.

Jo. --- And then a Jig of *Pismires*

Is excellent.

Mop. What, to interpret Oracles?
A fool must be th'interpreter.

Thest. Then no doubt
But you will have the honour.

Mop. Nay, I hope
I am as fair for't as another man.
If I should now grow wise against my will,
And catch this wisdom?

Thest. Never fear it *Mopsus*.

Mop. 'Twere dangerous vent'ring. Now I thinke
on't too.

Pray Heaven this air be wholsom! is there not
An Antidote against it? what do you think
Of Garlick every morning?

Thest. Fie upon't.

'Twill spoyle our kissing! and besides I tell you,
Garlick's a dangerous dish, eating of Garlick
May breed the Sicknesse, for as I remember,
'Tis the Philosophers diet.

Mop. Certainly

I am infected, now the fit's upon mee!
'Tis something like an Ague, sure I caught it
With talking with a Scholar next my heart.

Thest. How sad a life live I
Betwixt their folly and *Amyntas* madnesse!
For, *Mopsus*, I prescribe you such a diet
As shall secure you.

Mop. Excellent the-Doctor!
Your women are the best Physitians,
And have the best practice.

Thest. First, my *Mopsus*,
Take heed of fasting, for your hungry meals
Nurse wisdom.

Mop. True! O what a stomach have I
To be her patient!

Thest. Besides, take special care
You wear not thred-bare cloaths: 'twill breed at least
Suspicion

Suspicion you are wise.

Jo. I marry will it.

Thest. And walk not much alone ; or if you walk
With company, be sure you walk with fools,
None of the wise.

Mop. No, no, I warrant you,
Ile walk with no body but my brother here,
Or you, or mad *Amyntas*.

Thest. By all means
Take heed of Travel, your beyond-sea wit
Is to be fear'd.

Mop. If ere I travel hang me.

Jo. Not to the *Fairy-land* ?

Thest. Thither he may.

But above all things wear no beard, long beards
Are signs the brains are full ; because the excrements
Come out so Plentifully.

Jo. Rather empty ;
Because they have sent so much out, as if
Their brains were sunk into their beards : King *Oberon*
Has ne're a beard, yet for his wit I am sure
He might have been a Gyant. Who comes here ;

Enter Dorylas

Dor. All hail unto the fam'd Interpreter
Of Fowls and Oracles !

Mop. Thanks good *Dorylas*.

Dor. How fares the wing'd cattel ? are the Wood-cocks,
The Jays, the Daws, the Cuckoes, and the Owls
In health ?

Mop. I thank the gracious stars, they are.

Dor. Like health unto the President of the Jigs,
I hope King *Oberon* and his Royal *Mab*
Are well.

Jo. They are, I never saw their Graces
Eat such a meal before.

Dor. Ene much good do't'em !

Jo. They're rid a hunting.

Dor.

Dor. Hare, or Deer, my Lord ?

Jo. Neither, a pair of Snail's of the first head.

Thest. But *Dorylas*, there's a mighty quarrel here,
And you are chosen Umpire.

Dor. About what ?

Thest. The exposition of the Oracle.

Which of these two you think the verier fool.

Dor. It is a difficult cause, first let me pose 'em.

You *Mopsus*, cause you are a learned Augur,
How many are the seven liberal Sciences ?

Mop. Why, much about a dozen.

Dor. You *Jocastus*,

When *Oberon* shav'd himself, who was his Barber ?

Jo. I knew him well, a little dapper youth,
They call him *Perrinwinkle*.

Dor. *Thestylis*,

A weighty cause, and asks a longer time.

Thest. Wee'l in the while to comfort sad *Amyntas*.

Exeunt Thest. Mop. Jo.

SCEN. 4.

Dorylas. Laurinda.

Lau. I wonder much that *Dorylas* stays so long ;
Fain would I hear whether they'l come or no,

Dor. Ha ? would you so ?

Lau. I see in your Meslages
You can go fast enough.

Dor. Indeed forsooth,

I loiter'd by the way .

Lau. What will they come ?

Dor. Which of them ?

Lau. *Damon*.

Dor. No.

Lau. *Alexis* will ?

Dor. Nor he.

Lau. How, neither ? am I then neglected ?

Dor.

Dor. *Damon* will come.

Lau. And not *Alexis* too?

Dor. Onely *Alexis* comes.

Lau. Let him not come.

I wonder who sent for him; unless both,
He speak with none.

Dor. why, both will visit you.

Lau. Both? one had been too many. Was e're Nymph
So vex'd as I? you sawey Rascal you,
How do you strive to cross me?

Dor. And sweet mistress,
Still I will cross you, 'tis the onely way
Truly to please you.

SCEN. 5.

Enter Medorus

Med. So, you'll all please her,
I wonder who'll please me? you all for her
Can run on Errands, carry love-sick Letters,
And amorous Eclogues from her howling Suiters
To her, and back again, be *Cupid's* Heraulds,
And point out meetings for her.

Dor. Truly Sir,
Not I, pray ask my Mistress:
Your Sweet-hearts, speak, speak, nay speak if you can,
Do I?

Lau. why no.

Dor. Nay say your worst, I care not,
Did I go ever?

Lau. Never.

Dor. La you now!
We were devising nothing but a snare
To catch the Pole-cat.

Med. Sirrah, get you in;
Take heed I do not finde your haunts.

Dor. What haunts?

Med.

Med. You'l in ?

Dor. I know no haunts I have but to the Dairy,
To skim the milk-bowls like a lickorish Fairy.

Exit Dor.

Med. He that's a womans keeper should have eyes
A hundred more then *Argus*, and his ears
Double the number. Now the news, what Letters ?
What Posie, Ring or Bracelet wooes to day ?
what grove to night is conscious of your whispers ?
Come tell me, for I fear your trusty Squire,
Your little closet blabs into your ear
Some secret, let me know it.

Lau. Then you fear,
Lest I should be in love.

Med. Indeed I do,
Cupid's a dangerous boy, and often wounds
The wanton roving eye.

Lau. Were I in love,
Not that I am (for yet by *Diana's* bowe
I have not made my choice,) and yet suppose,
Suppose I say I were in love, what then ?

Med. So I would have thee, but not yet my Girl,
Till loves prove happier, till the wretched *Claius*
Hath satisfied the gods.

Lau. Why *Claius*, Father ?

Med. Hast thou not heard it ?

Lau. Never. *Med.* 'Tis impossible.

Lau. How should I, sir ? you know that my discourse
Is all with Walls and Pictures, I nere meet
The Virgins on the Downs.

Med. Why, I will tell thee,
Thou know'st *Pilumnus* ?

Lau. The high Priest of *Ceres* ?

Med. Yes : This *Pilumnus* had a son *Philabus*,
Who was, while yet he was, the onely joy
The staff and comfort of his fathers age,
And might have still been so, had not fond love
Undone him.

Lau.

Lau. How did love undoe *Philabus* ?

Med. Why thus : One *Lalage* , a beauteous Nymph
Aslever eye admir'd, *Alphestus* daughter,
Was by her father promis'd him to marriage.

Lau. Why hitherto his love had good success.

Med. But only promis'd ; for the shepherd *Claius*
(A man accurs'd in *Sicilian* fields !)

Being rich, obtain'd the beauteous *Lalage*
From sweet *Philabus*. He, sad heart , being robb'd
Of all his comfort, having lost the beauty
Which gave him life and motion, seeing *Claius*
Enjoy those lips, whose cherries were the food
That nurs'd his soule, spent all his time in sorrow
In melancholy sighs and discontents ;
Look'd like a wither'd tree o're grown with moss,
His eyes were ever dropping *Iceacles*.

Disdain and sorrow made *Polumnus* rage,
And in this rage he makes his moan to *Ceres*,
(*Ceres*, most sacred of *Sicilian* powers,)

And in those moans he prosecutes revenge ;
And that revenge to fall on *Lalage*.

Lau. Would *Ceres* hear his prayers ?

Med. Silly Maid !

His passions were not causelesse; and with what justice
Could he deny *Pilumnus* ? how oft hath he sprinkled
The finest flower of wheat, and the sweetest myrrhe,
Upon her Altars ? *Lalage* ru'd the time
She floured brave *Philabus*. Now she was great
With two sweet twins , the fair chaste *Amaryllis*,
And mad *Amyntas* ; (an unlucky pair !)
These she brought forth, but never liv'd to see them:
Lucina caus'd her sorrows stop her breath,
Leaving this matchlesse pair of beauteous infants,
In whom till now she lives.

Lau. After her death,
How far'd the sorrowfull *Philabus* ?

Med. Worse

Then ever : She being dead, whose life was his,

Q

Whose

Whose looks did hold his eyes from shutting up;
 He pin'd away in sorrows; grief it was
 To see she was not his, but greater far
 That she was not at all. Her Exequies being past,
 He casts him down upon that turf of earth,
 Under whose roof his *Lalage* was hous'd,
 And parlied with her ashes, till his own lamp
 Was quite extinguish'd with a fatal damp.
 Here ended th' noble shepherd.

Laur. Unhappy lover! *Philabus*
 'Tis pity but the Virgins once a year
 Should wash his tomb with maiden tears! but now
 Both *Lalage* being dead, and her *Philabus*,
 How comes it, other loves should prove unfortunate?

Med. *Pilumnus* having lost his hopeful Son,
 Though he had two more Children, fair *Urania*
 And noble *Damon*; yet the death of *Lalage*
 Suffic'd not his revenge, but he anew implores (thus)
 His Goddess' wrath 'gainst *Claius*—Doth *Ceres* Prize me
 Shall *Claius* tread upon the flowery plain,
 And walk upon the ashes of my body?
 Will I be *Archi flamen*, where the gods
 Are so remiss? Let wolves approach their Shrines;
 Their howlings are as Powerfull as the Prayers
 Of sad *Pilumnus*!—Such disgusts at last
 A waken'd *Ceres*: with hollow murmuring noise
 Her *Omph*a like a thunder 'gins to roar,
 (The *Omph*a, if it menace, speaks at large
 In copious language, but perplexed terms)
 And laid this curse on all *Trinacria*.

Sicilian swains, ill luck shall long betide
 To every bridegroom, and to every bride:
 No sacrifice, no vow shall still mine in,
 Till *Claius* blood both quench and kindle fire.

The wise shall misconceive me, and the wit
 Scorn'd and neglected shall my meaning hit.

Laur. Angry and intricate! Alas for love!
 What then became of *Claius*?

Med. Why, the *Omphale*
 Having denounc'd against him, and he knowing
 The hate of old *Pilumnus*, fled away:
 I think he's sail'd to the *Antipodes*,
 No tidings can be brought what ground receives him.
 Unlesse *Corymbus* make a happy voyage;
Corymbus, that will search both East and Occident;
 And when he finds him, spill his captive blood;
 Which *Ceres* grant he may. Tender *Laurinda*,
 Now dost thou see the reason of my care,
 And why my watchfull eyes so close observe
 Thy steps and actions.

Laur. And I promise, Father,
 To temper my affections, 'till the Goddess
 Do mitigate her anger.

Med. Do so then:
 For now you see with what unfortunate choice
Pilumnus daughter, delicate *Urania*, loves
 The mad *Amyntas*; for the angry Goddess,
 Though she repaid the wrong done to *Philebus*,
 Yet not approving the revengfull mind
 Of great *Pylumnus*, scourg'd him with his own asking,
 By threatning an unhappy marriage
 To his *Urania*, unlesse he that wooes her
 Pay an impossible Dowry; for as others
 Give portions with their daughters, *Ceres* Priests
 Use to receive for theirs. The words are these,

*That which thou hast not, maist not, canst not have,
 Amyntas, is the Dowry that I crave.*

Rest hopeless in thy love, or else divine

To give Urania this, and she is thine.

Which while the poor *Amyntas* would interpret,
 He lost his wits. Take heed of love, *Laurinda*,
 You see th'unhappinesse of it in others;
 Let not experience in thy self instruct thee:
 Be wise my Girle; so come and follow me

Exit.

Lau. I'll make a Garland for my kid, and follow you.
 What a sad tale was here! how full of sorrow!

Happy that heart that never felt the shaft
Of angry Cupid !

SCEN. 6.

Damon. Alexis.

—— *Damon and Alexis ?*

Their presence quickly puts these cogitations
Out of my mind : Poor souls, I faine would pittie them;
And yet I cannot ; for to pittie one,
'Twere not to pittie t'other ; and to pity
Both, were to pity neither. Mine old temper
Is all the shift I have ; some dew of comfort
To either of them, How now, bold intruders,
How dare you venture on my privacie ?
If you must needs have this walk, be it so,
I'll seek another : What ? you'l let me go ?

Da. Cruel Laurinda (if a word so foul
Can have so fair a dwelling) seal not up
Thy ears, but let a pittie enter there,
And find a passage to thy heart.

Alex. Laurinda,

(The name which but to speak I would not wish
For life or breath) let not thy powerfull beauty
Torment us longer : tell us which of us
You value most.

Dam: And t'other for old friendship,
Strangling his bitter corrosive in his heart,
Hath promis'd to desist from further suit.

Alex: Or if he cannot so, as sure he cannot,
Yet he will rather choose to die, then live
Once to oppose your liking.

Lau. Since you are
Grown so importunate, and will not be answer'd
With modest silence ; Know, I wish you well,

Alex. How me, *Laurinda ?*

Lau: Why I wish, *Alexis,*
I were thy wife,

Dam.

Dam. Then most unhappy me !

Alex. That word doth relish immortality.

Lau. And I do wish thou wert my husband, *Damon*.

Alex. Still more perplexed ! what do you think I am ?

Lau. My head, *Alexis*.

Dam. And what I ?

Lau. My heart.

Dam. Which hand am I ?

Lau. *Damon*, my right.

Alex. Which I ?

Lau. My left, *Alexis*.

Alex. Thus you scorn my love.

Laur. Not I, *Alexis* ; th'art my only hope.

Dam. Then I am all despair, no hope for me.

Laur. Why so, my *Damon* ? thou art my desire.

Alexis is my flame, *Damon* my fire:

Alexis doth deserve my Nuptial Bed,

And *Damon*'s worthy of my Maiden-head.

Exit Laur.

Alex. *Damon*, desist thy suite, or lose thy life:

Thou heard'st *Laurinda* wish she were my wife.

Dam. Thy wife, *Alexis* ? But how can it be

Without a husband ? and I must be he.

Alex: I am her head ; that word doth seem t'import
She means me marriage.

Dam. How ? without her heart ?

For that am I : Besides, you heard her say,

I was the right hand, you the left ; away ;

Desist, *Alexis*, mine's the upper hand.

Alex. But *Damon*, I next to heart do stand,

I am her hope ; in that you plainly see,

The end of her intents doth aim at me.

Dam. But I am her desire ; in that 'tis shown,

Her only wish is to make me her own.

Alex. I am her flame.

Dam. Tis true ; but I her fire.

Alex. The flame's the hotter, therefore her desire
Most aims at me.

Da. Yet when the flame is spent,
The fire continues ; therefore me she meant.

Al. She promis'd now I should enjoy her Bed.

Da. *Alexis* do, so I her Maiden-head.

Al. I see shee still conceals it, and with speeches
Perplext and doubtrfull masks her secret thoughts.

Dam. Let's have another meeting ; since her words
Delude us thus, wee'l have a pregnant sign
To shew her mind.

Alex. I go that way a hunting,
And will call for her.

Da. I'll the while retire
Into the Temple ; If I linger here ,
I am afraid of meeting *Amaryllis*
Who with unwelcome love sollicit me.

Alex. And would she might prevail !

Da. Till then farewell.

Alex. All happinesse to *Damon* be,
Except *Laurinda*.

Da. All but her to thee.

Alex. Thus we in love and courtesie contend.

Da. The name of Rival should not lose the Friend.

Finis Actus 1.

Exeunt.

ACTUS 2. SCEN. 1.

Pilumnus. Urania.

Uran. FATHER perswade me not; the power of heaven
Can never force mee from *Amyntas* love :
'Tis rooted here so deep within my heart ,
That he which puls it out , pulls out at once
That and my soul together.

Pil. Fond *Urania* !

Can ignorant love make thee affect the seed,
The hatefull seed of cursed *Lalage* ?
Did I for this beger thee ?

Uran. Father, you know

Divinity

Divinity is powerfull, *Cupids* will
Must not be question'd : when love means to sport
(I have heard your self relate it) he can make
The Wolf and Lamb kifs friendly ; force the Lion
T'forget his Majesty, and in amorous dalliance
Sport with the frisking Kid : When *Venus* rides,
She'll link the ravenous Kite and milder Swan
To the same Chariot : and will yoke together
The necks of Doves and Eagles : When as she
Commands, all things lose their antipathy,
Even contrarieties : can I alone
Resist her will ? I cannot ; my *Amyntas*
Shall witness that.

Pil. I blame thee not so much
For loving him, while yet he was *Amyntas* :
But being mad, and having lost himself,
Why shouldst not thou lose thy affection too ?

Uran. I love him now the rather ; he hath lost
Himself for me, and should he lose mee too ?
It were a sin he should.

Pil. What canst thou love
In his distemper'd wildnesse ?

Uran. Only that,
His wildnesse ; 'tis the comfort I have left
To make my teares keep time to his distractions ;
To think as wildly as he talks ; to marry
Our griefs together, since our selves we cannot :
The Oracle doth ask so strange a Dowry ,
That now, his company is the only blisse
My love can aime at. But I stay too long,
I'll in to comfort him.

Pil. Do not, *Urania*.

Uran. Do not ?

I must, and will : Nature commands me no,
But love more powerfull saies it must be so.

Exit.

Pil. The Gods did well to make their Destinies
Of women, that their wills might stand for law
Fix'd and unchang'd, Who's this ? *Corymbus* ?

SCEN. 2.

*Pilumnus, Corymbus.**Pil. Corymbus*,—welcome.*Cor.* Sacred *Pilumnus*, — hail ;
And fruitfull *Sicily*, I kisse thy dust.*Pil.* What news, *Corymbus* ? is our Countreys mischief
Fetter'd in chains ?*Cor.* Thrice the Sun hath past
Through the twelve Innes of heaven, since my diligence
Has been imployd in quest of him, whose death
Must give poor lovers life, the hatefull *Claius* ;
Yet could I ne're here of him. — The mean while,
How fare the poor *Sicilians* ? Does awfull *Ceres*
Still bend her angry brow ? Find the sad Lovers
No rest, no quiet yet ?*Pil. Corymbus*, none ;
The goddessle has not yet deign'd to accept
One sacrifice ; no favourable *Echo*
Sounded from her *Omph*a ; all her answers
Are full, and doubtfull.*Cor.* The true sign, *Pilumnus*,
Her wrath is not appeas'd.*Pil.* Appeas'd say you ?
Rather again incens'd so far, *Corymbus*.
As that my self am plagu'd : My poor *Urania*
Dotes on *Amyntas*.*Cor.* First shall our hives swarm in the venomous yew
And goats shall browze upon our myrtle wands !
— One of our blood, *Pilumnus* (is it possible)
Love *Lalage* and *Claius* brood ?*Pil.* The chain of fate
Will have it so ; and he lov'd her as much.*Cor.* That makes it something better.*Pil.* Ah, thou knowest not
What sting this waspish Fortune pricks me with !
I seeing their loves so constant, so inflexible,

Chid with dame *Ceres* 'cause she us'd me thus.
My words were inconsiderate, and the heavens
Punish'd my rough expostulations.
Being *Archi-flamen* of *Trinacria*,
I did demand a Dowry of that Shepherd
That asks my daughter. — Set the price, said I,
Thou goddess, that dost cause such hatefull loves,
If that *Amyntas* be thy darling swain,
Ask thou, and set a Dowry for *Urania*.
With that the Altar groan'd, my hair grew stiff,
Amyntas look'd agast, *Urania* quiver'd,
And the *Omph*a answer'd.

Cor. With an *Echo*?

Pil. No.

Cor. Then I presage some ill.

Pil. This dark demand I

That which thou hast not, maist not, canst not have,

Amyntas, is the dowry that I crave:

Rest hopeless in thy love, or else divine

To give Urania this, and she is thine.

And so he did; but the perplexed sence
Troubled his brains so far, he lost his wits:
Yet still he loves; and she, — My grief, *Corymbus*,
Will not permit me to relate the rest.
He in into the Temple, and express
What's yet behind in tears.

Exit.

Cor. Sad, sad *Pilumnus*!

And most distress'd *Sicilians*! other Nations
Are happy in their loves, you only are unfortunate:
In all my travels, ne're a spring but had
Her pair of lovers, singing to that musick
The gentle bubbling of her waters made.
Never a walk unstor'd with amorous couples,
Twin'd with so close embraces, as if both
Meant to grow one together: every shade
Shelter'd some happy loves, that counting daisies,
Scor'd up the sums on one anothers lips,
That met so oft and close, as if they had

Chang'd

Chang'd souls at every kiss, The married sort
 As sweet and kind as they : at every evening
 The loving husband, and full breasted wife
 Walkt on the Downs so friendly, as if that
 Had been their Wedding-day. The boyes of five
 And girles of four, ere that their lisping tongues
 Had learn'd to prattle plain, would prate of love,
 Court one another, and in wanton dalliance
 Return such innocent kisses, you'd have thought
 You had seen Turtles billing.

SCEN. 3.

Mopsus. Corymbus.

Mop. What air is that ? *The voyce of --- Turtles billing?*
Of Turtles ! a good Omen ! she is chaste—
And billing, billing, O delicious billing !
That word presages kissing—

Cor. Who is this ?

Mopsus, my learned Augur ?

Mop: Stand aside,

— The other side : I will not talk to thee
 Unless I have the wind.

Cor. Why, what's the matter *Mopsus* ?

Mop. Th'art infected.

Cor. What, with the Plague ?

Mop. Worse then the Plague, the Wisdom !
 You have been in travel, and that's dangerous
 For getting Wisdom.

Cor. Then ne're fear it, *Mopsus,*
 For I come home a fool just as I went.

Mop. By *Ceres* ?

Cor. Yes.

Mop. By *Ceres* welcome then.

Cor. But *Mopsus,* why do you walk here alone ?
 That's dangerous too.

Mop. I, but I come to meet

The

The Citizens of the air : you have heard my skill
In Augury ?

Cor. Why I have heard your name
Not mention'd any where in all my travels.

Mop. How ? not mention'd ?

Cor. Y'are too hasty *Mopsus*,
Not. --- without admiration.

Mop. I know that.

Cor. How should you know it ?

Mop. Why some birds or other
Fly from all Countries hither, and they tell me.

Cor. But how dare you converse with birds that travel ?

Mop. With an antidote I may. But my *Corymbus*,
What strange birds have you seen beyond seas ?

Cor. Brave ones :

Ladies with fans and feathers ! dainty fowls !
There were brave taking augury.

Mop. But *Corymbus*,
Are those fine Lady-birds such pretty things ?

Cor. As tame as Sparrows, and as sweet as Nightingals.

Mop. Is the Cock-lady-bird, or Hen-lady-bird
The better ?

Cor. All are Hens.

Mop. O admirable !

Would you had brought me one ! but what's the Fan ?

Cor. A fan's a --- wing of one side.

Mop. Delicate !

And what's their Feather ?

Cor. Like the copple crown

The Lap wing has.

Mop. The Lap-wing ? then they'l---ly.

Cor. With men they will.

Mop. Delicious Lady-birds !

But have they such brave trains, such curious tails
As our birds have ?

Cor. Like Peacocks, there's the head
Of all their pride.

Mop. Nay, tis the tail, *Corymbus*;

Surely

Surely these things you call the Lady-birds
Are the true birds of Paradise !

Enter Corymbus's Carriages.

Cor. Very right —

'*Mopsus*, I cannot stay, I must attend
My carriage to the Temple : gentle *Mopsus*,
Farewell.

Exit.

Mop. Farewell *Corymbus*. By my troth,
I never longed for any thing in my life
So much as Lady-birds ; dainty Lady-birds !
I would fetch one of them ; but I dare not travel,
For fear I catch the wisdom. O sweet Lady-birds !
With copple crownes, and wings but on one side !
And tails like Peacocks ! curious Lady-birds !

SCEN. 4.

Amyntas, Urania Amaryllis, manet Mopsus.

'*Amyntas*. That which I have not, may not cannot have---
It is the Moon ! *Urania*, thou shalt wear
The horned goddess at thy beauteous ear.

— Come hither *Pegasus*, I will mount thy back,
And spur thee to her orb.

Mop. O good *Amyntas* !

'*Amyntas* -- Why, art thou founder'd *Pegasus* ? *Amaryllis*,
Fetch him a peck of Provender.

Ura. Sweet *Amyntas* !

'*Amyntas*. What sayes my *Cytherea* ? wouldst thou eat
A Golden Apple ? if thou wilt, by *Venus*
He rob th' *Hesperian* Orchard.

Mop. Ha, ha, he !

Amyntas. Ha ? dost thou laugh old *Charon* ? Sirrah Sculler,
Prepare thy Boat !

Ama. For what ? dear brother, speak !

Amyntas. Art thou my Sister *Helen* ? were we hatcht
In the same egg-shell ? — Is your Cock-boat ready ?

Mop. It is, an't please your worship,

Amyntas. Very well !

Row me to Hell—no faster? I will have thee
Chain'd unto *Pluto's* Gallies.

Ura. Why to hell,
My dear *Amyntas*?

Amyntas. Why? to borrow money!

Ama. Borrow there?

Amyntas. I there! they say there be more Usurers there
Then all the world besides—see how the winds
Rise! Puff—puff *Boreas*—what a cloud comes yonder:
Take heed of that wave *Charon*! ha? give me
The Oars? so so: the Boat is overthrown,
Now *Charon's* drown'd: but I will swim to shore —

Ura. O *Ceres*, now behold him! can thy eyes
Look on so sad an object, and not melt
Them and thy heart to pity?

Ama. How this grief
Racks my tormented soul! but the neglect
Of *Damon* more afflicts mee: the whole Senate
Of Heaven decrees my ruine.

Ura. And mine too.

Come *Amaryllis* let's weep together,
Contending in our sorrows!

Ama. Would to *Ceres*
That I were dead!

Ura. And I had nere been born!

Ama. Then had not I been wretched!

Ura. Then *Amyntas*
Might have been happy.

Mop. Nay, if you begin
Once to talk wisely, 'tis above high time
That I were gone: farewell *Bellerophon*,
I must go seek my *Theslylis*; shee's not here. *Exit*

Amyntas. My armes are weary,—now I sink, I sink!
Farewell *Urania*.

Ama. Alas, what strange distractions,
Tosse his distemper'd brain!

Ura. Yet still his love to mee
Lives constant.

Amyntas

Amyntas. *Styr*, I thanke thee! that curl'd wave
Hath rols'd me on the shore--come *Sisyphus*,
I'll rowl thy stone a while: me thinks this labour
Doth look like love! does it not, *Tysiphone*?

Ama. Mine is that restless toil.

Amyntas. Is't so, *Erynnis*?
You are an idle hufwife, go and spin
At poor *Ixion's* wheel!

Ura. *Amyntas*.

Amyntas. Ha:
Am I known here?

Ura. *Amyntas*, dear *Amyntas* ----

Amyntas. Who calls *Amyntas*? beauteous *Proserpine*?
'Tis she--- Fair Empress of th' *Elysian* shades,
Ceres bright daughter intercede for me
To thy incensed mother: prethee bid her
Leave talking Riddles, wilt thou?

Ura. How shall I
Apply my self to his wild passions?

Ama. Seem to be
What he conceives you.

Amyntas. Queen of darkness,
Thou supreme Lady of eternal night.
Grant my petitions! wilt thou beg of *Ceres*
That I may have *Urania*?

Ura. 'Tis my prayer,
And shall be ever, I promise thee
She shall have none but him.

Amyntas. Thanks *Proserpine*!

Ura. Come sweet *Amyntas*, rest thy troubled head
Here in my lap:— Now here I hold at once
My sorrow and my comfort: Nay lye still.

Amyntas. I will, but *Proserpine*---

Ura. Nay, good *Amyntas* ---

Amyntas. Should *Pluto* chance to spy me, would not he
Be jealous of me?

Ura. No.

Amyntas. *Tysiphone*,

Tell not *Urania* of it, lest she fear
I am in love with *Proserpina* : do not fury !

Ama. I will not.

Ura. Pray lie still.

Amy. You *Proserpine*,
There is in *Sicilie* the fairest Virgin
That ever blest the land, that ever breath'd,
Sweeter than *Zephyrus* ! didst thou never hear
Of one *Urania* ?

Ura. Yes.

Amy. This poor *Urania* (*sipbone*;
Loves an unfortunate Shepherd, one that's mad, Ty.
Canst thou believe it ? Elegant *Urania*
(I cannot speak it without tears) still loves
Amyntas, the distracted man, mad *Amyntas*.
Is't not a constant Nymph ?—But I will go
And carry all *Elysium* on my back.
And that shall be her Jointure.

Ura. Good *Amyntas*,
Rest here a while—

Amy. Why weep you *Proserpine* ?

Ur. Because *Urania* weeps to see *Amyntas*.
Sorestless and unquiet,

Amynt. Does she so ?

Then will I lie as calm as doth the Sea,
When all the winds are lockt in *Eolus* jail.
I will not move an hair, nor let a nerve
Or pulse to beat lest I disturbe her . Hush —
She sleeps !

Ura. And so do you.

Amynt. You talk too loud,
You'll wake my *Urania*.

Ura. If *Amyntas*,
Her dear *Amyntas*, would but take his rest,
Urania could not want it.

Amynt. Not so loud !

Ama. What a sad pair are we ?

Ura. How miserable.

He that I love is nor.

Ama. And he that I

Do love, loves not : or, if he love, not me.

Ura. I have undone *Amyntas* !

Ama. And my *Damon*

Has undone me.

Ura. My kindness ruin'd him.

Ama. But his unkindness, me; unhappy me !

Ura. More wretched I, for *Damon* has his reason,

And he may love.

Ama. But does not thy *Amyntas*

Return thee mutual love ?

Ura. True, *Amaryllis*

But he has lost his reason ; mine has love,

No reason.

Ama. Mine has reason, but no love.

O me !

Ura. My *Amaryllis*, how thy griefs

Meet full with mine to make the truest story

Of perfect sorrow that ere eye bedew'd

With tears of pity !

Ama. Come *Urania*,

Let's sit together like two marble monuments

Of ever weeping misery—

Enter Damon

Da. Minds in love,

Do count their days by minutes, measure hours

By every sand that drops through the slow glass ;

And for each vie a tear.

Ama. If so my *Damon*,

How many times hath thy unkindness ruin'd

Sad *Amaryllis* ? every frown is mortal.

Da. I'll luck, to seek my love and finde my hate !

Ama. Be not so cruel to me ! Gentle *Damon*,

—Accept this witness of my love, it is

The story of poor *Eccho*, that for love

Of her *Narcissus* pin'd into a voice.

Dam.

Dam. Do thou so too.

Amar. *Damon*, suppose I should.
And then the Gods, for thy contempt of mee,
Should plague thee like *Narcissus*!

Dam. *Amaryllis*,
They cannot do it : I have fixt my love
So firm on my *Lauinda*, that for her
I e're shall hate my self.

Amar. — Prethee, love, accept it,
'Twas wrought by my own hand.

Dam. For that I hate it.

Uran. Fie, brother, can you be of the same stock,
Issue, and blood with mee, and yet so cruel ?

Dam. Nor can I, sister, dote, like you, on any
That is the cursed brat of *Lalage*.

Amynt. Saist thou so, *Centaure* ! —

Uran. Good *Amyntas*, hold ;
This is the sacred Valley : here 'tis death
For to shed humane blood.

Dam. Still idlie you complain
To crosse me, *Amaryllis*, but in vain.

Exit;

Amar. O, I am sick to death !

Amynt. What a brave show
The monsters brains would make !

SCEN. 5.

Thestylis. Mopsus. Amyntas. Amaryllis. Urania.

Amar. My grief o're-weighs me !

Thest. How fares my *Amaryllis* ?

Amar. Like a taper

Almost burnt out : sometimes all a darknesse,
And now and then a flash or two of comfort,
But soon blown out again. Ah *Thestylis*,
I cannot long subsist ; for the vain labour :
Away ; I hate thee, cause my *Damon* does,

R

And

And for that reason too I hate my self,
And every thing, but him.

Uran. Come my sad partner,
Poor rival of my sorrows : Go with me
Into the Temple ; I'll intreat my Brother
To use thee kindly : if in me it lie,
I'll help thee.

Ama. Do, *Urania*, or I die. *Exeunt Urania. Amaryllis.*

Amyntas. Thestylis. Mopsus.

Thest. What a strange thing is Love !

Amyntas. It is a madness ;

See how it stares ! — have at thee, thou blind Archer !
— O, I have mist him ! — Now I'll stand thee, *Cupid* ;
Looke how the rascal winks with one eye, *Thestylis* !
Nay draw your arrow home, boy : Just i'th heart !
— O I am slain !

Thest. *Amyntas* !

Amyntas. Dost not see ?

My blood runs round about mee : I lie soaking
In a red sea ; take heed ! see, *Thestylis* ,
What fine crimson 'tis !

Mop. Where ?

Amyntas. Here, you Puppet,
Dost thou not see it ?

Mop. Yes, I see it plain,
But I spy nothing.

Amyntas. Then thou art a mole.

Mop. Now I looke better on't, I see it plain ;
Does it not hurt you ?

Amyntas. Strangely. Have at thee —
How think you now ?

Thest. Be quiet, good *Amyntas*.

Mop. You'll fright away the birds else, and clean spoil
My Augury.

Amyntas. Go about it, I am quiet.

Mop. Now for some happy Omen ! a Cuckoo cries :

Amyntas. Ha, ha, he !

Mop.

Mop. Why laughs the mad-man ?

Amyntas. Who can choose but laugh ?
The bird cried horns.

Th. st. What happiness portends it,
Sweet *Mopsus* ?

Mop. Constancy in love, my *Thestylis* ;
This bird is always in a note.

Th. st. Most excellent ! (cheer)

Mop. Bird of the spring, I thank thee, *Mopsus* thanks

Amyntas. This is a man of skill, an *Oedipus*.

Apollo, Reverend Phæbus, Don of Delphos.

Mop. What a brave man am I !

Amyntas. Thou canst resolve,

By thy great Art, all questions : What is that,
That which I have not, may not, cannot have ?

Mop. That which you have not, may not, cannot have ?
It is my skill : you cannot have my skill,

Amyntas. Where lyes that skill ?

Mop. 'Lyes within this noddle.

Amyntas. Fetch me my wood-knife, I will cut it off ;
And send it to *Urania* for a dowry.

Mop. No, no, I am deceiv'd, it is not that.

Amyntas. You dolt, you ass, you cuckooe.

Mop. Good *Amyntas* !

SCEN. 6.

Dorylas. Mopsus. Jocastus. Thestylis. Amyntas.

Joc. Ist not a brave sight, *Dorylas* ? can the mortals
Caper so nimbly ?

Dor. Vtily, they cannot.

Joc. Does not King *Oberon* bear a stately presence ?
Mab is a beauteous Empresse.

Dor. Yet you kiss'd her
With admirable courtship.

Joc. I do think
There will be of *Jocastus* brood in *Fairy*.

Mop. You Cuckold-maker, I will tell King *Oberon*;
You lie with *Mab* his wife.

Joc. Do not, good brother,
And Ile wooe *Thestylis* for thee.

Mop. Do so then.

Joc. Canst thou love *Mopsus*, mortal?

Thest. Why suppose
I can, sir, what of that?

Joc. Why then be wise,
And love him quickly.

Mop. Wise? then Ile have none of her; that's the way
To get wise children; 'troth, and I had rather
They should be bastards.

Amynt. No, the children may
Be like the father.

Joc. True, distracted mortal.
Thestylis, I say, love him, he's a fool.

Dor. But we will make him rich, then 'tis no matter.

Thest. But what estate shall he assure upon me?

Joc. A royall joynture, all in *Fairy-land*.

Amynt. Such will I make *Urania*.

Joc. *Dorylas* knows it.

A curious Park.

Dor. Pal'd round about with Pick-teeth.

Joc. Besides a house made all of Mother of Pearl;
An Ivory Tennis-court.

Dor. A Nutmeg Parlour.

Joc. A Saphire dining-room.

Dor. A Ginger Hall.

Joc. Chambers of Agate.

Dor. Kitchens all of Chrystal.

Amynt. O admirable! this is it for certain!

Joc. The Jacks are Gold.

Dor. The Spits are Spanish-needles.

Joc. Then there be walks.

Dor. Of Amber.

Joc. Curious Orchards.

Dor. That bear as well in Winter as in Summer.

Joc.

Joc. Above all, the fish-ponds ! every pond is full.

Dor. Of Nectar : Will this please you ? every grove
Stor'd with delightfull Birds,

Mop. But be there any
Lady-birds there ?

Joc. Abundance.

Mop. And Cuckoos too
To presage constancy ?

Dor. Yes.

Thest. Nay then let's in
To seal the writings.

Amynt. There boy, so ho, ho, ho.

Exeunt.

Dor. What pretty things are these both to be born
To Lands and Livings ! we poor witty knaves
Have no inheritance but brains : — Who's this ?

Enter Alexis.

—One of my Mistress Beagles.

Alex. *Dorylas*,

I have had the bravest sport.

Dor. In what, *Alexis* ?

Alex. In hunting, *Dorylas* : a brace of Grey-hounds
cours'd a Stag

With equall swiftnes, till the wearied Deer
Stood bay at both alike : the fearfull dogs
Durst neither fasten :

Dor. So : and did not you

Compare the Stag to my fair Mistress ? ha !
Pursu'd by you and *Damon*, caught by neither ?

Alex. By *Cupid*, th'art i'th right.

Dor. Alas poor whelps,

In troth I pittie you . Why such a hunting
Have we had here : two puppies of a litter,
Mopsus and wise *Jocastus*, hunting Folly
With a full mouth.

Alex. I much wonder, *Dorylas*,
Amyntas can be sad, having such follies
To provoke mirth.

Dor. And to that end his sister

Keeps them about him ; but in vain, his melancholy
Has took such deep impression.

Enter Damon.

Dam. My *Alexis* !
Well met ; I've been at your cottage to seek you.

Alex. But I am ne're at home : thou and I, *Damon*,
Are absent from our selves.

Dor. Excellent application !
To see the wit of love !

Dam. Let us go seek her,
To have a finall judgment.

Alex. That may end
One of our miseries, and the others life.

Dor. O lamentable ! who would be in love ?

Dam. Content.

SCEN. 7:

Laurinda. Dorylas. Alexis. Damon.

Dam. Here comes my joy, or death.

Dor. O pitifull !

Alex. My sweet affliction.

Dor. Pitifully sweet !

Ne're fear your father, Mistresse, kisse securely:
I'll be your *Mercury*; and charm asleep
Old *Argus*.

Laur. Do.

Dor. But if he chance to spy
You and your sweet-hearts here, I know not of it.

Laur. You do not !

Dor. Nay, you know, if I had seen them,

Laur. Y'are a trusty servant ! ———

Dor. Poor *Dorylas* is blind ; hee sees not here

Damon, no, nor *Alexis*.

Laur. No not he !

Dor. Alack I am innocent ; if the belly swell,
I did not fetch the poyson,

Laur.

Laur. Not be gone.

Exit Dorylas,

Dam. *Laurinda*, now for mercies sake give period
To our long miseries.

Alex. You now are like cruel
To both, and play the tyrant equally
On him you hate, as much as him you love.

Dam. Depriving one the comfort of his joy.

Alex. The other the sure remedy of his death.

Laur. *Damon*, you have a love, fair *Amaryllis*,
Content your self with her.

Dam. He rather kifs
An *Ethiops* crisped lip, embrace a Viper :
Deformity it self to her is fair.

Alex. *Damon*, thou hast thy answer.

Laur. And *Alexis*,
There be in *Sicily* many Virgins more
Worthy your choyce ; why did you place't on me ?
Go seek some other.

Alex. O those words to me
Are poyson.

Dam. But to me an Antidote.

Alex. Thus she gave life to me to take't away.

Dam. And me she flew to raise me up again.
You shall not slight us thus : what do you think
Of me ?

Laur. Thou art the glory of the woods.

Alex. And what am I ?

Laur. The pride of all the plains.

Alex. These your ambiguous terms have now too oft
Deluded us.

Dam. Shew by some sign, which of us
You have design'd for happinesse.

Laur. So I will.

*She takes Damon's Garland, and wears it on her
own head ; and puts her own on Alexis.*

Damon, as I affect thee, so I vow
To weare this Garland that adorns thy brow :
This wreath of flowers, *Alexis*, which was mine,

Because thou lov'st me truly, shall be thine
 This is plain dealing : let no *Cupid's* wars
 Drive your affections to uncivil jars,

Exit.

Dam. Now happy *Damon*, she thy Garland wears
 That holds thy heart chain'd in her golden hairs.

Alex. Most blessed I ! this Garland once did twine
 About her head, that now embraces mine.

Dam. Desist, *Alexis*, for she designs to have
 The Garland that was mine.

Alex. But me she gave
 That which was hers.

Dam. 'Twas more to take than give.

Alex. I think 'tis greater kindness to receive.

Dam. By this your share's the less, you but receive.

Alex. And by your argument, yours you did but give.
 Love is the Garland.

Dam. Then she did approve
 Of my affection best, shee took my love.

Alex. Fond *Damon*, she accepted love from thee ;
 But which is more, she gave her love to me :
 In giving that to me, she proves my right.

Dam. Why took she mine, but meaning to requite ?

Alex. I will dispute no more.

Dam. Then let our spears
 Plead for us.

Alex. And determine of our fears.
 Come, *Damon*, by this argument let us prove,
 Which 'tis of us *Laurinda* best doth love.

Dam. Yet 'tis, *Alexis*, clean against our oath.

Alex. True, *Damon*, and perchance may ruine both,

Dam. So neither shall enjoy her.

Alex. Cruel breath !

Besides, this is the *Sacred Vale*, 'tis death
 To stain the hallowed grass but with one drop
 Of humane blood.

Dam. So Both should lose their hope.

Alex. And which is more, 'tis against her commands.

Da. Whose very breath has power to stay our hands.

Alex.

Alex. Wee'l have her answer make a certain end.

Dam. Till then, *Alexis*, let me be thy friend.

Alex. Come *Damon*, let's together seek relief.

Dam. 'Tis fit, being Rivals both in love and grief.

Finis Actus secundi.

ACTUS 3. SCENA 1.

Damon. Alexis. Lawinda.

Dam. *L* *Awinda*, by thy self, the sweetest oath
That can be sworn, —

Al. By those fair eyes, whose light
Comforts my soul.

Da. Whose heat enflameth mine,

Al. Unless you deign at length to end our strife,

Da. We both have vow'd to sacrifice our life,

Al. On one anothers spear.

Lau. What shall I do?

I finde an equal war within my soul ;

My self divided ; now I would say *Damon*,

Another time *Alexis*, then again

Damon, and then *Alexis* : like a shepherd,

That sees on either hand a ravenous Wolf,

One snatching from his Ew a tender Lamb,

The other watching for gentle Kid,

Knows not poor soul which hand to turn to first.

Now he would save his Lamb ; but seeing his Kid

Half in the jaw of death, turns back in haste

To rescue that, where viewing then his Lamb

In greater danger, runs to that again ;

As doubtfull which to save, as which to lose :

So fares it now with mee . But love instruct me !

Dam. Resolve,

Al. Or wee'l resolve.

Lau.

Lau. No trick left yet ?

Enter Dorylas.

Dor. If ever one was pepper'd look on me !

Lau. Why, what's the matter ?

Dor. You talk of Love and *Cupid*,
I have been plagu'd with a swarm of *Cupids*.

Alex. What should this mean ?

Dor. I know not, but I am sure
I have a thousand natural rapiers
Stick in my flesh.

Dam. The meaning of the Riddle ?

Al. The Moral ?

Dor. In plain terms, I have been driving
One of your swarms of Bees, gentle *Laurinda* ;

Lau. The purest Wax give *Damon* : and, good swain
The hony to *Alexis* : this is plain.

Dor. Now will the Hony and the Wax fall together
by th'ears.

Dam. *Alexis*, this plain signe confirms her grant,
She gave me Wax to seal the covenant.

Dor. Well argu'd for the Wax; now for the Honey.

Al. To me she gave the Honey, that must be
The sweetest, and the sweetest sweet is she.

Dor. The Honey is the sweeter argument.

Dam. But by the Wax she saies that she from none
But me will take true loves impressiion.

Dor. The Wax is very forward to the bargain ;
He would be sealing of her.

Al. But plain the Honey speaks, no other guest
But I, shall tast in her a lovers feast.

Dor. Delicious reason ! my mouth waters at it.

Dam. The Wax must make the Taper that must light
The wedded pair to bed on *Hymen's* night.
Besides 'tis Virgins Wax, by that you see
To me she destines her virginity.

Dor. Two excellent twin-arguments born at a birth.

Al. And Honey shews a Wedding ; that must knead
A Cake for *Hymen* ere we go to bed.

Take

Take you the Wax, the Honey is for me;
There is no Honey in the world but she.

Dor. His disputation still has some good relish in't,

Dam. I see *Alexis*, all *Laurinda*'s bees
Serve but to sting us both.

Dor. Now, what's the matter?
The Moral?

Lau. See what 'tis to live a maid!
Now two at once do serve us and adore,
She that weds one, serves him serv'd her before.

Dam. *Alexis*, come!

Al. Come *Damon*!

Dam. Cure my fear.

Al. There's no help left but in a *Pelian* spear.

Lau. O stay your hands, for by my maiden-head—

Dor. Happy the man shall quit her of that oath.

Al. Most happy *Dorylas*!

Dor. I knew that before!

Lau. I have protested never to disclose
Which 'tis that best I love: but the first Nymph
As soon as *Titan* gilds the eastern hills,
And chirping birds, the Saints bell of the day,
Ring in our ears a warning to devotion,
That lucky damsel what soe'er she be
Shall be the goddess to appoint my love,
To say, *Laurinda* this shall be your choyce:
And both shall swear to stand on her award.

Both. By fair *Laurinda*'s hand we swear.

Lau. Till then
Be friends, and for this night it is my pleasure
You sleep like friendly Rivals arme in arme.

Both. Thanks to the fair *Laurinda*.

Al. Come *Damon*, you this night with we shall rest.

Da. Wert thou but my *Laurinda*, I were blest.

Exeunt Damon, Alexis.

Dor. Mistress, if they should dream now —

Lau. And they should?

SCEN. 2.

Amaryllis, Urania, Dorylas, Laurinda.

Ura. Sweet *Amaryllis*!

Ama. Stay me not, *Urania*.

Dor. More *Cupids*, more *Bees*, more stinging yet!

Ama. Dishevel'd hair, poor ornament of the head,
I'll tear you from my crown! what dost thou here?
Weak chains! my pride presum'd you had a power
To fetter *Heroes*! and in amorous Gives
Lead any Shepherd captive!

Ura. *Amaryllis*.

Ama. But *Damon* breaks thee like a Spiders loom:
And thou poor face, that wer't so oft belid'd
For fair and beauteous, by my flatt'ring glass;
I'll tear those crimson Roses from thy cheeks,
That but my self ne're yet enchanted any.
My will is fixt!

Lau. Where go you, *Amaryllis*?

Ama. Since *Damon* hates my life, I'll go and see
If I can please him in my death: if he'll but deign
To kiss me, and accept my latest breath,
I shall salute the gods a happy soul.
—This dart I'll give him; and upon my knees
Beg till I have obtain'd it too by him:
Death from that hand is welcome.

Lau. I will shew you

A way most probable to redeem his love.

Ama. I shall wrong you, *Laurinda*. No, enjoy him,
The treasure of the earth: my latest words
Shall be prayers for you: milde *Urania*,
Sister in blood to *Damon*, nor in affection,
Nymph take this whistle, 'twas a *Triton's* once,
With which I call my Lamb-kins when they stray;
'Tis *Amaryllis* last bequeathment to you.

Ura. Live happy Shepherdess and wear it still.

Ama.

Ama. *Laurinda*, my great Legacy is yours,
Gentle-ungentle *Damon*.

Lau. I re-queath him to my *Amaryllis* :
Come therefore amorous maid, be rul'd by me ;
This night we'll sleep together.

Dor. And she too
Should dream of *Damon*—

Lau. *Dorylas*, go to *Thestylis*,
T'excuse her this nights absence. *Amaryllis*,
Wenchs are nere so witty as a bed.
And two together make a States-man's head.
—Be gone to *Thestylis*.

Dor. So, I am sure
Still *Cupid's* factor : well, ere long I see
There will be many an heir the more for me.

Ura. My *Bellamore*, y'are under good protection,
The Temple gates will close, unless I haste.

Lau, Urania, a happy night unto you,

Ura. The like to her that pities the distressed *Amaryllis* :

Excunt Lau. Ama. Urania.

Dor. So, so, this Honey with the very thought
Has made my mouth so liquorish, that I must
Have something to appease the appetite.
Have at *Jocastus* orchard! dainty apples, (hearts
How lovely they look ! why these are *Dorylas* sweet
Now must I be the Princely *Oberon*,
And in a royal humour, with the rest
Of royal Fairies attendant, go in state
To rob an Orchard : I have hid my robes
On purpose in a hollow tree. Heavens blefs me !

Claius, Dorylas.

What puck, what Goblin's this?

Cl. Thrice sacred valley,
I kiss thy hallowed earth !

Dor. Another lover,
Enamour'd of the ground.

Cl. Fain would I speak
And ask for *Amaryllis* : but my fear
Will not Permit me.

Dor?

Dor. S'tid, I think he takes me
For *Oberon* already.

Cl. Youth, can yon tell me
How I may speak to night with *Amaryllis*?

Dor. Age, by no means to night: this night she lodges
With fair *Laurinda*, old *Medorus* daughter.

Cl. Can you instruct me then how I may meet
Amyntas?

Dor. Who, the mad-man? Every evening
He walks abroad into the valley here
With *Thestylis*. Farewell old walking ivie-bush,

Exit Dor.

Claius solus.

Cl. I see the smoak steam from the Cottage top,
The fearful huswife rakes the embers up.
All hush to bed. Sure no man will disturb me.
O blessed valley! I the wretched *Claius*
Salute thy happy soil, I that have liv'd
Pelted with angry curses in a place
As horrid as my griefs, the *Libyan* mountains,
These sixteen frozen winters, there have I
Been with rude Out-laws, living by such sins
As run o'th'score with justice 'gainst my prayers and
wishes.

And when I would have tumbled downe a rock,
Some secret power restrain'd mee. There I lately heard
By a disconsolate Pilgrim that sought death,
That my *Amyntas* wits (ha me!) were marr'd;
'Twas not a time to think to save my self,
When my poor boy was lost, Lost said I? — O *Phæbus*!
If there be severaigh power in juice of herbs.
And that the teeming earth yeild medicinall flowers
To cure all maladies, I have sought the skill,
No leaf, no root hath escap'd mee: I may boast it,
I have been natures diligent Apothecary.
Be lucky my Emplaister? I have temper'd
The surest Recipe the worlds garden yields;
'Twould put *Orestes* in his wits again,

I know I step upon my death : the Oracle
Desires my bloud for sacrifice, and *Pilumnus*
For his old hate still seeks it: make long stay
I dare not, onely I desire t'apply
My medicine and be gone. Who's this I spy ?

SCEN. 3.

Thestylis, Amyntas, Mopsus.

—I do remember now that countenance ;
It is my sister *Thestylis* , Ile stand close
T'observe their actions.

Thest. Would to *Ceres*
She would be Pleas'd at length to end her anger,
And pity poor *Amyntas* !

Cl. So pray I.

Amynt. I have the bravest Spaniel in the world,
Of a sharp sent and quick, so ho ho! so ho ho ho.
Ringwood, Fowler, Whitefoot, so ho ho! so ho ho ho!

Mop. I shall be a whole kennel of dogs anon.

Amynt. *Juno, Vulcan, Venus!* so ho ho ! so ho ho !

Mop. Lord, what a heavenly Puppy he makes me now ?

Amynt. There *Lady*, there !

Mop. Ha? be there *Lady-dogs* as well as *Lady-birds* too?

Amynt. *Beauty, Beauty.*

Mop. S'lid, I was never call'd that name before.

Thestylis, *Amyntas* calls me *Beauty*,

I Prethee come kiss me.

Thest. Thus I spend my life
Laughing amidst my tears.

Amynt. Now *Vertue, Vertue* !

Mop. Is that a dogs name too? would I were hang'd
If Ile have any of it for that trick.

Amynt. Dost thou not sent it yet? Close, close you
rogue !

By *Pan*, the cur hunts counter.

Mop. O good Master! Bow wow, bow wow wow—

Amynt.

Amyntas. So now he has't again.
What at a fault, you mungrel ? will you never
Start me this Oracle ?

Mop. Start an Oracle ?
As if an Oracle were an Hare ?

Amyntas. So 'tis,
And skuds away so swift we cannot take it.
Start me this Oracle.

Mop. Start is who will for me ;
For I'll not start it.

Amyntas. Then unkennel it.

Mop. Unkennel it.

Amyntas. Is'tis a Fox, a Fox,
A cunning crafty rogue : no body knows
which way to finde him. Ha ? what is this ?
Dost thou not smell ?

Mop. What ?

Amyntas. The meaning of the Oracle.
Unkennel it, or I will lash thee.

Mop. Good sir,
I have no skill in starting or unkennelling,
But if you'll have me spring an Oracle— (cle.

Amyntas. And wilt thou do it ? spring me then this Ora-

Mop. I that I will, my skill lies all in birds,
Whose flight I fear I have observ'd so long.
That I am metamorphos'd to a Spaniel.

Amyntas. Look how my Hawk of understanding soars
About the partridge Oracle !— ill luck !
'Tis a retreat again.

Mop. O shall I never
Rid me of this misfortune ! (thanks good omen)
Cras, cras, she says, to morrow 'twill be better.
Black bird I thank thee !

*A
Crow
caws.*

Claius to them.

Thest. Little thinks the wretched *Claius* now
How sad a life Poor *Amyntas* lives !

Cl. Too well unto his grief— I'll go unto him,
And follow him in his humour: — You have got
A dainty Spaniel, sir.

Amyntas.

Amyntas. I think the world
Cannot afford his equal.

Cl. What breed is he?

Amyntas. True Spartan, Ile assure you.

Cl. Was the sire
Of the same Countrey?

Amyntas. No, as I remember,
He was an Irish Grey-hound, but the damme
Came of *Aethons* brood.

Cl. As how I pray?

Amyntas. Why thus; *Melampus* was the sire of *Lelaps*,
Lelaps to *Lagon*, *Lagon* to *Ichonobates*,
Ichonobates to *Pamphagus*, and *Pamphagus*
To *Dorceus*, he to *Labros*, that was sire
To *Oresitrophus*, *Oresitrophus*
To fleet *Theridamas*, *Theridamas*
To swift *Nebrophonos*, *Nebrophonos*
To the quick-nos'd *Aellus*, he to *Dromas*,
Dromas to *Tigris*, *Tigris* to *Oribasus*,
Oribasus to *Pterelas*, he to *Nape*,
The damme of *Mopsus*.

Mop. So then *Oribasus*
Was my great grandfather. Though I be a dog,
I come of a good house; my ancestors
Were all of Noble names past understanding.
What a brave man's my Master! where learn'd he
All this? N'ere stir now, I could find in my heart
To leave my Augury, and study Herauldry;
A man I think may learn't as well as t'other,
Yet never fear of growing too wise upon't.
And then will I record the pedigree.
Of all the dogs i th' world. O that I had
The Arms of all our house by th' Mothers side!

Cl. Sir, I have brave things in a basket for you;
Give me your dog, and you shall have 'em all.

Amyntas. Take him.

Mop. O heaven! and shall I change my master,
One mad man for an other?

Amyntas. Curre, be quiet :
I have said it, and my will shall be a law.

Mop. O good Sir, for *Melampus* sake, and *Dorcens*,
Lelaps, *Ichonobates*, *Lagon*, *Melanchetes*,
Labros, *Nebrophonos*, *Oresitrophos*,
Tigris, *Oribasus*, *Theridamas*,
Aellus, *Dromas*, *Nape*, and all the rest
Of all my noble ancestors deceas'd,
Be merciful unto me ! Pity, pity.
The only hope of all our family.

Cl. Sir, can he fetch and carry ?

Amyntas. You shall see him.

Fetch, firrah : — there : — the curre is run away ;
Help me to catch my dog : You'll bring, you mungrel ?

Mop. Yes, much ! the birds will not advise me to it *Exit.*

Thest. Sylvan, why gaze you on us ? would you frolick
With poor *Amyntas*'s madness ? 'twould ill besem you
To make our grief your pastime.

Cl. Not I, by heaven !

My joys are counterfeit, my sorrows real :
(I cannot hold from weeping) ah, you know not
What grief lies here within, (tears, you'll betray me !)
Give me my eye-full of this noble shepherd !
Who hath not heard how he hath chac'd the Boar ?
And how his spear hath torn the panch of Wolves ?
On the bark of every tree his name's engraven :
Now planet struck, and all that vertue vanish'd !

Thest. Thy looks are fierce, thy words bespeak thee

Amyntas. Why wept he, *Thestylis* ? (gentle.

Thest. I did not mark him.

Amyntas. It was a mote in's eye, I'll kiss it out ;
I'll curl thy shackled locks, and crisp thy hair
Like the straight-growing Cypress. Come, let's put
Our heads together : Thou art more then mortal,
And shalt expound to *Ceres* what she asks.
It is a gallant Sylvan, *Thestylis*.

Cl. I am not skill'd in riddles, no interpreter
Of divinations ; but dare contend

With

With any Emperick to do a cure,
Whether the body, or the mind be sick;
That is my study: I but crave the leave
To try the power of Art upon this shepherd;
If *Æsculapius* be propitious to him,
After the dew of one nights softer slumbers,
I dare be bold to say he shall recover.

Amynt. My dog again, dost read it in the stars?
What a strange man is this!

Cl. Thy wits *Amyntas*,
I mean; O cast thy arms in my embraces:
Speak, careful Nymph, how came he thus distracted?

Amynt. I, do you mean? with a very-very-very mad
By making verses. (trick;

Cl. Rest, rest, deluded fancy.

Thest. There was a time (alas that e're it was!)
When my poor shepherd fell in love.

Cl. With whom? (rania

Thest. The star of beauty, *Pilumnus* much admir'd is.

Cl. O the cross darts of fate!

Thest. She, sweet Nymph, inlodged
The casket of his love in her own bosom;
But *Ceres* set a dowry. Out alas!
Would she had ask'd our flocks, our kids, our groves!
Would she had bid us quench the flames of *Ætna*
In *Arethusa's* streams! it had been easie:

We fight with words, and cannot conquer them.

This her imperious *Ompha* ask'd, and thundered,

That which thou hast not, maist not, canst not have,

Amyntas, is the dowry that I crave.

To find out her commands, he lost himself.

Cl. Your story's pitiful. 'Tis my possession
To wander through the earth; and in my travel,
I am inquisitive after the sick to heal 'em;
Their cure, and kind acceptance, is my pay.
You will not fear to lodge me for a night?

Thest. We have but homely hospitality.

Amy. I'll feast thee with some *Venus* son, brave *Montano's*

Cl. Thy restitution is my feast, *Amyntas* ;
 Your curds and chestnuts, and your countrey fare,
 Is bounteous for so mean a guest as I :
 But send for that *urania* ; her sweet voice
 Must sing a lullaby to drown his senses,
 And charm soft sleep upon his troubled fancy ;
 And fore the grey eyed morn do peep, be confident
 Ile put the musick of his brains in tune.
 You'l call *urania*.

Thest. Doubt not, sir, I will ;
 Or send my servant *Mycon* by the Vale.

Amynt. Come *Sylvan*, if the dogs do bark, Ile brain 'em ;
 Wee'l sleep to night together, and to morrow

Cl. Will end, I hope, thy madness, not my sorrow.

Amynt. Wee'l go a hunting, so ho ho ! so ho ho ! *Exeunt,*
Mopsus from the Orchard.

Mop. Are the mad dogs gone yet ?
 A little more would have perswaded me
 Into a Spaniel ; and I may be one,
 For any thing I know ; yet sure I am not,
 Because me thinks I speak : but and this speaking
 Should be but barking now ? if I be a dog,
 Heaven send me a better master then the former ?
Ceres defend me, what strange *Elves* are there !

SCEN. 4.

Dorylas, with a Bevy of Fairies ?

Dor. How like you my Grace ? is not my countenance
 Royal, and full of Majesty ? Walk I not
 Like the young Prince of *Pigmies* ? Ha ? my knaves,
 Wee'l fill our pockets. Look, look yonder *Elves*,
 Would not yon apples tempt a better conscience
 Than any we have, to rob an Orchard ? ha ?
Fairies, like Nymphs with child, must have the things
 They long for. You sing here a *Fairy* catch
 In that strange tongue I taught you, while my self

Do

Do climb the trees. Thus Princely Oberon
Ascends his throne of State.

Elves. *Nos Beata Fanni proteſ,
Quibus non eſt magna moles,
Quamvis Lunam incolamus,
Hortos ſape frequentamus.
Furto cuncto magis bella,
Furto Dulcior Puella.
Furto omnia decora,
Cum poma dulciora.
Cum mortales lecto jacent,
Nobis poma noctu placent,
Illa tamen ſunt ingrata,
Niſi furto ſint parata.*

Jocastus. Bromius.

(mony

Joc. What divine noiſe fraught with immortal har-
Salutes mine ears?

Brom. Why this immortal harmony
Rather ſalutes your Orchard: theſe young rascals,
Theſe peſcod ſhellers do ſo cheat my maſter,
We cannot have an apple in the Orchard,
But ſtraight ſome Fairy longs for't: Well, if I
Might have my wi'll, a whip again ſhould jerk 'em
Into their mortality.

Joc. Dar'ſt thou, Schreech-owl,
With thy rude croaking interrupt their muſick,
Whoſe melody hath made the ſpheres to lay
Their heavenly lutes aſide, only to liſten
To their more charming notes?

Brom. Say what you will,
I ſay a cudgel now were excellent muſick,

Oberon *deſcende citus,*
Elves. *Ne cogaris hinc invitus.*
Canes audio latrantes,
Et mortales vigilantes.

Joc. Prince Oberon ? I heard his Graces name.

Brom. O ho, I spie his Grace : Most noble Prince,
Come down, or I will pelt your Grace with stones,
That I believe your Grace was ne're so pelted
Since 'twas a Grace,

Dor. Bold mortal, hold thy hand.

Bro. Immortal thief, come down, or I will fetch you ;
Me thinks it should impair his graces honour,
To steal poor mortals apples. Now have at you.

Dor. *Jocastus*, we are *Oberon*, and we thought
That one so near to us as you in favour,
Would not have suffered this prophane rude groom
Thus to impair our royalty.

Joc. Gracious Prince,
The fellow is a fool, and not yet purg'd
From his mortality.

Dor. Did we out of love,
And our entire affection, of all Orchards
Chooſe yours, to make it happy by our dances,
Light airy measures, and fantastick rings ;
And you, ungrateful mortal, thus requite us,
All for one apple !

Joc. Villain, th'ast undone me ;
His Grace is much incens'd.

Dor. Yow know, *Jocastus*,
Our Grace have Orchards of our own, more precious
Then mortals can have any : and we sent you
A present of them t'other day.

Joc. 'Tis right,
Your Graces humble servant must acknowledge it.

Brom. Some of his own, I am sure.

Dor. I must confess,
Their our-side look'd something like yours indeed ;
But then the taste more relish'd of Eternity,
The same with *Nectar*.

Joc. Your good grace is welcome
To any thing I have : Nay, Gentlemen,
Pray do not you spare neither,

Elves. Ti-ti-ta-ti.

Joc. What say these mighty Peers, great *Oberon*?

Dor. They cannot speak this language, but in ours
They thank you; and they say they will have none.

Elves. Ti-ti ta-ti Tititatie.

Joc. What say they now?

Dor. They do request you now
To grant them leave to dance a Fairy ring
About your servant, and for his offence
Pinch him; do you the while command the traitor
Not dare to stir, nor once presume to mutter.

Joc. Traitor, for so Prince *Oberon* deigns to call thee,
Stir not, nor mutter.

Bro. To be thus abus'd!

Joc. Ha? mutterst thou?

Brom. I have deserved better.

Joc. Still mutterst thou?

Brom. I see I must endure it.

Joc. Yet mutterst thou? Now, noble Lords, begin
When it shall please your Honours.

Dor. Ti ti ta tie,
Our noble friend permits Tititatie,
Do you not, sir?

Joc. How should I say I do?

Dor. Ti ti ta tie.

Joc. Ti ti ta tie, my noble Lords.

Elves. *Quoniam per te violamur*
Ungues hic experiamur.
Statim dices tibi datam
Cutem valde variatam.

They dance.

(*sick*)

Joc. Tititatie to your Lordship for this excellent mu-

Bro. This tis to have a coxcomb to ones master.

Joc. Still mutterst thou?

Exit Bromius.

S 4

Dorylas

Dorylas from the tree, Jocastus falls on his knees.

Dor. And rise up Sir *Jocastus*, our dear Knight.
Now hang the hallowed bell about his neck,
We call it a mellifonant Tingle-tangle,
(Indeed a sheep-bell stoln from's own fat wether) *aside*
The Ensign of his Knighthood. Sir *Jocastus*,
We call to mind we promis'd you long since
The president of our Dance's place; we are now
Pleas'd to confirm it on you; Give him there
His staff of dignity.

Joc. Your Grace is pleas'd
To honour your poor liegeman.

Dor. Now be gone.

Joc. Farewel unto your Grace, and eke to you,
Tititatie, my noble Lord, farewel. *Exit.*

Dor. *Tititatie*, my noble fool, farewel.
Now my Nobility and honoured Lords,
Our grace is pleas'd for to part stakes; here, *Jocalo*,
These are your share; these his, and these our Graces.
Have we not gull'd him bravely? see, you rascals,
These are the fruits of witty knavery.

Mopsus enters barking. (Lords!

Dor. Heaven shield Prince *Oberon*, and his honoured
We are betraid.

Mop. Bow wow wow.

Nav, nay, since you have made a sheep of my brother,
I'll be a dog to keep him.

Dor. O good *Mopsus*! (*rylas,*

Mop. Does not your Grace, most low and mighty *Dor*,
Fear whipping now?

Dor. Good *Mopsus*, but conceal us,
And I will promise by to morrow night
To get thee *Thestylis*.

Mop. I will ask leave
Of the birds first. An Owl? the bird of night; *An Owl*
That plainly shews, that by to morrow night *shreeks.*
He

He may perform his promise.

Dor. And I Will.

Mop. Why then I will conceal you. But your Grace
Must think your Grace beholding to me.

Dor. Well,
We do.

Mop. And thank the Owl, she stood your friend.
And for this time my witty Grace, farewell.

Dor. Nay, be not so discourteous; stay and take
An apple first: you *Jocalo*, give him one,
And you another, and our Grace a third.

Mop. Your Grace is liberal: but now I fear
I am not he that must interpret th'Oracle,
My brother will prevent me, to my grief:
I much suspect it, for this *Dorylas*
A scar-crow cozen'd him most shamefully,
Which makes me fear he's a more fool than I.

Exit Mopsus.

Dor. So, we are clean got off: come noble Peers
Of *Fairy*, come attend our Royal Grace.
Let's go and share our fruit with our Queen *Mab*,
And th'other Dairy maids: whereof this theam
We will discourse amidst our Cakes and Cream.

Elves. *Cum tot poma habeamus,
Triumphos læti jam canamus.
Faunos ego credam ortos
Tantum ut frequentent hortos.*

*I domum Oberon ad illas
Quæ nos manent nunc ancillas.
Quarum osculemur sinum,
Inter poma, lac, & vinum.*

Finis Actus tertii.

ACTUS

ACTUS 4. SCENA II.

*Mopsus, Thestylis.**Mop.*

I Would have you to know, *Thestylis*, so I would,
I am no dog, but mortal flesh and bloud
As you are.

Thest. O be patient, gentle *Mopsus*.*Mop.* S'lid, fetch and carry !

Thest. Nay, good sweet-heart
Be not angry.

Mop. Angry ? why, 'twould anger
A dog indeed to be so us'd, a dog !
I would not use a dog so : bid a dog
That comes of a good house to fetch and carry !
Discourteous ! let him get dogs of his own,
For I have got my neck out of the collar,
Let him unkennel's Oracles himself
For *Mopsus*, if I start or spring him one,
He die the dogs death, and be hang'd : mad fool.

The. But *Mopsus*, you may now securely visit
Me and my house : *Amyntas*, heaven be prais'd,
Is now recover'd of his wits again.

Mop. How ? and grown wise !*Thest.* *Ceres* be prais'd as ever.

Mop. Shut up your doors then ; *Cardus Benedictus*,
Or Dragon water may do good upon him.

Thest. What mean you, *Mopsus* ?*Mop.* Mean I ? what mean you

To invite me to your house when tis infected ?

Thest. Infected ?*Mop.* I, *Amyntas* has his wits ;

And do you think I'll keep him company ?

Though as I told you, still I am suspicious
Jocastus is the man that must—

Thest. Do what ?*Mop.* It grieves me to think of it.*Thest.*

Thest. Out with't man.

Mop. That must interpret ; I have cause to think
(with sorrow be it spoken) he will prove
The verier fool, but lea him ; yet now my Augury
That never fails me, tells me certainly
That I shall have thee, *Thestylis*, yet ere night ;
It was an owl—

SCEN. 2.

Claius. Amyntas.

—And --- see see, *Thestylis*,
Here comes the Ivy-bush, He stand aside,
For I am still most bodily afraid.

Amy. What Deity lives ? the soul of *Phæbus*
Breaths in this powerful man : sure *Æsculapius*
Revisits earth again ; and in this shape
Deals health amongst us ! I before was nothing
But bruit and beast. O tell me by what relicks
Of heavenly fire have you inspir'd me with
This better soul of reason ! worthy sir,
If y'are some god (as less I cannot deem you)
That pitying of my miseries, came down
From heaven to cure me, tell me, that I may
With sacrifice adore you.

Mop. Adore him ?
Are there such ruffian-gods in heaven as he ?
Such beggarly Deities ?

Amy. If you will conceal it,
And I by ignorance omit to pay
Those sacred duties that I ought, be pleas'd
To pardon me.

Mop. Heigh-day ! well *Thestylis*,
You may be glad your house is not infected ;
He's ten times madder now then ere he was,
To deifie this rude ill-favour'd Sylvan,
This fellow with the beard all over : *Thestylis*,

I dare

I dare not stay; unless my heels maintain
My safety, I shall turn a dog again.

Exit Mopsus.

Cl. I am as you are, mortal; 'tis my skill
In Physick, and experience in the rare
Virtue of herbs, that wrought this miracle,
No divinity or power in me.

Thest. *Amyntas*, when shall we requite this kindness?

Amynt. Never, I would willingly
Have sacrific'd unto him, but his modesty
Will not permit it: though he will not suffer us
T'adore him as a God, yet we may pay
A reverence to him as a father.

Cl. O those words do touch the quick!

Amynt. For it he be
A father that begot this flesh, this clay,
What's he to whom we owe our second birth
Of soul and reason? Father I must call you
By that name Father.

Cl. Now the flood gate's open,
And the full stream of tears will issue out:
Traitors you will betray me!

aside.

Thest. Sir, why weep you?

Cl. To think of this man's father—O I lov'd him
As dearly as my self (my words and all
Break out suspicious;) has he not a daughter?
As I remember well, he said her name was——

Thest. *Amaryllis*.

Cl. Yes, I had almost
Forgot it, I would fain have seen her too.

Thest. You cannot now, because to night she lodg'd
With one *Lauwinda*.

SCEN. 3.

Urania.

Amynt. O my *Urania*, welcome;
Amyntas bids thee so, I that till now

Was

was not *Amyntas* : come my joy, and meet mee
Full of our happinesse !

Ura. Grant *Ceres* now
My hopes be faithfull to me, my *Amyntas*.
How come your thoughts so settled ?

Amyntas. O *Urania*,
Here, here he stands, to whom I owe my self,
And thou owest me: we reverence in our Temples
Marble and brasle, whose statues serve for nothing
But to hang cobwebs on : Oh ! how much rather
Should we adore this deity, that bestow'd
Such happinesse upon us !

Ura. Would we knew
How to deserve it.

Cl. So you may, *Urania*,
If you will grant mee one request.

Ura. Command it.

Cl. I would intreat you presently to vow
Virginity to *Ceres*, that *Amyntas*
No more may toil his brain in thinking what
To give you for a Dowry.

Ura. Sir, I will
Presently about it. I'll only first
Get some unknown disguise.

Cl. I dare stay here
No longer, for I must be gone ere yet
The light betrays me.

Ura. Happiness attend you.

Cl. Remember it *Urania*,

Amyntas. Farewell father.

Exeunt Ura. Amyntas. Thest.

Claius solus.

Cl. Thus like a Bat, or Owl I spend my age
In night or darkness, as ashamed of day,
And fearful of the light : the Sun and I
Dare never be acquainted, O guilt, guilt.
Thou and thy daughter fear are punishments
Perpetual, every whistling of the wind.

Doth

Doth seem the noise of apprehenders ; shadows
 Affright me more then men. Each step I tread
 Is danger. Life : why to live longer should we
 Not live at all ? I hear a noise : false timorousness
 Deceive me not, — my eyes instruct mee too,
 Heaven shield me, —

SCEN. 4.

Alexis. Damon.

Fain I would enquire of them
 For *Amaryllis*, but if one of these
 Be *Damon*, I am lost.

Al. How early, *Damon*, do lovers rise ?

Cl. 'Tis he, I hear his name, good mole away. *Exit.*

Da. No Larks so soon, *Alexis*.

Alex. He that of us shall have *Laurinda*, *Damon*,
 Will not be so soon, ha ! would you *Damon*?

Da. *Alexis*, no: but if I miss *Laurinda*,
 My sleep shall be eternal.

Al. I much wonder the Sun so soon can rise.

Da. Did he lay his head in fair *Laurinda*'s lap,
 We should have but short days.

Al. No Summer, *Damon*.

Da. *Thetis* to her is brown,

Al. And he doth rise

From her to gaze on fair *Laurinda*'s eyes.

Da. O now I long to meet our Arbitress.

Al. On whom depends our only happiness.

Da. It must be the first Virgin that we greet
 From *Ceres* Temple.

Al. Yes, the first we meet.

Da. I hear no noise of any yet that move.

Al. Devotion's not so early up as Love.

Dam. See how *Aurora* blushes ! we suppose
 Where *Tithon* lay to night.

Al. That modest Rose

He grafted there.

Da. O heaven, 'tis all I seek,
To make that colour in *Laurinda's* cheek.

Al. The Virgins now come from the Temple.

Da. Appeal unto the first.

SCEN. 5.

The Virgins pass over the Stage with wax-candles in their hands, Amaryllis goes the first, but she is staid by Damon, as unknown to be Amaryllis, she being veil'd, and having on her head the Garland that Laurinda took from Damon.

Chast beauteous Nymph,
Ceres so grant your prayers, as you determine
Justly our cause!

Ama. *Ceres* has heard my prayers:
For all my morning orisons begg'd no more
Then one kind word from *Damon*.

Da. *Amaryllis*!

Al. That name breaths life and soul to poor *Alexis*.

Ama. The same,—why startle you? you have not met
A poyson, *Damon*?

Da. Yes, a thousand vipers
Have stung my soul.

Al. As many joys crown mine
With happiness.

Da. would I had met this morning
Infectious vapours, nursing plagues, not thee,
No curse but that had power to ruine me!

Al. No other blessing hath preserv'd me.

Ama. what should this mean, my *Damon*? how have I
Displeas'd you, sweet? heaven knows it is my prayer
More then for heaven, to please you.

Da. O my torture!
Fly hence as far as hell, and hide thy head
Lower then darkness; would thou hadst been acting

Incest

Incest or murder, when thou cam'st to pray,
Thou hadst in any thing sinn'd less then this
Unseasonable devotion !

Ama. Can it be

A sin to pray for *Damon* ?

Da. Thou hadst blest me

Hadst thou sate all this while in some dark cell
Loading my head with curses.

Ama. Innocence,

Let me not understand you.

Da. I'll not stand

To her award, she is a partial judge,
And will decree unjustly.

Ama. How to *Damon* ?

To him she loves so dearly ?

Da. That's the reason ;

She does confess, *Alexis*, that she loves me,
That's argument enough against her.

Ama. *Ceres*, these obscure passions move me.

Al. I'll instruct you,

Take here the Paper, pen and Ink.

Ama. Why yet fir,

I know no more.

Al. You are to pass your censure,

Being the first Nymph that we have met this morning,
Which of us two must have the fair *Laurinda*.

Write your award ; our mutual oathes do binde us
Not to deny't.

Da. 'Tis a meer plot contriv'd

Betwixt this cursed Nymph and you, *Alexis*.

Al. *Damon*, you wrong us both.

Da. where did you steal

This Garland ? it was mine.

Ama. For that I love it,

Because it once was thine.

Da. For that I hate it,

Cause it is thine, had it been true to me,
Methinks as soon as it had touch'd thy head

It should have witherd.

Amar. So it would have done,
Had it not first touch'd yours. *Laurinda* gave me
This Garland, but nere told me of this accident.

Dam. *Alexis*, you deal false; tis a conspiracy
'Twixt you and her.

Alex. How can it? you know, *Damon*.
I have not been one minute from your presence.

Dam. You took your time while I was sleeping.

Alex. Neither,
Nor I nor you could sleep one wink this night;
The expectation of this morning trial
Did keep us both awake.

Dam. I do not know,
But there is some trick in't, and Ile appeal
From her too partiall sentence. (you stand

Alex. Ile the while go fetch *Laurinda*, she shall force
Unto her trial. Exit.

Amar. *Damon*, thy harsh-language is more then death
Unto me.

Dam. I charge you to tear the paper,
And refuse to judge between us.

Amar. No, I am resolv'd to write what I determine.

Da. Now thou hast indeed a time wherein thou maist
Revenge my scorne; take it; but Ile prevent thee.

He strikes her.

Amar. Welcome, death!
From him all things are so. *Damon*, fly hence;
Thou hast shed blood here in the *Sacred Valley*,
Make haste away, or thou art lost for ever.

Dam. Thy counsel's good, no matter whose the guilt.
Exit *Damon*.

Amar. What was it he said last? — Thou hast indeed
A time wherein thou maist revenge my scorn.

— With love, no otherwise; and there thou shalt not
Prevent me, *Damon*. I will write— This ink
Deserves not to record the name of *Damon*;

'Tis black and ugly; thou thy self hast furnisht me,
T. With

With that of better colour. 'Tis my blood
 That's truly *Cupids* ink ; love ought to write
 Onely with that : — This paper is too coarse ;
 O that I had my heart , to write it there !
 But so it is already. Would I had
 A parchment made of my own skin, in that
 To write the truth of my affection,
 A wonder to posterity ! — Hand, make hast
 As my blood does, or I shall faint J fear
 Ere I have done my story —

SCEN. 6

Enter Dorylas.

Dor. These milk maids are the daintiest rogues! they
 As sweet as fillibubs ! surely *Oberon* (kiss
 Lives a delicious life ? Ha, who lies here ?
 A Nymph ? if 'twere but now in *Oberons* power
 To steal away her maiden-head as she sleeps,
 O 'twould be excellent sport, to see how she
 Would miss it when she wakes : what misery it is
 To be a boy ! why could not my good father
 Have got nice five years sooner ? here had been
 A purchase. Well, 'tis but five years longer,
 And I shall hope to see a merrier world.
 No body neer too ! S'lid the very thought's
 Enough to make me man o' the sudden. Well
 He kifs her though.

Amar. Oh I faint.

Dor. She dreams ;
 Now shall I know all secrets . These same women
 Are given so much to talk when they are awake,
 That they prate sleeping too.

Amar. My blood congeals
 Within my quill, and I can write no more.

Dor. Love-letters ? she was troubled yesternight
 About inditing, and she dreams on't now.
 Poor sleepy Secretary !

Amar.

Amar. I will fold it up,
And send it : Who's that's here ? my eyes
Are dim ; ha, *Dorylas* !

Dor. Now she dreams she gives it me to carry :
I half fear I use to carry letters in my sleep,
Wearying my self all night ; and that's the reason
I am so loth to rise i'th morning.

Amar. *Dorylas*, carry this letter for me.

Dor. I thought so ;
That's all I that can do, carry their letters,
Or run of errands : well, come, five years hence
They may imploy me better. Unto whom is it ?

Amar. Unto *Laurinda*, take it .

Dor. How, a red latter ?

Amar. Say I wish all health to her and *Damon* ;
And being not able for to bear my griefs.
I sought a remedy from mine own spear, and died.

Dor. How, dead ? Oh me,
See how her blood hath staind the holy *Valley* !
Well, you have done me wrong, to kill your self,
Only to have me sacrific'd on the Altar ;
I nere deserv'd it,

Amar. Fear not, *Dorylas*.

Dor. Fear not, to die so like a Calf ? Oh *Dorylas*, oh —

Amar. Good *Dorylas*, be gone, while yet my breath
Will give me leave to say it was not you.

Dor. See that you do, and so farewell.

Exit

Amar. Farewell !

How fearfull death is unto them, whose life
Had any sweetness in it ! my daies have all
Been so ore-worn with sorrow, that this wound
Is unto mee rather a salve then sore,
More physick then disease. Whither my journey
Shall lead me now, through what dark hideous place,
Among what monsters, Hags, and snake-hair'd Furies
Am I to go, I know not : but my life
Hath been so spotless, chaste, and innocent,
My death so undeserv'd, I have no reason

(If there be gods) but to expect the best :
 Yet what doth most torment me, is the thought
 How long 'twill be ere I again enjoy
 My *Damon's* presence; until then, *Elysium*
 Will be no place of pleasure : and perchance,
 When he comes thither too, he then may sleight me.
 As much as now— That very fear doth make thee
 Die, wretched *Amaryllis* !

S C E N. 7.

Enter Claius.

Cl. How, no fear
 Can make me lose the Father ! Death or danger
 Threat what you can : I have no heart to go
 Back to the mountains, till my eyes have seen
 My *Amaryllis*.

Amar. O was ever love
 So cross'd as mine ? was ever Nymph so wretched
 As *Amaryllis* !

Cl. Ha ! I heard the sound
 Of *Amaryllis* ; where's that blessed creature
 That owns the name ? are you the Virgin ?

Amar. Yes,
 That fatal name is mine, I shall anon
 Be nothing but the name.

Cl. O speak, what hand,
 What barbarous Tigers issue, what cursed whelp
 Of Bears, or Lions, had the marble heart
 To wound so sweet a Nymph ?

Amar. O sir, my blood
 Calls none but Fortune guilty ; I by chance
 Stumbled on my own dart, and hurt my own self.

Cl. Then I have herbs to cure it : Heaven, I thank thee
 That didst instruct me hither ! Still the blood
 Flows like a scarlet torrent, whose quick stream
 Will not be checkt : speak, *Amaryllis*, quickly,
 What hand this sin hath stain'd, upon whose soul

This

This blood writes murther : till you see the man
 Before your eyes, that gave the hurt, all hope
 In Physick is dispair.—She will not speak,
 And now the cure grows to the last. Yet here
 I have a receipt will revive her spirits,
 And till the last drop of her blood be clean
 Exhausted from those azure veins, preserve her;
 But then she's lost for ever ! Then O *Ceres*,
 If there be any in these groves, men, virgins,
 Beast, bird, or trees, or any thing detesting
 This horrid fact, reveal it ! Sacred grass,
 Whose hallowed green this bloody deed hath stain'd,
 Ask Nature for a tongue to name the murtherer !
 Ile to the Temple— If this place contain
 Any Divinity, Piety, or Religion,
 If there be any god at home, or Priest,
 Ompha, or Oracle, Shrine, or Altar, speak
 Who did it : who is guilty of this sin,
 That dyes the earth with blood, and makes the heavens
 Asham'd to stand a witness ?

*Applies
 a medi-
 cine,
 and rubs
 her tem-
 ples,*

SCEN. 8.

Enter Pilumnus, Corymbus.

Pil. What sad voice
 Disturbs our pious Orgyes ?

Cor. See, *Pilumnus*,

A Virgin all in gore.

Pil. *Ceres* defend us,

The *Sacred Valley* is profan'd.

Cor. The place

So dear to *Ceres*, all defil'd with blood.

Pil. By *Ceres*, and her holy *Ompha*, he
 That did it with his blood shall satisfy
 The Goddess anger : Who by blood offends,
 By his own sacrific'd must make amends.

Cl. I durst presume upon the power of Art,

T 2

Did

Did I but know the murtherer!

Pilum. Howsoever,

'Tis death to him that did it.

Cor. Speak his name,

Fair Virgin.

Amar. O, —if it be death to him

That did it, I have not the power to live
Behind him.

Cor. Why, who was it then?

Amar. My self,

And therefore in my death, your Law is satisfied,
The blood and act both mine.

Cl. It is not so,

For had it been by her own hand, my skill
Could have preserv'd her life.

Amar. It was my self,

Or one as dear.

Cl. Who's that?

Amar. Ile rather die

Then name him, though it be a name I use

Of to repeat, and every repetition

Is a new soul unto me: 'tis a name

I have taught the birds to carrol, every

Laurel and Cedar bears it registred

Upon his tender bark; it is a name

In which is all the life I yet have left;

A name I long to speak, yet I had rather

Die all the severall sorts of death twice over,

Then speak it once.

Cl. I charge thee by that duty

Thou ow'st to me, *Amaryllis*, that thou owest to me

Who gave thee life, —

Pil. What should this mean, *Corymbus*?

Cl. And by the womb that bare thee, by the breasts
Of thy dead mother, *Lalage*.

Cor. This is strange.

Cl. Conceal him not! in plain, I am thy father,
Thy father, *Amaryllis*, that commands thee

By these gray hairs to tell mee. I am *Claius*.

Pil. How, *Claius* ! and so fortunately found !

Cl. I, glut your hate, *Pilumnus* ; let your soul,
That has so long thirsted to drink my blood,
Swill till my veins are empty ; and carouse
Deep in my heart, till you grow drunk, and reel,
And vomit up the surfeit that your crueltye
Quafft off with so much pleasure. I have stood
Long like a fatall Oak, at which great *Jove*
Levels his thunder ; all my boughs long since
Blasted and witherd ; now the trunk falls too.
Heaven end thy wrath in me !

Pil. Blessed be *Ceres* !

What unexpected happiness is here !
Rejoyce *Sicilians*, miserable lovers,
Crown all your brows with roses, and adore
The deity that sent him : he is come
Whose blood must quench the fire of *Ceres* wrath,
And kindle more auspicious flames of love
In every breast.

Cl. I, do, I fear not death.

Let every Virgins hand, when I am slain,
Ring me a knell of plaudits ; let my Dirges
Be amorous ditties ; and instead of weeping,
Dance at my funerall ! 'Tis no grief for me
To die to make my County-men some sport,
Here's one in whom I only wish to live
Another Age.

Amar. What joy have I to live,

That nere liv'd yet ? the time that I have spent
Since first I wept, then when I first had entrance
Into this world, this cold and sorrowfull world,
Was but a scene of sorrow. Wretched I !
Fatal to both my Parents ! For my birth
Ruin'd my mother, and my death my father.
O tragick life ! I either should have been
Nere born, or nere have died . When I began
To be, my sin began : why should it then

Out-live me ? for, though now I cease to be,
That still continues. Eyes, flow forth apace,
And be asham'd to see my wound run blood
Faster then you drop tears —

Enter Damon.

See here he comes,
His absence never untill now I wish.

Dam. My conscience brings me back; the feet of guilt
Go slow and dull : 'tis hard to run away
From that we bear about us !

Cl. The murtherer
Is in this place, the issue of her blood
Is stopt o'th sudden. Cruel man, 'tis thou
Hast done this bloody act, that will disgrace
The story of our Nation, and imprint
So deep a blemish in the age we live in
For savage barbarism, that eternity
Shall nere were out. *Pilumnus*, on my knees
I beg the justice of *Sicilian* Laws
Against this monster.

Pil. Claims, 'tis your hate,
And old revenge instructs you to accuse
My son ; you would have fellows in your death,
And to that purpose you pretend I know not
What mysteries of Art !

Cl. Speak, *Amaryllis*,
Is't not this Wolf ?

Pil. Say, Virgin, was it he ?

Amar. O, I am angry with my blood for stopping !
This coward ebb against my will betraies me ;
The stream is turn'd, my eyes run faster now.

Pil. Can you accuse my son ?

Amar. By *Ceres*, no;
I have no heart to do it. Does that face
Look cruel ? do those eyes sparkle with hate
Or malice ? tell me, father, looks that brow
As if it could but frown ? Say, can you think
'Tis possible *Damon* should have the heart

To wound a Virgin ? surely barbarous cruelty
Dwels not in such a breast ; mercy, and mildness,
Courtesie, love, and sweetness breathe in him,
Not anger, wrath, or murder : *Damon* was not
Fed at a *Thracian* teat, *Venus* did send
Her Doves to nurse him, and can he be cruel ?
Whence should he learn so much of barbarism
As thus to wrong a virgin ? If he wound me
'Tis onely from his eyes, where love's blind god
Whets his pil'd arrows ; He besides, you know,
Had never cause to wrong me, for he knows
Always I lov'd him : Father, do not wrong
An innocent ; his soul is white, and pure,
'Tis sin to think there lives a sin in him,
Impiety to accuse him.

Cl. In his looks

He carries guilt, whose horreur breeds this strange
And obstinate silence ; shame, and his conscience
Will not permit him to deny it.

Ama. 'Tis, alas,

His modest, bashful nature, and pure innocence
That makes him silent : think you that bright rose
That buds within his cheeks, was planted there
By guilt or shame ? no, he has always been
So unacquainted with all acts of sin,
That but to be suspected strikes him dumb
With wonder and amazement. For by *Ceres*
(I think my oath be lawful) I my self
Was cause of this.

Cl. Still I am confident

'Twas he.

Pil. It is your envie makes you so.

SCEN.

SCEN. 9.

Alexis, Laurinda.

Lau. —I will *Alexis*,
And so he must, if oaths be any tie.

Al. To lovers they are none, we break those bonds
As easily as threds of silk : a bracelet
Made of your maidens-hair's a stronger chain
Then twenty cobweb oaths ; while we break,
Venus but laughs : it must be your persuasion
That works him to it.

Lau. *Damon*, you must stand
To what you promis'd, how shall I believe
Those other oaths you swear, if you respect
This one no better ? It was my device
To have her judge, was it not, *Amaryllis* ?
How, all in blood !

Cl. Yes, this unmerciful man
(If he be man that can do such a crime)
Has wounded her.

Ama. Indeed it was not he.

Pil. You see her self frees him.

Lau. When last we left her
She was with *Damon*.

Ama. Pray believe her not,
She speaks it out of anger, I ne're saw
Damon to day before.

Al. And when we left'em
He was incens'd.

Ama. You are no competent witness;
You are his Rival in *Laurinda*'s love,
And speak not truth but malice ; 'tis a plot
To ruine innocence.

Lau. O ungrateful man!
The Wolf that does devour the breast that nurs'd it
Is not so bad as thou ; here here, this Letter

Th' eternal

The eternal Chronicle of affection.
That ought with golden characters to be writ
In Cupids Annals, will (false man) convince thee
Of foul ingratitude : you shall hear me read it.

The Letter.

Laurinda, you have put it unto me
To chuse a husband for you, I will be
A judge impartial, upright, just, and true,
Yet not so much unto my self as you.

Al. Now I expect to hear my blessed doom.

Lau. Alexis well deserves, but Damon more,
I wish you him I wish myself before.

Al. O, I am ruin'd in the height of hope
How like the herb Solstitial is a lover ?
Now born, now dead again, he buds, sprouts forth,
Flourishes, ripens, withers in a minute.

Lau. Take him the best of men, that ever eye
Beheld, and live with him for whom I die.

Amaryllis.

Here look on't—

Da. Writ with bloud ? O let me kiss
My bill of accusation ! here my name
Looks like my soul, all crimson, every line,
Word, syllable, and letter, wear the livery
Of my unnatural action. Amaryllis
That name of ill is black, which was alone
Worthy so pretious ink ; as if disdain
The character of cruelty, which the rest
Were cloth'd in : for as if that word alone
Did wear this mourning colour, to bewail
The funeral of my virtue, that lies buried
Here in this living tomb, this moving sepulchre.

Lau. Know murderer, I hate thy bed, and thee,
Unkind, unthankful villain.

Ama. Nay, Laurinda,
You have bound your self to stand to my award,

The

The sentence now is past, and you must love him;
 It cannot be divers'd ; you are deceiv'd,
 He is not guilty of this sin, his love
 To me for mine, makes him against his conscience
 Seem to confess it, but believe him not.

Lau. Nor will I, he is all falshood, and ingratitude,

Da. *Laurinda*, you may spare in this harsh language
 To utter your dislike : had you a beauty
 More then immortal, and a face whose glory
 Far out shin'd angels, I would make my choice
 Here, and no where but here ; her virtue now
 Moves a more noble flame within my breast
 Then ere your beauty did ; I am enamour'd
 More of her soul, then ever yet I doted
 Upon your face. I do confess the fact :
 Pardon me virtuous maid, for though the action
 Be worthy death, the object most condemns me !
 Take me to death *Corymbus*, *Amaryllis*
 I go to write my story of repentance
 With the same Ink, wherewith thou wrote before
 The legend of thy love, farewell, farewell,

Exeunt Corymbus, Damon.

Pil. *Laurinda*, and *Alexis*, do you call
 The Shepherds, and the Virgins of *Sicilia*
 To see him sacrific'd, whose death must make
 Their loves more fortunate ; this day shall be
 Happy to all *Sicilians*, but to me.
 Yet come thou cursed *Claius*, the sweet comfort
 Which I shall take when my revenge is done,
 Will something ease the sorrow for my son.

Cl. *Amaryllis*, prithee call *Amyntas* to me,
 And *Thestylis* : I fain would have mine eye
 Behold them once again before I die, *Exit Pil. Clai.*

Al. Come my *Laurinda*, through how many chances,
 Suspitions, errors, sorrows, doubts, and fears
 Love leads us to our pleasures ! many storms
 Have we sail'd through, my Sweet, but who could fear
 A tempest, that had hope to harbour here. *Ex. Al. Lau.*

Ama,

Amaryllis sola.

Ama. All, all but the distressed *Amaryllis*
Are happy, or less wretched; fair *Laurinda*
Is ready for a wedding, old *Pilumnus*
Hath lost a son, yet mitigates his grief
In *Claius* death, my father *Claius* dies,
Yet joys to have the son of his old enemy
A partner of his sorrows; my father loses
Onely himself, and *Damon* too no more;
Amyntas but a father, only I.

Have lost all these; J have lost *Claius*, *Damon*,
And my self too; a father with *Amyntas*,
And all the rest in *Damon*, and which more
Affects me, J am cause of all; *Pilumnus*
Had not else lost his son, nor had *Amyntas*
Wept for a father; nor poor *Thestylis*
Bewail'd a brother, *Damon* might have liv'd,
And *Claius* but for me; all circumstances
Concur to make my miseries compleat,
And sorrows perfect; for J lost my father
As soon as J had found him, and my *Damon*
As soon as J had found he lov'd me: thus
All J can find is loss; O too too wretched,
Distressed Virgin! when they both are dead
Visit their ashes and first weep an hour
On *Claius* Urn, then go, and spend another
At *Damons*, thence again go wet the tomb
Of thy dead father, and from thence return
Back to thy lovers grave, thus spend thy age
In sorrows; and till death do end thy cares
Betwixt these two equally share thy tears.

Finis Actus quarti.

ACTUS

ACTUS 5, SCENA 1.

Dorylas, and a Chorus of Swains.

Dor. **C**OME neighbours, let's go see the Sacrifice
 Must make you happy lovers, oh 'twill be
 A fortunate season! Father *Corydon*,
 You and old mother *Baucis* shall be friends.
 The sheep-hook and the distaff shall shake hands.
 You lovely freeze-coats, nothing now but kissing,
 Kissing and culling, culling and kissing, heighday,
 In hope it will be one day so with me
 I am content to live. Now let's ascend.

SCEN. 2.

Alexis, Laurinda, Medorus.

Al. Now my *Laurinda*, now, (O happy now!)
 All lets that stood between my joy and me,
 Are gone and fled.

Lau. Long, O too long, *Alexis*,
 My doubtful fancy wavered whom to love,
Damon, or you; in both was happiness,
 But double happiness was my single misery.
 So far'd it once, *Alexis*, (for I well
 Remember it) with one of my poor ewes,
 Equally mov'd between two tufts of grass,
 This tempting one way, that enticing t other,
 Now she would this, then that, then this again,
 Until the poor fool (true emblem of her mistress)
 She almost starv'd in choosing which to feed on;
 At last (so heaven pitied the innocent fool)
 A western gale nipt one, which being blasted,
 She fed upon the other.

Al. Pretty fool, let's now no more defer our nupti-
 al joys,

Med.

Med. How sweet a folly is this love ! But rash youth,
Alexis.

(As youth is rash) runs indiscreetly on,
While mature judgement ripened by experience
Stays for loves season.

Al. Season ? why, can love
Be ever out of season ?

Med. Yes, *Alexis*,
Nothing's born ripe, all things at first are green.

Al. Lau. And such shall our affection still be seen ;

Med. You are too hasty reapers that do call
For Sickles in the Spring.

Al. Loves Harvest shall ;
(Lovers you know) his Harvest ought to be
All the year long.

Lau. In *Cupid's* husbandry,
Who reaps not in the Spring, reaps not at all.

Med. Women indeed too soon begin their fall.
Yet till curst *Claius* die, as now he must,
Alexis, and *Laurinda*, let my counsel
Assuage the heat of youth ; pray be perswaded
A while for to defer your nuptial bliss ;
'Tis but a while.

Al. A while in love's an age.

Lau. Maids in a while grow old.

Med. Temper loves fire.

Al. 'Tis but cold love that's temperate in desire.

Med. Yet loving pair, stay till a fairer gale ;
He deserves shipwrack, ('Tis the Mariners flout)
And justly too, that in a storm sets out.

Lau. I will suppress my flame. (ah still it glows.)

Al. And I, but how unwilling *Cupid* knows !

Med. 'Tis well ; now let's go take our place, to see
For our sad grief a sadder remedy.

SCEN,

SCEN. 3.

Amyntas, Amaryllis.

Ama. — Yes it was he : he's in temple brother,
A place wherein he doth deserve a shrine,
Yet isto him a prison ; can you gods
Suffer the place that's rear'd unto your honours
Be made so vile a thing ?

Amya. Pray give me entrance ;
I am not mad, (and yet J would J were)
Am J not mad to with so ? Let me come
And see him, sure you had your self a father ;
Did you not wish to see him ere he died ?
If he be dead, we'l only pray a while,
And weep ; will tears pollute the hallowed Ompha ?
For we must shed them, yes, we cannot choose :
Come sister, he will let us, for though *Lalage*
Was our sad mother, yet the gods will let us
Weep for her : come, come, *Amaryllis*, come. *Exit.*

SCEN. 4.

Mopsus, Jocaslus.

Jo. Brother, read, what means his gracious favour ?

Mop. It signifies you bear the bell away
From all his Graces Nobles.

Jo. Divinely augur'd !

For this I'll make thee Augur to his grace. (you.

Mop. Bel-wether of Knighthood, you shall binde me to

Jo. I'll have't no more a sheep-bell ; I am Knight
Of the Mellisozant Tingle-tangle.

Mon. Sure one of my progeny ; tell me, gracious brother,
Was this Mellisozant Tingle-tangle none
Of old *Astæous* hounds ?

Jo. Ignorant mortal !

Thou

Thou dost not understand the terms of honour.

Mop. How should I, sir? my trees bear no such apples.

Joc. As mine, th'Hesperian fruit are crabs to mine,
Hence came the Knighthood, hence.

Mop. The fame whereof rings loud.

Joc. We know it.

Mop. Four such Knighthoods more
Would make an excellent peal.

Joc. I'll have 'em so.

Mop. But you must get a squirrel too.

Joc. For what?

Mop. To ring your Knighthoods.

Joc. I'll have any thing;

His Grace will not deny me. O sweet Orchard!

Mop. To see the fruit that came from such an Orchard!

Joc. But shall we not see *Claius* sacrific'd?

Mop. Oh by all means.

Joc. But how deserv'd he death?

Mop. No matter for deserving it or no.

'Tis fit he suffer for example sake.

Jac. And not offend?

Mop. 'Tis fit he should offend.

They take their places:

SCEN. 5.

*Pilumnus with a sacrificing knife, fire laid on the Altar,
a Priest holding a taper ready to kindle it, another Priest
pouring water on Claius head, who was bound: Corym-
bus leading out Damon bound.*

Pil. Sicilians, Nature and Religion
Are at contention in me: my sad soul
Divided 'twixt my Goddess and my Son,
Would in her strange distraction, either have me
Turn Parricide or Apostate: Awfull *Ceres*,
For whom I feed the fattest of my Lambs,
To whom I send the holiest of my prayers

Upon the smoaky wings of smettest Myrrh;
 Instruct thy doubtful *Flamen*! As I cannot
 Forget I am thy Priest; for sooner shall
 Our Lambs forget to feed, our Swains to sing,
 Our Bees forget first from the fruitfull Thime
 To cull them bags of *Nectar*, every thing
 Forget his nature, ere I can forget
 I am thy Priest: Nor can I but remember,
 That *Damon* is my son; yet take him, *Ceres*!
 You need not pour water upon his head,
 He do it with my tears. *Ceres*, I hope
 Thy anger will not bind the Fathers eye
 To look into the bowels of his Son;
 He therefore first spill on thy hallowed Altar
 This captives blood; and then retire my self,
 Not to be present at my *Damons* death,
 Lest Nature might turn Rebel to Devotion.

SONG.

*Ceres to whom we owe that yet
 We do not. Mast and Acorns eat;
 That didst provide us better meat,
 The purest flower of finest Wheat.
 This blood we spill at thy desire,
 To kindle, and to quench a fire.
 O let it quench thy flame of ire,
 And kindle mercies more entire:
 O let this guilty blood atone
 For every poor unluckie one;
 Nymph, or Swain, who ere do groan
 Under sad Loves imperious Throne.
 That Love a happier Age may see
 In thy long tortur'd Sicily.
 That blood which must th' atonement be,
 Thus, Goddess, thus we pay to thee.*

Amyntas. Amaryllis.

Amyntas. Stay, stay that impious hand, whose hasty zeal
 Thinks murder can appease the Goddess wrath!

If it be murder must appease her wrath,
What is't can move her anger? Do not then,
Do not pollute her Altar, lest it keep
The crimson stain of blood, and blush for ever
At this too cruel, ignorant devotion.

Pil. Avoid the mad-man.

Amyntas. Why, *Pilymnus*, why?
By the dread *Omphale*, spare this guilty blood,
And Ile expound the Oracle.

What fire has yet his blood or quencht or kindled?

Pil. Why, it hath quencht the sadder flames of love,
And more auspicious fires begin to move.

Amyntas. Where? in in what breast? no love in all *Trinacria*
But under *Cupid's* scepter faints and groans
More now then ever. Thy unfortunate *Damon*,
And more unfortunate *Amaryllis*, stand
A sad example; thy *Urania*

(O sad sweet name!) may with her poor *Amyntas*

Witness his tyrannous reign here in *Sicilia*.

Turtles grow jealous, Doves are turn'd unchast,

The very Pelicans of *Trinacrian* woods

Are found unnatural, and thirst the blood

Of their young brood, (alas, who can believe it?)

Whom they were wont to suckle with their own,

O wretched season! Bitter fruits of love!

The very Storks with us are Parricides.

Nay even the senseless trees are sensible

Of this imperious rage: the gentle Vine

(The happy emblem once of happier livers)

That with such amorous twines, and close embraces,

Did cling about the loved-loving Elm,

With slacker branches now falls down and withers;

If then to add more fuel to the flame,

To pour in oyl and sulphure be to quench it,

The flame is quencht. Nor are you he, *Pilymnus*,

That must expound the Oracle; 'tis a wit

Such as mine is, neglected, that must hit

The goddess meaning: You, the living Oracle

Of *Sicily*, the breathing *Omph*a of the Kingdom;
Will misconceive the Goddesse : You are wise,
Skill'd in the virtues of all herbs and flowers,
What makes our Ewes can best, what keeps them sound;
Can tell us all the mysteries of heaven,
The number, height, and motion of the stars;
'Tis a mad brain, and intellect you scorn,
That must untie this Riddle.

Pil. But I know

The wrath of *Ceres* cannot be appeas'd,
But by the blood of *Claius*.

Amyntas. So it is.

Pil. How can that be ? yet his accursed gore
Hath not imbruid the Altar.

Amyntas. But his blood

Hath been already shed in *Amaryllis* :
She is his blood ; so is *Urania* yours ,
And *Damon* is your blood ; that is the blood
The Goddes aims at, that must still her ire ;
For her blood hath both quench'd and kindled fire.

Pil. What hath it quench'd or kindled ?

Amyntas. Love, the fire

That must be quench'd and kindled. *Damon's* love
To his *Laurinda* in that blood extinguish'd,
Is by that powerful blood kindled anew
To *Amaryllis*, now grown his desire.
Thus *Claius* blood hath quench'd and kindled fire.

All. *Amyntas, Amyntas, Amyntas, Amyntas.*

Pil. And is the fire of my *Damon* kindled
But to be quench'd again ! *Ceres*, a frost
Dwell on thy Altars, ere my zeal renew
Religious fires to warm 'em.

Amyntas. Spare these blasphemies ;
For *Damon* is acquitted and assoil'd
Of any trespass.

Pil. How, *Amyntas* ? speak !

Thou that hast sav'd a Father, save a Son

Amyntas. Thus ; *Amaryllis* is the sacrifice.

The Goddess aim'd at : and the bloud of sacrifice
(As you all know) may lawfully be spilt
Even in the *Holy Vale*, and so it was :
Besides, your *Damon* is a Priest by birth,
And therefore by that title he may spill
The sacrificed *Amaryllis* bloud.

If this interpretation be not true,
Speak you *Sicilians*, I'll be judg'd by you.

All. Amyntas, Amyntas, Amyntas, Amyntas.

Pil. Amyntas, thou hast now made full amends
For my *Philebus* death : *Claius*, all envie,
Envie, the Viper of a venomous soul,
Shall quit my brest. This is the man, *Sicilians*,
The man to whom you owe your liberties.
Go, Virgins, and with Roses strow his way,
Crown him with Violets, and Lillie wreathes ;
Cut off your golden tresses, and from them
Weave him a robe of love. *Damon*, pay here
The debt of duty that thou ow'st to me ;
Hence was thy second birth.

Dam. Or hither rather :

The Balsame of *Sicilia* flow'd from hence.
Hence from this scarlet torrent, whose each drop
Might ransom *Cupid*, were he captive tane.

Amar. How much owe I my *Damon*, whose blest hand
Made me the publick sacrifice ! could I shed
As many drops of bloud, even from the heart,
As *Arcthusa* drops of water can,
I would out-vie her at the fullest tide,
That other Virgins loves might happy be,
And mine, my *Damon*, be as blest in thee.

Cl. O what a shower of joy falls from mine eyes !
The now too fortunate *Claius* ! My *Amyntas*,
My *Amaryllis*, how shall I divide
My tears and joys betwixt you !

Pil. Lovers, come.

Come all with flowery chaplets on your brows,
An singing Hymns to *Ceres*, walk a round

This happy Village, to expresse our glee,
 This day each year shall *Cupids* triumph be.
Amyntas. Still my impossible dowry for *Urania*
 Leaves me unfortunate in the midst of joy ;
 Yet out of piety I will here a while
 (Though blest I am not till she be my Bride)
 In publick joyes lay private griefs aside.

Exeunt cum Choro cantantium.

Joc. And Ile go fetch the youngsters of the Town,
 The morrall Fairies, and the Lasses brown,
 To bring spic'd Cakes and Ale, to dance and play ;
 Queen *Mab* her self shall keep it holy-day. *Exit.*

Mop. Ah, *Dorylas*, that I could not have the wit
 To have been a mad-man, rather then a fool !
 I have lost the credit.

Dor. 'Tis no matter,
 You shall have *Thestylis*.

Mop. Shall I, *Dorylas* ?
 I had as live interpret her as Oracles.

Dor. And here she comes ; give me your quail-pipe:
 Hark you — *Exit.*

Enter Thestylis.

Mop. Now, *Thestylis*, thou shalt mine Oracle be,
 Henceforth I will interpret none but thee.

Thest. Why, have the birds (my *Mopsus*) counsell'd so?

Mop. They say I must, whether you will or no.

Thest. How know I that ?

Mop. The birds do speak it plain. *Dorylas with*
 Hark, *Thestylis*, the birds say so again. *a quail-pipe.*

Thest. I understand them not.

Mop. Will you be judg'd
 By th' next we meet ?

Thest. *Mopsus* I am content,
 So you will stand unto it so well as I.

Mop. By *Ceres*, *Thestylis*, most willingly.

Enter Dorylas.

Mop. Ah, *Dorylas*, heard you what the birds did say ?

Dor. I, *Mopsus*, you are a happy man to day.

Mop.

Mop. What said they, boy?

Mop. As if you did not know.

Mop. But, *Thestylis*.

Dor. Why sure she understands it;

Have you to her this language never read?

Mop. No, *Dorylas*, I can teach her best in bed.

Dor. The birds said twice, (as you full well do know)

You must have *Thestylis* whether she will or no.

Thest. And am I caught? 'tis no great matter though;

For this time, *Mopsus*. I will marry thee;

The next I wed by *Pan*, shall wiser be.

Mop. And have I got thee? thanks my witty boy.

Dor. Hark, *Thestylis*, the birds do bid you joy.

Thest. For fooling *Mopsus*, now 'tis time give o're.

Mop. Mad-man I may, but will be fool no more.

Thest. Mad after marriage, as a fool before.

For he's a fool that weds, all wives being bad?

And she's a fool makes not her husband mad.

SCENE 6.

Jocastus with a Morrice, himself Maid-marrian,

Bromius the Clown.

Dor. See, *Mopsus*, see, here comes your Fairy Brother;
Hark you, for one good turn deserves another.

Excunt Dor. Mop.

Joc. I did not think there had been such delight
In any mortal Morrice; they do caper
Like quarter Fairies at the least: By my Knighthood,
And by this sweet *Mellifonant Tingle-tangle*,
The ensign of my glory, you shall be
Of *Oberons Revels*.

Brom. What to do, I pray?
To dance away our Apples?

Joc. Surely, mortal,
Thou art not fit for any office there.

Enter Dorylas like the King of Fairies, Mopsus.

Joc. See, blind mortal, see.

With what a port, what grace, what Majesty
This princely *Oberon* comes! Your Grace is welcome!

Dor. A beauteous Lady, bright, and rare;
Queen *Mab* her self is not so fair.

Joc. Does your Grace take me for a woman then?

Dor. Yes, beauteous Virgin; thy each part
Has shot an arrow through my heart;
Thy blazing eye, thy lip so thin,
Thy azure cheek, and chrystal chin,
Thy rainbow brow, with many a rose;
Thy sapphire ears, and rubie nose,
All wound my soul: O gentle be,
Or, Ladie, you will ruine me.

Joc. *Bromius*, what shall I do? I am no woman!
If gelding of me will preserve your Grace,
With all my heart.

Brom. No, Master, let him rather
Steal away all your Orchard Apples.

Joc. I, and he shall,
Beauteous Queen *Mab* may lose her longing else.

Dor. How's this? are you no woman then?
Can such bright beauty live with men?

Jo. An't please your Grace, I am your Knight *Jocastus*.

Dor. Indeed I thought no man but he
Could of such perfect beauty be.

Joc. Cannot your Grace distil me to a woman?

Dor. I have an herb, they *Moly* call,
Can change thy shape (n.y sweet) and shall.
To taste this *Moly* but agree,
And thou shalt perfect woman be,

Joc. With all my heart. Ne're let me move,
But I am up to th' ears in love
But what if I do marry thee?

Dor. my Queen, *Jocasta*, thou shalt be.

Joc. Sweet *Moly*! pray let *Bromius* have some *Moly* too;
He'll make a very pretty waiting-maid. (ready.

Brom. No indeed, forsooth, you have Ladies enough al-

Dor. Half your estate then give to me;

Else,

Else you being gone, there none will be;
Whose Orchard I dare here frequent.

Jo. Sweet *Oberon*, I am content.

Do. The other half let *Mopsus* take.

Jo. And *Thestylis* a joynture make.

Bro. Why master, are you mad?

Jo. Your Mistress, sirrah,

Our Grace has said it, and it shall be so.

Bro. What, will you give all your estate?

Jo. We have enough beside in *Fairy* land.

You *Thestylis* shall be our Maid of Honour,

Thest. I humbly thank your Grace.

Jo. Come Princely *Oberon*,

I long to taste this *Moly*: pray bestow

The Knighthood of the *Mellifonant Tingle-tangle*

Upon our brother *Mopsus*, we will raise

All of our house to honour.

Mop. Gracious sister!

Jo. I always thought I was born to be a Queen.

Do. Come, let us walk, Majestick Queen,

Of fairy mortals to be seen.

In chairs of Pearl thou plac'd shalt be,

And Empreesses shall envie thee,

When they behold upon our throne

Jocasta with her—*Dorylas*.

All. Ha, ha, ha!

Jo. Am I deceiv'd and cheated, gull'd and fool'd!

Mop. Alas, sir, you were born to be a Queen.

Jo. My lands, my livings,, and my Orchard gone?

Dor. Your grace hath said it, and it must be so.

Bro. You have enough beside in *Fairy*-land.

Thest. What would your Grace command your Maid
of Honour?

Dor. Well I restore your Lands; onely the Orchard
I will reserve for fear Queen *Mab* should long.

Mop. Part I'll restore unto my liberal sister,
In lieu of my geat Knighthood.

Thest. Part give I.

Jo. I am beholding to your liberality.

Bro. I'll something give as well as do the rest;
Take my fools coat, for you deserve it best.

Jo. I shall grow wiser.

Dor. *Oberon* will be glad on't.

Thest. I must go call *Urania*, that she may
Come vow virginity.

Exit.

SCEN. 7.

Pilumnus, Amyntas, &c.

Amyntas. *Ceres*, I do thank thee,
That I am author of this publick joy,
But is it justice (goddess) I alone
Should have no share in't? every one I see
Is happy but my self, that made'em so,
And my *Urania* that should most be so.
I thirst amidst the Bowles, when others sit
Quaffing off Nectar, I but hold the Cup;
And stand a sadder *Tantalus* of love,
Starving in all this plenty; *Ceres* demand
Feeds me with gall; stretching my doubtful thoughts
On many thousand racks: I would my dowry
Were all the gold of *Tagus*, or the ore
Of bright *Pactolus* channel:—But *Urania*,
'Tis hid, alas, I know not what it is.

SCEN. 8.

Urania, Thestylis.

My *Thestylis*, since first the Sea-gods *Trident*
Did rule the small three-pointed piece of earth
Of this our conquering soil, it has not been
A place of so much story as to day,
So full of wonders: O 'twill serve (my *Thestylis*)
For our discourse when we go fold our Ewes,

Those

Those Shepherds that another day shall keep
Their kids upon these mountains shall for ever
Relate the miracle to their wond'ring Nymphs,
Of my *Urania*, it will fill their ears
With admiration.

Thest Sir, *Urania*'s here.

Amyntas. How! in this habit! This methinks befits not
A Lover, my *Urania*.

Ura. Yes, *Amyntas*.

This habit well befits a Virgins life;
For since my Dowry never can be paid,
Thus, for thy sake, I'll live and die a maid.

Amyntas. O is it just, so fair an one as you
Should vow virginity? must the sacred womb
Of my *Urania*, fit to have brought forth
A fruitful race of gods, be ever barren?
Never expect *Lucina*? Shall this beauty
Live but one age? how curs'd is our posterity
That shall have no *Urania*'s! can one Tomb
Contain all goodness? *Ceres* rather blast
The corn thou gav'st us: let the earth grow barren,
These trees and flowers wither eternally;
Let our Ploughs toil in vain, and let there be
No more a harvest: every loss is small,
Yea, though the *Phoenix* self should burn to ashes
And ne'er revive again! But let there be
Some more *Urania*'s—

Pil. 'Tis necessity,
We must obey.

Amyntas. But yet *Urania*,
I hope we may sometimes come pray together,
'Tis not prophane, and midst our sacred Orisons
Change a chaste kiss or two; or shall I too
Turn Virgin with thee? —But I fool my self,
The gods intend to cross us, and in vain
We strive (*Urania*) to cross them again

Urania kneeling before the Ompha.

Ura. Great *Ceres*, for thy daughter *Proserpines* sake
Ravish'd

Jo. I am beholding to your liberality.

Bro. I'll something give as well as do the rest;
Take my fools coat, for you deserve it best.

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Change a chaste kiss or two ; or shall I too
Turn Virgin with thee ? —But I fool my self,
The gods intend to cross us, and in vain
We strive (*Urania*) to cross them again

Urania kneeling before the Omphalos.

Ura. Great *Ceres*, for thy daughter *Proserpines* sake
Ravish'd

Ravish'd by *Pluto* from *Sicilian* plains
 To reign with him Queen of *Elysian* shades,
 Accept the sacrifice of a virgin, for
 It is thy pleasure, thine, by whom the earth
 And every thing grows fruitful, to have me
 Be ever barren : thy impossible Dowry
 Makes me despair to be *Amyntas* bride,
 Therefore that cold chaste snow that never should
 Have melted but betwixt his amorous arms
 I vow unto thy Cloister (awful goddess !)
 Almighty *Ceres*, is not this life holy,

Echo. Folly.

Better then live in an unhappy love ?

Echo. Happy love.

Be judge ye woods, and let *Amyntas* speak.

Echo. *Amyntas* speak.

Pil. The goddess is well pleas'd, she deigns to answer
 By gracious *Echo's* ; go *Amyntas* speak,

Amyntas. Why will she answer me before *Urania* ?

No, 'twas the musick of her Angels voice,
 Whose heavenly accents with such charming notes
 Ravish'd the goddess ears, she could not choose
 But bear a part in that harmonious song :
 Yet if she will after such melody

Endure to hear the harsh *Amyntas* speak.

Echo. *Amyntas* speak.

When wilt thou think my torments are enow ?

Eccho. Now.

Alas, how is it possible I should hope it ?

Echo. Hope it.

How shall I pay the Dowry that you ask me ?

Echo. Ask me.

I ask a Dowry to be made a Husband,

Echo. A Husband.

Answer directly to what I said last.

Echo. What I said last.

A Husband, *Ceres* ? Why, is that the guess ?

Echo. Yes.

That

*That which I have not, may not, cannot have—
I have not, may not, cannot have a Husband.*

*'Tis true, I am a man, nor would I change
My sex, to be the Empress of the World.*

*urania, take thy Dowry, 'tis my self;
A Husband, take it.*

*ura. 'Tis the richest Dowry
That ere my most ambitious prayers could beg!
But I will bring a portion, my Amyntas,
Shall equal it, if it can equal'd be:*

*That which I have not, may not, cannot have
Shall be thy portion, 'tis a Wife, Amyntas.*

*Amyntas. Should greater Queens wooe me in all their
pride,*

*And in their laps bring me the wealth of worlds,
I should prefer this portion for the best:
Thanks Ceres, that hast made us both be blest.*

Echo. Be blest.

*Clas. Pilumnus, let us now grow young again,
And like two trees rob'd of their leafie boughs
By winter, age, and Boreas keener breath,
Sprout forth, and bud again: This spring of joy
Cuts forty years away from the gray sum.*

Once more in triumph let us walk the Village.

*Pil. But first I will intreat this company
To deign to take part in this publick joy.*



Pilumnus Epilogizes.

ALL Loves are happy, none with us there be
Now sick of coyness, or unconstancy.
The wealthy sums of Kisses do amount
To greater scores then curious art can count !
Each eye is fixt upon his Mistris face,
And every arm is lock'd in some embrace :
Each cheek is dimpled ; every lip doth smile :
Such happiness I wish this blessed Ile,
This little word of Lovers : and lest you
Should think this blis no real joys, nor true,
Would every Lady in this Orb might see
Their loves as happy as we say they be !
And for you, gentle youths, whose tender hearts
Are not shot-proof 'gainst love and Cupid's darts ;
These are my prayers (I would those prayers were charms)
That each had here his Mistris in his arms.
True Lovers (for 'tis truth gives love delight)
To you our Author means to write
If he have pleas'd (as yet he doubtful stands)
For his applause clap lips instead of hands.
He begs not Bays, nor Ivie ; only this,
Seal his wish'd Plaudite with an amorous Kiss.

Exeunt Cantantes.

FINIS.

ARISTIPPVS:

O R

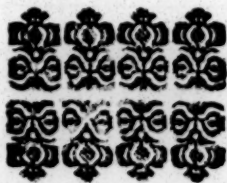
The Iovial Philosopher.

Presented in a private Shew,

To which is added,

The Conceited Pedler.

*Omnis Aristippum deiecit color, & status & res.
Semel insanivimus.*



OXFORD,
Printed by H.H. 1668.



The P R Æ L U D I U M.

Shews having been long intermitted, and forbidden by Authority for their abuses, could not be raised but by conjuring.

Enter Prologue in a Circle.

BE not deceiv'd, I have no bended knees,
 No supple tongue, no speeches steep'd in Oyl;
 No candied flattery, nor honyed words.
 I come an armed Prologue; arm'd with Arts:
 Who by my sacred charms and mystick skill,
 By vertue of this all-commanding Wand,
 Stolen from the sleepy *Mercury*, will raise
 From black Abyss and sooty Hell, that mirth
 Which fits this learned round. Thou long-dead Shew,
 Break from thy marble prison, sleep no more
 In miry darkness; henceforth I forbid thee
 To bathe in *Lethe's* muddy waves, ascend
 As bright as morning from her *Tithons* bed,
 And red with kisses that have stain'd thy cheek,
 Grow fresh again. What? is my power contemn'd?
 Dost thou not hear my call, whose power extends
 To blast the bosome of our mother Earth?
 To remove heavens whole frame from off her hinges,
 As to reverse all Natures laws? Ascend,
 Or I will call a band of Furies forth,
 And all the torments wit of Hell can frame
 Shall force thee up.

Enter Shew whipt by two Furies.

Shew. O spare your too officious whips a while,

X

Give

Give some small respite to my panting limbs;
 Let me have leave to speake, and truce to parley.
 Whose powerfull voyce hath fore'd me to salute
 This hated air! are not my pains sufficient,
 But you must torture me with the sad remembrance
 Of my deserts, the Causes of my exile?

Prolog. 'Tis thy release I seek; I come to file
 Those heavy shackles from thy wearied limbs,
 And give thee leave to walk the Stage again,
 As free as Vertue: Burn thy wither'd Bayes,
 And with fresh Laurel crown thy sacred temples;
 Cast off thy mask of darkness, and appear
 As glorious as thy sister Comedie.
 But first with tears wash off thy guilty sin,
 Purge out those ill digested dregs of wit,
 That use their ink to blot a spotless fame:
 Let's have no one particular man traduc'd:
 But like a noble Eagle seize on Vice,
 As she flies, bold and open; spare the persons.
 Let us have simple mirth, and innocent laughter,
 Sweet smiling lips, and such as hide no fangs,
 No venomous biting teeth, or forked tongues.
 Then shall thy freedom be restor'd again.
 And full applause be wages of thy pain.

Shorn. Then from the depth of truth I here protest,
 I do disclaim all petulant hate and malice;
 I will not touch such men as I know vicious,
 Much lesse the good: I will not dare to say,
 That such a one paid for his Fellowship,
 And had no learning but in's purse; no Officer
 Need fear the sting of my detraction:
 He give all leave to fill their guts in quiet.
 I make no dangerous Almanacks, no gulls,
 No Posts with envious Newes and biting packets.
 You need not fear this show, you that are bad,
 It is no Parliament: You that nothing have
 Like Scholars, but a Beard and Gown, for me
 May passe for good grand Sophies: all my skill

Shall beg but honest laughter, and such smiles
As might become a *Cato* : I shall give
No cause to grieve that once more yet I live.

Prolog. Go then ; and you, Beagles of Hell avant,
Returne to your eternall plagues.

Exeunt Furies.

Prolog. Here take these purer robes and clad in these
Be thou all glorious, and instruct thy mirth
With thy sweet temper ; while I intreat
Thy friends, that long lamented thy sad fates,
To sit and taste, and to accept thy Cates.

Exit Show.

Prolog. Sit, see, and hear, and censure, he that will ;
I come to have my mirth approv'd, not skill :
Your laughter all I beg, and where you see
No jest worth laughing at, faith laugh at me.

ARISTIPPVS.

Enter Simplicius.

SECUNDUM gradum compossibilitatis, & non secundum gradum impossibilitatis. What should this *Scotus* mean by his possibilities and impossibilities ? my *Cooper*, *Rider*, *Thomas* and *Minshew* : are as far to seek as my self : not a word of *compossibilitas* or *impossibilitas* is there. Well, I know what Ile do. I have heard of a great Philosopher ; Ile try what he can do : They call him *Aristippus*, *Aristippus*, *Aristippus* : sure a Philosophers name. But they say he lyes at the *Dolphin*, and that methinkes is an ill sign : yet they say too, the best Philosophers of the Town never lye from thence ; they say 'tis a Tavern too ; for my part I cannot tell, I know no part of the town, but the Schools, and *Aristotles* well : but since I am come thus far, I will inquire ; for this same *compossibilitas* or *impossibilitas* sticks in my stomach.

Keepe,

X 2

Boy

Boy within, Anon, anon, sir.

Sim. What Philosophy is this?

knocks

Boy. Anon, anon, sir.

Enters.

Boy. Please you see a room, sir? what would you have, Sir?

Sim. Nothing but *Aristippus*.

Boy. You shall, sir.

Sim. What is this? the Dolphin? now verily it looks like a Green-Fish: what's yonder, Greek too? now surely it is the Philosophers Motto: *Hippathi hippathi, aut disce, aut discede incontinenter*, a very good disjunction.

Boy. A pint of *Aristippus* to the Bar.

Enters.

Boy. Here sir.

Sim. Ha, what's this?

Boy. Did not you ask for *Aristippus*, sir?

Sim. The great Philosopher lately come hither.

Boy. Wlty, this is *Aristippus*.

Sim. Verily then *Aristippus* is duplex, *Nominalis & Realis*; or else the Philosopher lives like *Diogenes in dolio*, the President of Hogs head Colledge. But I mean one *Aristippus ὁ ἄριστος*, the great Philosopher.

Boy. I know not what you mean by Losopher, but here be Scholars in the house, Ile send them to you. Anon, anon, sir; I cannot be here and there too. Anon, anon, sir.

Sim. This boy would have put a Falacy upon me, in *interrogatione plurium*: This boy is a meer *Animal*; ha, ha, he! he has not a jot of language more then Anon, anon, sir. O Giggleswick, thou happy place of education! This poor wretch knows not what a Philosopher means. To see the simpleness of these people; they do every thing *ἀπλῶς*, and have not a jot, nor an inch of *ἁπλῆ τι* in them. O what had become of me, if I had not gone bare-foot to my *Præceptor*, with a Satchel at my back?

Enter

Enter two Scholars.

Slaves are they that heap up mountains,
Still desiring more and more :
Still let's carouse in Bacchus fountains,
Never dreaming to be poor.
Give us then a cup of liquor,
Fill it up unto the brim ;

For then methinks my wits grow quicker,
When my brains in liquor swim.

Ha brave *Aristippus*.

pox of *Aristotle* and *Plato* , a company of dry Rascals :
But hey brave *Aristippus* !

Sim. Certainly these are *Aristippus* his Scholars ;
Sir, pray can you resolve me what is *Gradus compossi-*
bilitatis ?

1. Schol. What ails thee, thou musing man ?
Diddle didle doo.

2. Schol. Quench thy sorrows in a Can,
Diddle didle doo.

Composibilitas ? why that's nothing man ; when you
ne're drink beyond your *poculum necessitatis* , you are in
gradu in composibiliti to all good fellowship . Come, hang
Scotus, wee'l lead you to *Aristippus* ; one Epitome of
his in *quarto* is worth a whole volume of these Dunces.

Sim. O Gentlemen, you will bind me to thank you
in *poculo Gratiarum*. But what Philosophy doth he read ?
and what hours doth he keep ?

1. None at all precisely, but indistinctly all ; night
and day he pours forth his instructions, and fills you out
of measure.

2. He'l make the eyes of our understanding see double,
and teach you to speak fluently, and utter your mind in
abundance.

Sim. Hath he many Scholars, sir ?

1. More then all the Philosophers in the Town besides.
He never rests but is still call'd for ; *Aristippus* saies one,
Aristippus saies another : He is generally asked for, yea
and by doctors sometimes.

2. And as merry a man. There can be no Feast, but he is sent for, and all the company are the merrier for him.

3. Did you but once hear him, you would so love his company, you would never after endure to stand alone.

Sim. O pray help me to the sight of him.

2. We will, brave boy; and when you have seen him, you'll think your self in another world, and scorn to be your own man any longer.

Sim. But, I pray you, at what price reads he?

1. Why truly his price hath been raised of late, and his very name makes him the dearer:

2. A diligent Lecturer deserves eight pence a pinte tuition: Nay, if you will learn any thing, Scholarship must be paid for. Academical Simonie is lawful: Nay, did you ever hear of a good Preacher in a fat Benefice, unless his purse were the leaner for it? Make much of him, for we shall have no more such in haste,

Enter wild-man.

Sim. But who is this?

1. The University Ramist, a Malt Heretick; *alias* the Wild-man, that is grown mad to see the daily resort to *Aristippus*: but let us leave him to his frenzies.

But come you Lads that love Canary,

Let us have a mad segary:

Hither, hither, hither, hither,

All good fellows flock together.

Exeunt.

wild-m. Brains, wits, senses, all flie hence. Let fools live lined in Cages: I am the Wild-man, and I will be wilde: is this an age to be in a mans right wits, when the lawful use of the throat is so much neglected, and strong drink lies sick on his death-bed? 'Tis above the patience of a Malt-horse, to see the contempt of Barley, and not run mad upon't. This is *Aristippus*, *Aristippus*! now a Devil or two take his red.

red-nos'd Philosophy : 'Tis he ; my Beer , that has
 vowed thice to the Vinegar-bottle ; but I'll be reven-
 ged : when next I meet him , I'll twist and twitch
 his Bush-beard from his Tavern-face ; 'tis not his *Hi-
 pathie bapathie* can carry him out. Let him look to be
 foundlier dash'd by me , then ever he was by Drawer ,
 for his impudence. I'll teach my Spanish *Don* a French
 trick ; I'll either plague him with a Pox , or have
 some Clarer-whore burn him for an Heretick , and
 make him challenge acquaintance of *Muld sack*. If
 he was not either sent hither from the Brittish Poli-
 tick , or be not employed by *Spinola* to seduce the
 Kings lawful subjects from their Allegiance to strong
 Beer , let me hold up my hand at the Bar , and be
 hanged at my Sign-post , if he had not a hand in the
 Powder-treason ! Well , I say nothing , but he has
 blown up good store of men in his dayes , houses and
 lands and all . If they take no order with him here
 in the University , the poor Countrey were as good
 have the Man in the Moon for their Pastor , as a Scho-
 lar. They are all so infected with *Aristippus* his Armi-
 nianisme , they can preach no Doctrine but Sack and red
 Noses. As for the Wild-mian , they have made him
 horn-mad already.

Enter a fellow crying wine-pots.

Heighday , there goes the Hunts up : this is the Man-
 drakes voice that undoes me , you may hear him in faith ,
 This is the Devil of his that goes up and down like a
 roaring sheeps-head to gather his Pewter Library : I'll
 fit him I faith.

beats him.

Now , you Calves-skin impudence , I'll thresh your jacket ;
beats him out

Enter Aristippus , and his two Scholars.

Arist. What a coil's here ? what fellow's that ? he
 looks like a mad hogs-head of March-beer that had run
 out , and threatned a deluge : what's he ?

1. O 'tis the wild-man! a zealous brother; that stands up against the persecution of Barley-broth, and will maintain it a degree above the reputation of *Aqua vite*.

2. I have heard him swear by his *hora octava*, that Sack and *Rosa Solis* is but water-grewel to it.

Wild-man O, art thou there, Saint *Dunston*? thou hast undone mee, thou cursed Frier *Bacon*, thou hellish *Merlin*. But Ile be revenged upon thee: 'tis not your *Mephostophilus*, nor any other Spirits of Rubie or Carbuncle, that you can raise; nor your good Father in law Doctor *Fauslus*, that conjures so many of us into your Wives Circle, that with all their Magick shall secure you from my rage: You have set a spel for any mans coming into my house now.

Arist. Why, none of my Credit hath choked up your doors!

Wild. But thou hast bewitched my threshold, disturbed my house, and Ile have thee hang'd in Gibbets for murdering my Beer: Ile have thee tried by a Jury of Tapsters, and hang'd in Anon, anon sir, thou dismall and disastrous Conjuror.

Aristip. Why dost thou call mee Conjuror? I send no Fairies to pinch you, or Elves to molest you: Has *Robin-good-fellow* troubled you so much of late? I scarce believe it; for I am sure, since Sack and I came to Town, your house hath not been so much haunted.

Wild-man. Ile put out thine eyes, *Don Canario*, Ile scratch thee to atomes, thou Spanish *Gusman*.

Aristip. If he and his Beer will not be quiet, draw'um both out.

Wild man. Yet I'll be revenged, you Rascal, I do not fear the Spanish Inquisition: Ile run to the Council, and betray thy villany; Ile carry thee bound for a Traitor: but for you, sir, we had taken *Cales*, and might afterwards have conquered *Lisbon*, and *Sevil*. You notorious Villain, I knew thee for a

Rogue

Rogue at first, thy Ruff looked so like the Moon Crescent in 88. thy very breath is invincible, and stinks of an Armado.

Aristip. Kick him out of the presence, his company will metamorphose us to balderdash.

Wild-man. Well *Diogenes*, you were best keep close in your Tub, Ile be reveng'd on you, Ile complain on you for keeping ill hours, I suffer none after eight, by *St. John's* not I.

1. *Schol.* Well *Domine*, though the *hora octava* be not come, yet you may be gone. *Kicks him. Exit.*

Aristip. Come Pupil, have you any minde to study my Philosophy?

Sim. Yes, *mehercule*, sir, for I have alwayes accounted Philosophy to be *omnia rebus ordine, naturâ, tempore, honore prius*; and these Schoolmen have so puzzled me and my Dictionaries, that I despair of understanding them either *in summò gradu*, or *remisso*; I lay sick of an *Hæccetia* as a fortnight, and could not sleep a wink for't; therefore good sir, teach me as *ἐμπειρως*; as you can, and pray let it be *conceptis verbis*, and *ex mente Philosophi*.

Aristip. I warrant thee a good proficiency, but ere you can be admitted to my Lectures, you must be matriculated, and have your name recorded in *Albo Academicæ*.

Sim. With all my heart, sir, and *totaliter*; for I have as great a minde as *materia prima* to be informed with your instructions.

Arist. Give him the Oath.

2. *Schol.* Lay your hand on the Book.

Sim. Will *tactus virtualis* serve the turn, sir?

2. *Schol.* No, it must be *reale quid, & extra intellectum*.

Sim. Well sir, I will do it *quoad potentiam obedientialem*.

1. *Schol.* First, You must swear to defend the honour of *Aristippus*, to the disgrace of Brewers, Alewives and Tapsters, and profess your self a foe *nominalis*,

nalis, to Maltmen, Tapsters, and red Lettices!

2. *Schol.* Kifs the Book.

He drinks

2. *Schol.* Next, you shall swear to observe the customs and ordinances instituted and ordained by Act of Parliament in the Reign of King *Sigebert*, for the establishing of good government in the ancient Foundation of *Miser. Colledge*.

Schol. Kifs the Book.

Drinks again.

Sim. I, sir, *Secundum veritatem intrinsecam, & non aequivoce.*

1. *Schol.* That you keep all acts and meetings, *tam privatim*, in private houses, *quam publicè*, in the Dolphin Schools: that you dispute *in tenebris*, yet be not asleep at reckonings: but always and every where shew your self so diligent in drinking, that the Proctor may have no just cause to suspend you for negligence.

2. *Schol.* Kifs the Book.

1. *Schol.* Lastly, that you never walk into the Town; without your habit of drinking, the Fudling Cap, and casting Hood; especially when there is a Convocation; and of all things take heed of running to the Assizes.

Sim. Is this the end, I pray you, sir, is this the *Finis*, *et* *extrema*.

1. *Schol.* It is *Ultimum*, sir.

Sim. How, pray you, sir, *intentione*, or *extentione*?

1. *Schol.* *Executione*, that follows the Assizes.

Sim. But methinks there is one *Scrupulum*; it seems to be *actus illicitus*, that we should drink so much, it being lately forbidden, and therefore *contra formam statuti*.

2. *Schol.* I, but therefore you are sworn to keep customs, *Non omnino secundum formam statuti*.

Arist. What have you inrolled him *in albo*? have you fully admitted him into the Society, to be a member of the Body Academick?

Sim. Yes sir, I am one of your Pupils now, *unitate*
nume-

merica, we have made an end of it, *Secundum ultimum Complementum, & actualitatem.*

Arist. Well then . give the attendance.

Most grave audience, considering how they thirst after my Philosophy, I am induced to let you taste the benefit of my knowledge, which cannot but please a judicious palat; for the rest, I expell them my Schools, as fitter to hear *Tbales*, and drink water.

Sim. We will attend, sir, and that *bibulis auribus.*

Arist. The many errours that have crept into the Science, to distract the curious Reader, are sprung from no other causes, then Small Beer, and sober sleeps; whereas were the laudable custome of Sack-drinking better studied, we should have fewer Gowns, and more Scholars.

1. *Schol.* A good note, for we cannot see wood for Trees, nor Scholars for Gowns.

Arist. Now the whole University is full of your honest fellows, that breaking loose from a *York-shire Belfrey* have walked to *Cambridge* with Satchels on their shoulders: these you shall have them study hard for four or five years, to returne home more fools then they came: the reason whereof is drinking Colledge rap-lash, that will let them have no more learning then they size, nor a drop of wit more then the Butler sets on their heads.

2. *Schol.* 'Twere charity in him to sconce'em soundly, they would have but a poor *Quantum* else.

Arist. Others there be that spend their whole lives in *Athens*, to die as wise as they were born; who as they brought no wit into the world, so in honesty they will carry none out on't. 'Tis Beer that drowns their souls in their bodies: *Huson's Cakes*, and *Pair* his Ale hath frothed their brains: hence is the whole Tribe contemned, every Prentice can jeer at their brave Cassocks, and laugh the Velvet Caps out of countenance.

3. *Schol.* And would it not anger a Man of Art

to be the scorn of a What lack you, sir?

Arist. 'Tis Beer that makes, you so ridiculous in all your behaviour: hence comes the Bride-like simpering at a Justice of Peace his Table, and the not eating methodically, when being laughed at, you shew your teeth, blush, and excuse it with a Rhetorical *Hysteron Proteron*.

Sim. 'Tis very true, I have done the like my self, till I have had a disgrace for my *Mittimus*.

Arist. 'Tis Beer that hath putrified our Horsemanship, for that you cannot ride to *Ware* or *Barbway*, but your Hackneys sides must witness your journeys. A Lawyers Clerk, or an Innus a Court Gentleman that hath been fed with false Latin and Pudding pie, contemn you, as if you had not learning enough to confute a *Noverint nūq̄ versis*.

Sim. *Pér présentes me Simplicium.*

Arist. If you discourse but a little while with a Courtier, you presently betray your learned Ignorance, answering him, he concludes not Syllogistically, and asking him in what Mood and Figure he speaks in, as if Learning were not as much out of fashion at Court, as Cloaths at Cambridge? Nor can you entertain discourse with a Lady, without endangering the half of your Buttons: all these and a thousand such Errours, are the friends of Beer, that Nurle of Barbarism, and foe to Philosophy.

Sim. O, I am ravished with this admirable Metaphysical Lecture, if ever I drink Beer again; let me turn Civil Lawyer, or be powdered up in one of Luther's Barrels; pray lend me the Book again, that I may forswear it. Fie upon it, I could love Sir Giles for Presenting those notorious Ale wives. O *Aristippus*, *Aristippus*, thou art equally divine τῷ Διὶ πατρί καὶ ἐπιταλ-
χῆρα, the onely Father of *Quodlibets*, the Prince of Formalities, I ask my stars, whose influence doth govern this orbem sublanarem, that I may live with thee; and die like the royal Duke of *Clarence*, who was
sowsed

sowed up to immortality in a But of Malmesey.

2. *Schol.* You interrupt him, sir, too much in his Lecture, and prevent your ears of their happiness.

Sim. O Heavens ! I could hear him, *ad eternitatem*, and that, *tam à parte ante, quam à parte post.* O proceed, proceed, thy instructions are meer Orthodoxal, thy Philosophy Canonical ; I will study thy *scientiam* both *speculativam & practicam*. Pray let me once more forswear the pollution of Beer, for it is an abominable Heretick ; I'll be his perfect Enemy, till I make him and Bottle-ale fly the Country.

Arist. But Sack is the life, soul, and spirits* of a man, the fire which *Prometheus* stole, not from *Jove's* Kitchen, but his Wine-celler, to increase the native heat and radical moisture, without which we are but drowfie dust, or dead clay : this is *Nectar*, the very *Nepenthe* the gods were drunk with ; 'tis this that gave *Ganymede* beauty, *Hebe* youth, to *Jove* his heaven and eternity ; do you think *Aristotle* drank Perry, or *Plato* Cyder ; do you think *Alexander* had ever conquer'd the World, if he had been sober ? he knew the force and valour of Sack, that it was the best armour, the best encouragement, and that none could be a good Commander, that was not double-drunk, with Wine and ambition.

1. *Schol.* Onely here's the difference ; Ambition makes them rise, and Wine makes them fall.

Arist. Therefore the Garisons are all Drinking-schools, the Souldiers trained up to the mustering of Pewter Pots daily, learning to contemn death, by accustomed to be dead-drunk : Scars do not so well become a Captain, as Carbuncles, a Red Nose is the grace of a Serjeant Major ; and they unworthy the place of Ensigns that have not good Colours ; the best Shot to be discharg'd is the Tavern-bill ; the best Allarm is the Sounding of Healths ; and the most absolute March is Reeling.

2. *Schol.* And the best Artillery-yard is the *Dolphin*.

Arist.

Arist. Thus you may easily perceive the profit of Sack in Military Discipline, for that it may justly seem to have taken the name of Sack from Sacking of Cities.

Sim. O wonderful, wonderful Philosopher! If I be a Coward any longer, let me swear a little to drink Sack, for I will be as valiant as any of the Knights Errant, I perceive it was onely *culpa ignorantiae*, not *prava dispositionis*, that made me a Coward: but O Enthusiastick, rare, angelical Philosophy, I will be a Souldier, a Scholar, and every thing, I will hereafter *nec peccare in materia, nec in forma*. Beer, raskally Beer was the first parent of Sophisters, and the fallacies. But proceed, my *Pythagoras*, my *ipse dixit* of Philosophy.

Arist. Next, it is the onely *Elixir* of Philosophy, the very Philosophers Stone, able, if studied by a young Heir, *mutare rerum species*, to change his House, Lands, Livings, Tenements, and Liveries into *aureum potabile*: So that though his Lordships be the fewer for't, his manners shall be the more; whose Lands being dissolved into Sack must needs make his soul more capable of divine meditation, he being almost in the state of separation, by being purg'd and freed from so much earth.

2. *Schol.* Therefore why should a man trouble himself with so much earth? he is the best Philosopher that can *omnia sua secum portare*

Arist. And since it is the nature of light things to ascend, what better way, or more agreeing to nature; can be invented, whereby we might ascend to the height of knowledge, then a light head? A light head, being as it were allied with heaven, first found out, that the motion of the Orbs was circular, like to its own; which motions, *teste Aristotele*, first found that intelligence: so that I conclude all intelligence intellect, and understanding to be the invention of Sack, and a light head. What mists of error had clouded Philosophy

sophy, till the never sufficiently praised Copernicus found out that the Earth was moved; which he could never have done, had he not been instructed by Sack, and a light head?

Sim Hang me then, when I turn grave.

Arist. This is the Philosophy the great Stagerite read to his Pupil *Alexander*, wherein how great a Proficient he was, I call the faith of History to witness.

Sim. 'Tis true, *per fidem Historicam*, for I have read how when he had vanquished the whole world in drink, that he wept there was no more to conquer.

Arist. Now to make our Demonstration to prove, no Wine, no Philosophy, is that admirable Axiome, *In vino veritas*; and you know that Sack and Truth are the onely Buts which Philosophy aims at.

1. *Schol.* And the Hogthead is that *puteus Democriti*, from whence they might both be drawn.

Arist. Sack, Claret, Malmesey, White-wine and Hypocras, are your five Predicables, and Tobacco your *individuum*, your Money is your substance, full Cups your quantity, good Wine your quality, your Relation is in good company, your action is beating, which produceth another Predicament in the Drawers, called Passion, your *quando* is mid-night, your *ubi* the Dolphin, your *situs* leaning, your *habitus* carowling, after-claps are your *post-Predicaments*, your *Priorums* breaking of Jest, your *Posteriorums* of Glasses, false Bills are your fallacies, the shot is *subtilis objectio*, and the discharging of it is *vera solutio*, several humours are your Moods and Figures, where *quarta figura*, or Gallons must not be neglected; your Drinking is Syllogisms, where a Pottle is the *major terminus*, and a Pint the *minor*, a Quart the *medium*, beginning of Healths are the Premises, and Pledging the Conclusion, for it must not be divided; Topicks or Common Places are the Taverns, and *Hamon*, *Wolf* and *Fartows* are the three best Tutors in the Universitie.

Sim. And if I be not entred; and have my name admitted

mitted into some of their Books, let *forma misti* be beaten out of me.

Arist. To perswade the Vintner to trust you, is *gou*. Rhetorick, and the best Figure is *Synecdoche*, to pay part for the whole; to drink above measure, is a Science beyond Geometry; falling backward is stargazing, and no *Jacob's Staff* comparable to a Tobacco-pipe; the sweet harmony of good fellowship, with now and then a discord, is your excellent Musick; Sack it self is your Grammar, Sobriety a meer Solacism; and Latine, be it true, or be it false, a very Cudgel to your *Priscian's* pates; the Reckoning is Arithmetick enough, a Receipt of full Cups are the best Physick to procure Vomit, and forgetting of Debts an art of memory; and here you have an *Encyclopædia* of Sciences, whose method being circular can never be so well learned, as when your head runs round.

Sim. If mine have any other motion, it shall be *preter naturam*, I, and *contra* too, if I live: I like that art of Musick, wondrous well, life is nor life without it; for what is life but an harmonious lesson, play'd by the soul upon the Organs of the body? O witty sentence! I am mad already, I see the immortality, ha brave *Aristippus*! but in Poetry, it is the soul-predominant quality, the sap and juice of a verse, yea, the spring of the Muses is the fountain of Sack; for to think *Helicon* a Barrel of Beer, is as great a sin as to call *Pegasus* a Brewers Horse.

Arist. I know some of these half-penny Almanack-makers do not approve of this Philosophy, but give you most abominable counsel in their Beggars Rhimes, which you are bound to believe as faithfully as their Predictions of foul and fair weather; you shall hear some of *Erra Pater's* Poetry;

*I wish you all carefully,
Drink Sack but sparingly,*

Spend

Spend your coin thriftily,
 Keep your health warily,
 Take heed of ebriety,
 Wine is an enemy,
 Good is sobriety,
 Fly bathes and venery.

For your often potations much crudities cause, by hindring the course of Mother Natures Laws; therefore he that desireth to live till *October*, ought to be drunk in *July*: but I hold it to be a great deal better that he went to bed sober. And let him alone, thou Man in the Moon; yet hadst thou but read a leaf in this admired Author, this *aureum flumen*, this *torrent eloquentiæ*, thou wouldst have scorn'd to have been of the Water-poets tribe, or *Sheltons* family: But thou hast never tasted better Nectar then out of *Fennors* Wassail-Bowl, which hath so transformed him, that his eyes look like two Tunnels, his nose like a Faucet with the Spicket out, and therefore continually dropping. And the Almanack-makers, and Physicians are alike grand enemies of Sack: As for Physicians, being fools, I cannot blame them if they neglect Wine, and minister Simples; but if I meet with you, I'll teach you another Receipt.

Sim. Why meet him, Tutor? you may easily meet him. I know him, Sir, & *cognitione distinctâ*, & *confusâ*, I warrant you. Do you not smell him, Tutor? I know who made this Almanack against drinking Sack. Ha, *Stroffe*, have I found thee, *Stroffe*? you will shew your self, I see, when all is done, to be but a Brewers Clark.

Arist. But far better speaks the divine *Ennius* against your Ale, and Bary-broth, who knew too full well the vertue of Sack, when *Nunquam nisi potus ad arma profiliit dicenda*; his verses are in Latin, but because the audience are Scholars, I have translated them into English, that they may be understood. Here, read them

1. Schol. There is a drink made of the Stygian Lake,
 Or else of the waters the Furies do make,

No name there is bad enough by which it to call,
 But yet as I wist, it is ycleped Ale ;
 Men drink it thick, and pisse it out thin,
 Mi k'e filth by Saint Loy that it leaves within.
 But I of complexion am wondrous sanguine,
 And will love by th' Morrow a cup of wine :
 To live in delight was ever my woone,
 For I was Epicurus his own son,
 That held opinion, that plainly delight
 Was very feticity perfit.

A bowl of wine is wondrous good chear,
 To make one blith, buxome, and deboneer ;
 'Twill give me such valour, and so much courage ;
 As cannot be found 'twixt Hull and Carthage.

Arist. But above the wit of human ty, the divine Virgil
 hath extoild the Encomium of Sack, in these Verses.

2. Schol. Fill me a Bowl of Sack with Roses crown'd ;
 Fill't to the brim ; Ile have my temples bound
 With flowery Chaplets, and this day permit
 My Genius to be free, and frolick it :
 Let me drink deep, then fully warm'd with wine
 Ile chaunt Æneas praise, that every line
 Shall prove immortal, till my moistned quill
 Melt into Verse, and Nectar-like distil :
 I'm sad, or dull, till bowls brim fill'd infuse
 New life in me, new spirit in my Muse :
 But once reviv'd with Sack, pleasing desires
 In my childh od kindle such active fires,
 Thay my gray hairs seem fled, my wrinkled face
 Grown smooth as Hebe's, youth, and beauties grace,
 To my shrank veins, fresh blood and spirits bring,
 Warm as the Summer, sprightfull as the Spring ;
 Then a'l the world is mine : Cræsus is poor,
 Compar'd with me ; he's rich that asks no more :
 And I in Sack have all, which is to me
 My home, my life, health, wealth, and liberty.
 Then I have conquer'd all ; I boldly dare
 My Trophies with the Pelean youth compare ,

Him I will equal; as his Sword, my Pen;
 My conquer'd world of cares, his world of men.
 Do not, Atrides, Nestors ten desire,
 But ten such drinkers as that aged fire;
 His stream of hono: d words flow'd from the wine,
 And Sack his counsel was, as he was thine,
 Who ever purchas'd a rich Indian mine,
 But Bacchus first, and next the Spanish wine?
 Then fill my bowl, that if I die to morrow,
 Killing cares to day, I have out-liv'd my sorrow.

Arist. Thus resting in the opinion of that admirable
 Poet, I make this draught of Sack this Lectures period.

Dixi.

Sim. *Dixi*, dost thou say? I, and I'll warrant thee
 the best *Dixi* in Cambridge: Who would sit poring on
 the learned Barbarism of the School-men, that by one
 of thy Lectures might confute them all, *pro* and *con*? I
 begin to hate distinction, & *actualiter*, & *habitua-*
liter; yet a pox to see I cannot leave them *neq* *princi-*
paliter, *neq* *formaliter*: yet I begin to love the Fox
 better then subtilness. O Tutor, Tutor, well might
 Fox be a Colledge Porter, that he might open the gates
 to none but thy Pupils. Come, fellow Pupils, if I did
 not love you, I were *κατάπραγμα τῆς εὐσεβείας*, and an
 absurdity in the abstract. Let's practise, let's practise;
 for I'll follow the steps of my Tutor night and day.
 By this Sack, I shall love this Philosophy: Before I
 heard this Lecture, *Banks* his horse was an *Aristotle*
 in comparison of me: I can laugh to think what a
 foolish *Simplicius* I was this morning, and how lear-
 nedly I shall sleep this night.

2 *Schol.* Sleep to night! why? that's no point of
 your Philosophy; we must sit up late, and roar till we
 rattle the Welkin. Sleep! what have we to do with
 Deaths Cater-cousin? do you think Nature gave Stars
 to sleep by; have you not day enough to sleep in, but
 you must sleep in the night too? 'tis an arrant Paradox.

Y 2

Sim.

Sim. A Paradox ? let me be cramp't if I sleep then :
but what, must wee sleep in the day then ?

1. *Schol.* Yes, in the morning.

Sim. And why in the morning ?

2. *Schol.* Why, a pox of the morning, what have we to
do with the sober time of the day ?

Sim. 'Tis true ; I see, we may learn something of our
fellow Pupils : and what must we do now, fellow Pupils ?
what must we do now ?

1. *Schol.* Why, confer our notes.

Sim. What is that ?

2. *Schol.* Why, conferring of notes is drinking of cups,
half pots are saying of parts, and the singing of Catches
is our repetition.

Sim. Fellow Pupil, Ile confer a note with you.

1. *Schol.* Gramercy, brave Lad, and it's a good one,
excellent Criticisme ; I would not have lost it for *Eustathius*
and his Bishoprick : it's a generall Rule, and true,
without exception.

Sim. Fellow Pupil, Ile confer a note with you too.

2. *Schol.* Fauch, let me have it, let's share and share like
boon Rascals.

Sim. Ile say my part to you both.

2. *Schol.* By my troth, and you have a good memory,
you have conn'd it quickly, sir.

Sim. But what shall we have for repetitions now ?

2. *Schol.* I, what for repetitions ?

1. *Schol.* Why, the Catch against the School-men, in
praise of our Tutor *Aristippus*: can you sing, *Simplicius*.

Sim. How begins it, pray you ?

1. *Schol.* *Aristippus* is better.

Sim. O God, sir, when I was in the state of igno-
rance, I conn'd it without book, thinking it been a po-
sition.

Aristippus is better in every letter

Than *Faber Parisiensis* ;

Than *Scotus*, *Soncinus*, and *Thomas Aquinas*,

Or *Gregory Gandavensis* :

Than

Than Cardau and Ramus, than old Paludanus,
Albertus and Gabriella;
Than Pico Mercatus, or Scaliger Natus,
Than Nyphus, or Zabarella,
Hortado, Trombetus, were fools, with Toletus,
Zanardus, and Will de Hales;
With Occam, Fuvellus, and mad Argazellus,
Philoponus, and Natalis.
The Conciliator was but a meer prater,
And so was Apollinaris;
Jandunus, Plotinus, the Duce Eugubinus;
With Mafius, Savil, and Suarez,
Fonseca, Durandus, Becanus, Holandus,
Perevius, Avienture;
Old Trismegistus, whose Volumes have mist us,
Ammonius, Bonaventure,
Mirandula, Comes, with Proclus and Somes,
And Guido the Carmelita;
The nominal Schools, and the Colledge of fools;
No longer is my delight a.
Hang Breerewood and Cartier in Crackenthorps garter,
Let Keckerman too bemoan us:
He be no more beaten for greasie Jack Seaton,
Or conning of Santerfonus.
The censure of Cato's shall never amate us,
Their frosty beards cannot nip us;
Your Ale is too muddy, good Sack is our study,
Our Tutor is Aristippus.

Enter the wild man with two Brewers.
wild. There they be; now for the valour of Brewers,
knock'um soundly; the old Rogue, that's he; do you not
see him there? soundly, soundly; let him know what
companions good Beer has.

They beat out Aristippus and the Scholars.

wild man solus.

Now let them know, that Beer is too strong for them;
Y 3 and

and let me be hang'd if ever I be milder to such Rascals;
they shall find these but stale courtesies. How

He finds now? what's here? the learned Library,
pots the Philosophical Volume? these are the
books of the black Art; I hate them worse

then *Bellarmine*, the golden Legend, or the *Turkish Al-*
coran. I wonder what vertue is in this Pewter-fac'd
Author, that it should make every one fall in love with
it so deeply; He try if I can find any *Philtrum*, any
love potion in it: by my *Domine* not a drop:

He finds *O stultum ingenium hominum*, to delight in
empty pa- such vanities! Sure these are Comments up-
pers. on Tobacco; dry and juiceless vanities. He
try again, by my *bonâ fide*, but this doth

relish some learning. Still better, an admirable witty
rogue, a very flash. He turn another leaf: still better;
has he any more Authors like this? What's here, *Aris-*
tippus? a most incomperable Author. O *Bodley*, *Bodley*,
thou hast not such a Book in all thy Library; here's one
line worth the whole *Vatican*. O *Aristippus*, would my
brains had been broken out when I broached thy Hog-
head: O curst Brewers! and most accursed am I, to
wrong so learned a Philosopher as *Aristippus*! What
penance is enough to clear me from this unpardonable
offence? twenty purgations are too little; He suck up all
my Beer in Toasts to appease him, and afterwards live by
my Wife and Hackneyes. O that I had never undertook
this selling of Beer! I might have kept my house with
Fellows Commons, and never have come to this: But now
I am a Wild-man, and my house a Bedlam. *Aristippus*, *A-*
*r**istippus*, *Aristippus*!

Enter Medico de Campo.

Med. How now, neighbour *Wild-man*!

wild. O *Aristippus*, *Aristippus*! what shall I do for
thee, *Aristippus*?

Med. What extasie is this?

wild. O *Aristippus*, *Aristippus*! what shall I do for
thee, *Aristippus*?

Med.

Med. Why, 'neighbour *wild-man*? disclose your griefs to mee; I am a Surgeon, and perchance may cure 'um.

wild. O cry you mercy, you are the welcomest man on earth, Sir, Signior *Medico de Campo*, the welcomest man living, the onely man I could have wished for, O *Aristippus, Aristippus!*

Med. Why, what's the matter, neighbour? O, I hear he has seduced away your Parishoners; is this the cause of your lamentation?

wild. O no, Sir, a learned Philosopher, one that I love with my soul: but in my rage I cannot tell you, Sir, it is a dismal tale, the sharpest Razor in your shop would turn edge at it.

Med. Never fear it: I have one was sent from a — faith I cannot think on's name, a great Emperour, he that I did the great cure on; you have heard on't I am sure: I fetched his head from *China*, after it had been there a fortnight buried, and set it on his shoulders again, and made him as lively as ever I saw him in my life: and yet to see I should not think on's name. O, I have it now, *Prefter John*, a pox on't, *Prefter John*, 'twas he, I faith, 'twas *Prefter John*; I might have had his daughter, if I had not been a fool, and have liv'd like a Prince all the dayes of my life: nay, and perchance have inherited the Crown after his death; but a pox on't, her lips were too thick for me: and that I should not think on *Prefter John!*

wild. O *Aristippus, Aristippus!* pox on your *Prefter John*, Sir, will you think on *Aristippus*?

Med. What should I do with him?

wild. Why, in my rage, Sir, I have almost killed him, and now would have you cure him in sober sadness.

Med. Why, call him out, Sir.

Enter Simplicius.

wild. Sir, yonder comes one of his Pupils,

Med. Salve, M. Simplicius.

Y 4

Sim

Sim. *Salve* me ; 'tis but a Surgeons complement, *Signior Medico de Campo*; but you are welcome, *sir*, my Tutor wants help. Are you there, You *usquebaugh* Rascal, with your *Metheglin* juice : He teach you, *sir*, to break a Philosopher's pate : He make you leave your distinctions, as well as I have done.

Wild. O pardon, pardon me, I repent, *sir*, heartily ; O *Aristippus*, *Aristippus*, I have broken thy head, *Aristippus*, but He give thee a plaister, *Aristippus*, *Aristippus*.

Med. I pray, *sir*, bring him out in his Chair, and if the house can furnish you with barbers provision, let all be in readiness.

Exit Simplicius.

Wild. Pray, *Sir*, do you think you can cure him?

Med. Him? why neighbour, do you not remember the Thumb?

Wild. What of the Thumb? I have not heard of it as yet, *sir*.

Med. Why, the Thumb, the Thumb; do you not know the cure of the Thumb?

Wild. No, *sir*, but I pray tell the cure of the Thumb: do you still remember't, *sir*?

Med. Remember't? I, and perfectly, I have it at my fingers ends, and thus it is. Two Gentlemen were fighting, one lost his Thumb; I by chance coming by, took it up, put it in my pocket: some two months after, meeting the Gentleman, I set on his Thumb again: and if he were now in *Cambridge*, I could have his hand to shew for't. Why, did you ne're hear of the Thumb, *sir*? 'tis strange you never heard mee speak of the Thumb, *Sir*.

Enter three Scholars bringing forth Aristippus in his Chair.

1. Schol. *Signior de Medico Campo*, if you have any Art or skill, shew it now; you never had a more deserving patient.

Med.

Med. Yet I have had many and royall ones too; I have done many cures beyond seas, that will not be believed in England.

2. *Schol.* Very likely so: and Cures in England, that will not be believed beyond seas, nor here neither: for in this kinde, half the world are infidels.

Med. The great *Turk* can witnesse, I am sure, the eyes that he weares were of my making.

1. *Schol.* He was then an eye-witnesse, but I hope he wears spectacles, *Signior*.

Med. Why, won't you believe it? why, I tell you I am able to say't, I saw it my self: I cur'd the King of Poland of a Wait on's Nose, and *Bethlem Gabor* of a Ring-worm.

1. *Schol.* The one with Raw Beef, and the other with ink-horns.

Med. Pox on your old Wives medicines, the worst of my ingredients is an Unicorns horn, and Bezoars stone: Raw Beef and Ink-horns! Why, I cured *Sherley* in the grand *Sophie's* Court in *Persia*, when he had been but twice shot through with Ordnance, and had two Bullets in each thigh, and so quickly, that he was able at night to lie with his Wife the *Sophie's* Niece, and beget a whole Church of Christians; and could this be done with Raw Beef and Ink-horns?

Sim. No sure, this could not have been done without Egges and Green-sauce, or an Oat-meal Poultries at least.

Med. The King of *Russia* had died of the Worms, but for a Powder I sent him.

2. *Schol.* Some of that, you mean, that stuck on the Bullet which you took out of *Sherley's* Legs.

Med. In the siege of *Ostent*, I gave the Dutches of *Austria* a Receipt to keep her Smock from being animated, when she had not shifted it of a Twelve month.

1. *Schol.* Believe mee, and that was a Cure beyond *Scoggins* Fleas.

Med.

Med. I am able by the virtue of one Salve to heal all the wounds and breaches in *Bohemia*.

2. *Schol.* I, and close up the Bung-hole in the great Tub at *Heidelberg*, I warrant you.

Med. I cur'd the State of *Venice* of a Dropsie, the *Low Countreys* of a Lethargy; and if it had not been Treason, I had cur'd the *Fistula*, that it should have dropt no more then your nose. By one dram on a knives point, I restored *Mansfield* to his full strength and Forces, when he had no men left, but was onely skin and bones. I made an arm for *Brunswick* with so great art and skill, as nature her self could not have mended it; which had it not come too late after his death, would have done him as much service as that which was shot off.

2. *Schol.* I easily believe that, I faith.

Med. I could make Purgation, that should so scour the Seas, that never a *Dunkirk* durst shew his head.

1. *Schol.* By my faith, and that would be a good State glyster.

Med. I have done as great wonders as these, when I extracted as much chastity from a Sanctimony in the *English Nunnery*, as cur'd the Pope of his lechery.

2. *Schol.* And yet had as much left, as serv'd five Cardinals on Fasting days.

Med. And there was no man in the Real of *France*, either *French*, or *Spanish*, or *Italian* Doctors, but my self, that durst undertake the King of *France* his Cornes, and afterwards having cur'd him, I drank a Health to him.

Sim. Would we had the pledging on't, O happy man that has conferr'd a note with the King of *France*!

Med. And do you seem to misdoubt my skill, and speak of my art with *Ils* and *Ands*? Do you take me for a *Montebank*? and hath mine own tongue been so silent in my praise, that you have not heard of my skill?

2. *Schol.*

2. *Schol.* No, pardon us, *Signior*, onely the danger our Tutor is in makes us so suspicious: we know your skill, sir, we have heard *Spain* and your own tongue speak loud on't; we know besides, that you are a Traveller, and therefore give you leave to relate your words with authority.

Med. Danger? what danger can there be, when I am his Surgeon?

1. *Schol.* His head, sir, is so wonderfully bruised, it is almost past cure.

Med. Why, what if he had never a head? Am not I able to make him one? Or, if it were beaten to atoms, I could set it together, as perfectly as in the womb.

Wild. Believe me neighbour, but that would be as great a wonder, as the Thumb, or *Prefter John's* head.

Med. Why? He tell you, sir, what I did, a far greater wonder than any of these, I was a Traveller.

2. *Schol.* There was no such great wonder in that, but what may be believed.

Med. And another friend of mine travelled with me; and to be short, I came into the Country of the Canibals, where missing my friend, I ran to seek him, and came at last into a Land where I saw a company feeding on him, they had eaten half of him, I was very pensive at his misfortune, or rather mine: at last I be-thought mee of a Powder that I had about me, I put it into their Wine, they had no sooner drunk of it, but they presently disgorged their stomacks, and fell asleep; I, sir, gathered up the miserable morsels of my friend, placed them together, and restored him to be a perfect man again; and if he were here still alive, he were able to witnesse it himself; and do you think I cannot cure a Ten-groats dammage, or a crack'd Crown?

1. *Schol.* Good *Signior*, make no such delay, cure him, and have one wonder more to fill up your Legend.

Med.

Med. Here hold the Bason, you the Napkins, and you Mr *Simplicius* the Boxes, what shall we have to lay his feet upon? By my troth, sir, he is wonderfully hurt, his *Pia mater*, I perceive, is clean out of joint. of the twenty Bones of the *Cranium*, there is but three onely whole, the rest are miserably crushed, and broken, and two of his *Sutures* are clean perished, onely the *Sagital* remains free from violence; the four *Tunicles* of his eyes are thred-bare; the *Meninx* of his ear is like a cut Drum, and the Hammer's lost: there is not a *Cartilago* in his Head worth three pence, the top of his Nose is dropt away, there is not a *Muscle* left in the Cavities of his Nostrils, his *Dentes molares* are past grinding, his *pallate* is lost, and with it his *Gurgilio*; yet if he can swallow, I warrant his drinking safe: Help, open his mouth. So, so, his Throat is sound; he's well! I warrant you; now give him a Cup of Sack: so, let me chafe his Temples: put this Powder into another Glasse of Sack, and my life for his, he is as sound as the best of us all. Let down his Legs. How do you, sir?

Arist. Why, as young as the Morning, all life, and soul, not a dram of body; I am newly come back from Hell, and have seen so many of my acquaintance there, that I wonder whose Art hath restored me to life again.

1. *Schol.* The Catholick Bishop of Barbers, the very Metropolitan of Surgeons, *Signior de Medico Campo*.

2. *Scho*! One that hath engrossed all Arts to himself, as if he had the Monopoly.

1. *Schol.* The onely Hospital of Sores.

2. *Schol.* And Spittle-house of infirmities, *Signior de Medico Campo*.

1. *Schol.* One that is able to undo the Company of Barber-Surgeons, and Colledge of Physicians, by making all diseases fly the Country.

2. *Schol.* Yea he is able to give his skill to whom he

he please, by Act of Deed, or bequeath it by Legacy but he is determined as yet to entail it to his Heirs males for ever.

1. *Schol.* Sir, death it self dares not anger him, for fear he should beggar the Sextons, by suffering no Grave to be made; he can chuse whether any shall die, or no.

2. *Schol.* And he do's't with such celerity, that a hundred Pieces of Ordnance in a Pitch'd Field could not in a whole day make work enough to imploy him an hour; you owe him your life, sir, J'll assure you.

Arist. Sir, J do owe you my life, and all that is mine: think of any thing that lieth in the compass of my Philosophy, and 'tis your own.

Med. J have Gold enough, Sir, and Philosophy enough, for my house is paved with Philosophers stones; mine onely desire is, that you forgive the rage of this Wilde-man, who is heartily sorry for his offence to you.

wild. O reverend Philosopher, and Alchimy of understanding, thou very Sack of Sciences, thou noble Spaniard, thou Catholick Monarch of Wines, Archduke of Canary, Emperour of the sacred Sherry, pardon me, pardon my rudeness, and J will forswear that Dutch Heresie of English Beer, and the Witchcraft of Middleton's Water, J'll turn my self into a Gown, and be a profest Disciple of *Aristippus*.

Arist. Give him a Gown then, ere we admit him to our Lecture hereafter. Now noble Signior *Medico de Campo*, if you will walk in, let's be very jovial and merry, 'tis my second birth-day, let's in, and drink a Health to the company.

*We care not for money, riches, or wealth,
Old Sack is our money, old Sack is our health,
Then let's flock hither,
Like Birds of a feather,
To drink, to sing,*

To laugh and sing,
 Conſerving our notes together,
 Conſerving our notes together.
 Come let us laugh, let us drink, let us ſing,
 The Winter with us is as good as the Spring.
 We care not a feather
 For winde, or for weather,
 But night and day
 We ſport and play.
 Conſerving our notes together,
 Conſerving our notes together.

Sim. Heark, they are drinking your Healths within,
 and I muſt have it too; I am onely left here to offer my
 Supplicat to you, that my Grace may paſs; and then if I
 may commence in your approbation, I will take a Degree
 in Drinking; and becauſe I am turned a jovial mad
 Rascal, I have a great deſire to be a Mid-Summer Bach-
 lor, I was onely ſtaid to aſk your leave to go out. Exit.

FINIS.



The PEDLER.

As it was presented in a strange Shew.

Generous Gentlemen,



Such is my affection to *Phæbus*, and the ninety nine Muses, for the benefit of this Royal University, I have strodled over three of the Terrestrial Globes with my Geometrical rambling, viz. the *Asia* of the *Dolphin*, the *Africa* of the *Rose*, and the *America* of the *Miter*, besides the *terra incognita* of many an Ale-house. And all for your sakes, whom I know to be the divine Brats of *Helicon*, the lawfull begotten Bastards of the thrice three Sisters, the learned Filly-foals to *Monsieur Pegasus*, Arch hackney to the Students of *Parnassus*: Therefore I charge you by the seven deadly Sciences, which you more study then the three and four liberal sins, that your ha, ha, he's may be recompence of my ridiculous endeavours.

I have been long in travel; but if your laughter give my Embrion Jests but safe deliverance, I dare maintain it in the throat of *Europe*, *Jeronymo* rising from his naked bed was not so good a Midwife.

But I see you have a great desire to know what profession I am of: first, therefore, hear what I am not. I am not a Lawyer, for I hope you see no Buckram
ho,

honesty about me, and I swear by these sweet lips, my breath stinks not of any stage actions: I am no Soldier, although my heels be better then my hands; by the whips of *Mars* and *Bellona*, I could never endure the smell of Salt peter, since the last Gun-powder-treason; the voice of a Mandrake to me is sweeter Musick then those Maxims of wars, those terrible Cannons; I am no Townsman, unless there be rutting in *Cambridge*, for you see my Head without Horns: I am no Alderman, for I speak true *English*: I am no Justice of Peace, for I swear by the honesty of a *Mitimus*, the venerable Bench ne're kist my worshipful Buttocks: I am no Alchymist, for though I am poor, I have not broke out my brains against the Philosophers stone: I am no Lord, and yet methinks I should, for I have no lands: I am no Knight, and yet I have as empty pockets as the proudest of them all: I am no Landlord, but to Tenants at will: I am no Inns of Court Gentleman, for I have not been stewed thoroughly at the *Temple*, though I have been half-codled a *Cambridge*: Now do you expect that I should say I am a Scholar? but I thank my stars, I have more wit then so: why, I am not mad yet: I hope, my better *Genius* will shield me from a thred bare black Cloak, it looks like a piece of *Belzebub's* Livery. A Scholar? What? I do not mean my brains should drop through my Nose: no: if I was what I wish, I could but hope to be: but I am a noble, generous, understanding, royal, magnificent, religious, heroical, and thrice illustrious Pedler.

But what is a Pedler? why, what's that to you? yet for the satisfaction of him whom I most respect, my right honourable self, I will define him.

A Pedler is an *Individuum vagum*, or the *Primum mobile* of Tradesmen, a walking Burse, or moveable Exchange, a *Socratical* Citizen of the vast Universe, or a *Peripatetical* Journey-man, that like another *Atlas* carries his heavenly Shop on's shoulders.

I am a Pedlar, and I sell my ware
 This brave Saint Barthol. or in Sturbridge Fair :
 I'll sell all for laughter, that's all my gains,
 Such Chapmen should be laugh'd at for their pains.
 Come buy my wits, which I have hither brought ;
 For wit is never good till it be bought.
 Let me not bear all back, buy some the while ;
 If laughter be too dear, take't for a smile.
 My trade is jesting now, or quibble speaking ;
 Strange trade, you'l say, for it's set up with breaking !
 My Shop and I am all at your command.
 For lawful English laughter paid at hand.
 Now will I trust no more ; it were in vain
 To break, and make a Craddock of my brain.
 Half have not paid me yet : first, there is one
 Owes me a quart for his declamation ;
 Another's mornings draught is not yet paid
 For four Epistles at the Election made ;
 Nor dare I cross him who does owe as yet
 Three ells of jests to line Priorums wit.
 But here's a Courtier has so long a Bill.
 'Twill fright him to behold it, yet I will
 Relate the sums : Item, he owes me first
 For an Imprimis : but what grieves me worst,
 A dainty Epigram on his Spaniels tail
 Cost me an hour, besides five pots of Ale,
 Item, an Anagram on his Mistress name.
 Item, the speech wherewith he courts his Dame ;
 And an old blubber'd scowling Elegie
 Upon his Masters Dogs sad Exequy :
 Nor can I yet the time exactly gather,
 When I was paid for an Epitaph on's Father :
 Besides he never yet gave me content
 For the new coining of's last Complement.
 Should I speak all, he't spoken to his praise,
 The total sum is, what he thinks or says.
 I will not let you run so much o'ib' score,
 Poor Duck-Lane braine, trust me, I'll trust no more.

Shall's jest for nought? have you all conscience lost?
 Or do you think our Sack did nothing cost?
 Well, then it must be done as I have said,
 I needs must be with present laughter paid:
 I am a free man, for by this sweet Rhime,
 The fellows know I have secur'd the time.
 Yet if you please to grace my poor adventures,
 I'm bound to you in more then ten Indentures.

But a pox on Sheltons fury, I'll open my Shop in honest Prose; and first, Gentlemen, I'll shew you half a dozen of incomparable Points.

I would give you the definition of Points, but that I think you have them at your fingers ends; yet for your better understanding,

A Point is no body, a common term, an extreme friend of a good mans longitude, whose center and circumference join in one diametrical opposition to your equi-lateral Doubler:, or equi-crural Breeches. But to speak to the Point, though not to the purpose.

1. The first Point is a Point of Honesty, but is almost worn out, and has never been in request since Trunk-hose and Cod-piece Breeches went out of fashion; it's made of simplicity-Ribbon, and ragged with plain-dealing: if there be any knaves among you, (as I hope you are not all fools) faith buy this Point of Honesty and the best use you can put it to, is to tie the band of affection. But I fear this Point will find no Chap-man; some of you had rather sell, then with *Demosthenes* buy honesty at too dear a rate, Oh I would wish that the Breeches of Bursers, Stewards, Taxers, Receivers, and Auditors were trussed with these honesty-points; but some will not be tied to it. But whist, Tom; it is dangerous untrussing the time.

2. The next is a Point of Knavery, but I have enough of them already; yet because I am loth to carry mine any longer about me, who gives me most shall take it, and the Devil give him good on't. This Point is cut out

out of villanous Sheeps-skin parchment in a Scriveners shop, tagg'd with the gold of a Ring, which the Pillory robb'd him of when it borrowed his ears: if he do but fasten this to the new Doublet of a young Squire, it will make him grow so corpulent in the middle, that there will be nothing but Waste. This Point of Knavery has been a man in his days, and the best of the Parish; fourteen of them go to a Bakers dozen.

The definition of him may be this: A Point of Knavery is an occult quality tied on a riding knot, the better to play fast and loose: he was born in Buckram, h'as run through all Offices in the Parish, and now stands to be President of Bride-well; where I leave him, hoping to see him truss'd at Tiburn.

3. Among all my Points, a Point of Ignorance is the very Alderman of the dozen. This is the richest Point in my pack, and is never out of fashion at Innes of Court. If you buy this Point, you are arrant fools; for I'll give you this gift, that you shall have it in spite of your teeth.

4. The next is a Point of good Manners, that has been long lost amongst a crowd of Clowns, because it was only in fashion on this side Trent.

This Point is almost found in our Colledge, and I thank the heavens for't, it begins to be tagg'd with Latine; it hath been much defil'd, but I hope to see it clean wash'd away with the sope of good Government.

This Point, to give you a little inkling of it, begins from the due observance of a Fresh-man to Sophisters, and there it endswith a *cede majoribus*.

5. Next Point is a Point of false Doctrine, snatch'd from the cod-piece of a long-winded Puritan: the breath of *Arminius* will rot in him: Tag him with a piece of *Apocrypha*, and he breaks in sunder: truss him to the Surplice, and his breeches will presently fall down with the thought of the Whore of *Babylon*.

He hates Unity and Church-discipline so far, that you cannot tie a true-loves knot on him; cut of his tags,
Z z
and

and he will make excellent strings for a *Geneva Bible*: I would have these Points anathematized from all the religious Breeches in the company; 'tis made of a dangerous stubborn Leather, tagg'd at one end with self-conceit, at the other with wilful opinion: this point is fit for no service, but *Lucifers* Cacotruces. But why talk I so long of this Point? it is pity it is not licensed.

6. If you like my Points, why do you not buy? If you would have a more full Point, I can furnish you with a Period: I have a Parenthesis, (but that may be left out.) I know not how you affect those Points; but I love them so well, that I grieve at the ignorance of my infancy, when my most audacious Toes durst play at spurn-point.

*Who will not pity Points, when each man sees
To begging they are fall'n upon their knees?
Though I beg pity, think I do not fear
Censuring critick whelps; no point, Monsieur:
If you hate Points, and these like merry speeches,
You may want Points for to truss up your Breeches.
And from the Close stool may be never move,
That hating Points doth clasps and keepers love.
But if my Points have here at all offended,
I'll tell you a way, how all shall be amended:
Speak to the Point, and that shall answer, Friend,
All is not worth a point, and there's an end.*

Then the Pedlar brought forth a Looking-Glass.

The next is a Looking Glass; but I'll put it up again; for I dare not be so bold as to shew some of you your own faces: yet I will, because it hath strange operations, viz.

If a crackt Chambermaid dress her self by this Looking-Glass, she shall dream the next night of kissing her Lord, or making her Mistress a she-Cuckold, and shall marry a Chaplain, the next Living that falls.

If a stale Court-Lady look on this Reflection, she may see her old face through her new complexion.

An Ufurer cannot see his Conscience in it, nor a Scrivener his ears.

If a Townsman peep into it, his *Attorns* furniture is no longer invisible. Corrupt takers of Bribes may read the price of their Consciences in it.

Some fellows cannot see the face of a Scholar in it. If one of our jewel-nos'd, carbuncle'd, rubrick-bonifac't, can venture the danger of seeing their own faces in't, the poor Basilisks will kill themselves by reflection.

If a blind man see his face in this, he shall recover his eye-sight.

But I see no pleasure in the contemplation of it; for when I look into it, I find my self inclined to such a dangerous disease, that I fear I cannot live here above four years longer: Howsoever, I hope, after my decease, we shall drink the parting blow.

If any this Looking-Glass disgrace,

It is because he dares not see his face:

Then what I am, I will not see (saith) say;

'Twas the whores argument, when she throw't away.

Then the Pedlar brought forth a Box of Cerebrum.

But now considering what a Philosophical *vacuum* there is in most of our Cambridge Noddles, I have here to sell a sovereign Box of *Cerebrum*, which by *Lullius* his Alchymy was extracted from the quintessence of *Aristotles Pericranium*, sod in the *inciput* of *Demosthenes*; the fire being blown with the long-winded blast of a *Ciceronian* sentence, and the whole Confection boiled from a Pottle to a Pint, in the *Pipin* of *Seneca*. We owe the first invention of it to Sir *John Mandevile*, the perfection of it to *Tom of Odcombe*, who fetch'd it from the gray-headed Alps in the *Hobsons Waggon* of experience; I swear as *Persians*

use, by this my Coxcomb, this Magazine of immortal Roguery: But for this Box of Brains, you had not laughed to night. Buy this box of Brains, and the tenure of your wit shall be soccage, whereas now it is but fee-simple.

These Brains have very admirable vertues, and very strange operations: four drops of it in the ear of a Lawyer will make him write true Latin; three grains will fill the Capital of an University Gander; the terrestrial head of a High-Constable will be contented with half a dram; three scruples and a half will fill the brain-pan of a Banbury brother.

*Come buy my Brains, you ignorant Gulls,
And furnish here your empty skulls;
Pay you laughter as it's fit,
To the learned Pedlar of wit:
Quickly come, and quickly buy,
Or I'll shut my Shop, and fools you'll die.
If your Coxcombs you would quoddle,
Here buy Brains to fill your noddle.
Who buys my Brains, learns quickly here
To make a Probleme in a year;
Shall understand the predicable,
And the predicamental Rabble:
Who buys them not shall die a fool,
An exoterick in the School:
Who has not these, shall ever pass
For a great acromatical Ass.
Buy then this Box of Brains; who buys not it,
Shall never suffer upon too much wit.*

Then the Pedlar brought forth a whetstone.

But leaving my Brains, I come to a more profitable Commodity; for, considering how dull half the Wits of the University be, I thought it not the worst traffique to sell Whetstones

This

This Whetstone will set such an edge upon your inventions, that it will make your rusty Iron Brains purer Metal then your Brazen Faces. Whet but the Knife of your Capacities on this Whetstone, and you may presume to dine at the Muses Ordinary, or sup at the Oracle of *Apollo*. If this be not true, I swear by the Doxies petticoats, that I'll never hereafter presume of a better vocation, then to live and die the miserable factor of Cony-skings.

Then the Pedlar brought out Gloves.

I have also Gloves of several qualities: the first is a pair of Gloves made for a Lawyer, made of an entire Loadstone, that has the vertue to draw Gold unto it: they were perfumed with the Conscience of an Userer, and will keep sent till wrangling have left *Westminster Hall*; they are seamed with Indenture, by the Needlework of Mortgage, and fringed with a *Noverint universi*. I would shew you more, but it is against the Statute, because a *Latitat* hath been served lately upon them; and few of you need any Gloves, for you wear Cordovant hands.

Night Caps.

My next Commodities are several Night-caps, but they dare not come abroad by Candle-light. The first is lined with Fox-furr, which I hope to sell to some of the Sophisters: it hath an admirable faculty for curing the Crapula, above the vertue of Ivie, or bitter Almonds; nay, the Portage-pot's not comparable unto it.

I have another fit for an Alderman, which *Aſſeon* by his last Will and Testament bequeathed to the City as a principal Charter; it was of *Diana's* own making: *Albumazar's Otaconſicon* was but a Chamber-pot in comparison.

I could fit all heads with Night-caps, except your grave over-wise Metaphysical heads: Marry, they are

so transcendent, that they will not be comprehended with
in the predicament of a Night-cap.

Ruffs.

I have also severall Ruffs: First, a Ruffe of pure Holland for a Dutch drunkard, a Ruff of Cobweb-Lawn for the University Statutes: I have a Ruff for the Colledge too; but by this badge of our Colledge (my Reverend Lamb-skirts) our back-biters say, our Colledge Ruffs are quite out of stock. I have no more Ruffs but one, and that is a Ruff of strong Hemp; you may have them who will, at the Royal Exchange of *Tyburn*.

As for plain Bands, if you find any in a Scriveners shop, there is good hopes honesty will come in fashion again.

But you will not Bestow your money on such trifles: why, I have greater wares.

Will you buy any Parsonages, Vicarages, Deanries, or Priebyteries?

The price of one is his Lordships crackt Chambermaid; the other is the reserving of his Worships Tithes: or you may buy the Knights Horse three hundred pound too dear, who, to make you amends in the bargain, will draw you on fairly to a Vicarage.

There be many tricks; but the downright way is three years purchase. Come, bring in your Coin; Livings are *Majo: i in pretio*, then in the days of Doomsday Book; you must give Presents for your presentations: there may be severall means for your Institutions, but this is the onely way to Induction that ever I knew. But I see you are not minded to meddle with any, my honest Leviticall Farmers.

The Pedlar took out a wench made of Alabaster.

But now expect the Treasures of the World, the Treasures of the Earth digg'd from the Mines of my more then *Indian* paunch. Wipe your eyes, that no envious clouds

clouds of musty humours may bar your sight of the happiness of so rare an object.

*Come from thy Palace, beauteous Queen of Greece,
Sweet Hellen of the world, rise like the morn,
Clad in the smock of night, that all the stars
May lose their eyes, and then grow blinde,
Run weeping to the Man i'th' Moon,
To borrow his Dog to lead the Spheres a begging.
Rare Empress of our souls, whose Charcoal flames
Burn the poor Colts foot of amazed hearts,
View the dumb Audience thy beauty spies,
And then amaz'd with grief, laugh out thine eyes.*

Here's now a rare beauty ; O, how all your fingers itch , who should be the first Chapman ! This will be a dainty friend in a corner. And were't not better to embrace this pretty Shambles of beauty, this errant Poultry of perfection, then to tumble our soapy Laundresses ? Is this like your draggle-tail'd Bed-makers ? when a man shall lie with Sea-coal-ashes, and commit adultery with the dust of his Chamber :

Methinks this peerless Paragon of complexion should be better countenanced ; he should set a sharper edge on your appetites, then all the three-penny Cutlers in Cambridge.

I am a man as you are , and this naughty flesh and blood will never leave tempting ; yet I protest by the sweet sole of this incomparable she, I never had any acquaintance with the pretty Libraryes of flesh , but onely this ; This is the subject of my Muse ; this I adorn'd with costly Epigrams , and such curious Encomiums , as may deserve immortality in the Chamber-ports of Helicon . And thus my *Furor Poeticus* doth accost her.

*Fair Madam, thee whose every thing
Deserves the Close-stool of a King :*

whof

Whose head is fair as any bone,
 white and smooth as Pumice-stone,
 whose natural baldness scorns to wear
 The needlesse excrements of hair,
 whose fore-head steaks, our hearts commands,
 Like Dover-cliffs, or Goodwin-sands.
 While from those dainty Glo-worm eyes,
 Cupid shoots Plum-pudding-pies,
 while from the Arches of thy Nose,
 A Cream-pot of white Nectar flows.
 Fair dainty lips, so smooth, so sleek,
 And truly Alabaster cheek,
 Pure Saffron teeth, happy the meat
 That such pretty mil-stones eat.
 O let me hear some silent song,
 Tun'd by the Jews-trump of thy tongue.
 Oh, how that Chin becomes thee well,
 Where never hairy beard shall dwell;
 Thy Coral-neck doth statelier bow,
 Then lo's, when she turn'd a Cow:
 O let me, or I shall ne're rest,
 Suck the black bottles of thy breast;
 Or lay my head, and rest me still
 On that dainty Hog-magog hill.
 Oh curious, and unfathom'd wist,
 As slender as the stateliest Mast:
 Thy fingers too breed my delight,
 Each wart a natural Margavite.
 O pity then my dismal moan,
 Able to melt thy heart of stone.
 Thou know'st how I lament and howle,
 Weep, snort, condole, look sad, and scowle:
 Each night so great my passions be,
 I cannot wake for thought of thee.
 Thy Gown can tell how much I lov'd,
 Thy Petty-coat to pity mov'd.
 Then let thy Pedlar mercy finde,
 To kiss thee once, though it be behinde.

Sweet kisse, sweet lips, delicious sense,
How sweet a Zephyrus blows from thence;
Blest Pety-coat, more blest her Smock,
That daily buffeth her Buttock:
For now the Proverb true I finde,
That the best part is still behinde.
Sweet dainty soul, deign but to give
The poor Pedlar this hanging sleeve:
And in thine honour, by this kisse,
Ile daily wear my Pack in this,
And quickly so bear thee more fame,
Then Quixot the Knight Errants Dame:
So farewell sweet, deign but to touch,
And once again re-bleste my Pouch.

Is it not pity such Ware should not be bought? Well,
I perceive the fault is in the emptinesse of your learned
Pockets: Well, Ile to the Court, and see what I can sell
there, and then carry the Relicks to Rome.

The Pedlar calls for his Coltstaff.

Some friend must now perforce
Make haste, and bid my Boy
To saddle me my wooden Horse,
For I mean to conquer Troy.

FINIS.

4
The Jealous Lovers.

A
COMEDIE

PRESENTED TO
Their Gracious MAJESTIES
AT
CAMBRIDGE,

By the Students of *Trinity-Colledge.*

Written by *Thomas Randolph*, Master
of Arts, and Fellow of the House.

— — — *Valeatis Indicra, si me
Palma negata macrū, donata reducit opimum.*



OXON:

Printed by HEN: HALL, 1668.



To the Right Worshipful Mr Dr Com-
ber, Dean of *Carleil*, Vice-chancellour
of the University of *Cambridge*, and
Master of *Trinity-Colledge*.

Right Worshipful,



Have observed in private Families, that the carefull Father disposing of his Children to several Employments, sendeth some to School, some to his Plough, some to his Flocks, while perchance the youngest, as incapable of greater business, has the liberty to play in his Hall; So is it in our Society (which joyfully acknowledgeth you our carefull and indulgent parent) those of stronger abilities, more reading, and longer experience, are busied in one, some in another of the graver and more serious Studies; while I, the last of that learned Body, am task'd to these lighter Exercises. Accept, Sir, a thing born at your command, and preserved by your pationage. Not but that I vow the fruits of my more precious hours to your service: for when I consider the Magnificence of our buildings, the riches of our endowments, the great examples of those before me, and all these bless'd in your auspicious government, I finde a fire kindled in my breast, whose flame aimeth higher, and telleth me, so glorious a Hive, the royal Founders, meant not to shelter Drones. So wishing our whole Body long happy in so provident a Governour, I rest, what my Oath, and peculiar Engagements have bound me to be.

Your devoted in all dutiful observance.

Tho: Randolph.

To



To the Reader.

Courteous Reader,

I Beg thy pardon, if I put thee to the expence of a six-pence, & the losse of an hour. If I could by mine own industry have furnished the desires of my Friends, I had not troubled the Press. 'Tis no opinion of the worth that wrought me to it; If I finde thee charitable, I acknowledge my self beholding to thee: if thou condemn it of weakness, I cannot be angry to see another of my minde. I doe not aim at the name of a Poet, I have alwayes admired at the free raptures of Poetry; but it is too unthrifty a Science for my fortunes, and is crept into the number of seven, to undo the other six. That I make so many Dedications, think not that I value as a present rich enough to be divided; but know whom I am in piety bound to honour. That I admit so many of my friends approbations, is not that I itch for praise, and love rubbing, but that I was willing thou should'st have something worth thy reading. Be to me as kinde as my Audience who, when they might have used their censures, made choice of their mercies; and so I must acknowledge my self indebted to thy clemency. I confess, no heights here, no strong conceits; I speak the language of the people.

— Neque si quis scribit, uti nos,

Sermoni propria, putes hunc esse Poetam.

No, bestow the honour of this glorious title on those that have abler wits, diviner inventions, and deeper mouths: Leave me to the privacy of my studies, and accept of thy unknown Friend,

T.R.

To

To that Compleat and Noble Knight
Sir KENELM DIGBY.

Sir when I look on you, methinks I see
To the full height how perfect man may be.
Sure all the Arts did court you, and you were
So courteous as to give to each their share :
While we lie lock'd in darknesse, night and day
Wasting our fruitlesse oyl and time away,
Perchance for skill in Grammar, and to know
Whether this word be thus declin'd or no.
Another cheats himself, perchance to be
A pretty youth, forsooth, in fallacy.
This on Arithmetick doth hourly lie,
To learn the first great blessing—Multiply.
That travels in Geometry, and tires;
And he above the world a Map admires.
This dotes on Musicks most harmonious chime;
And studying how to keep it, loses time.
One turns o're Histories and he can shew
All that has been, but knows not what is now,
Many in Physick labour; most of these
Lose health to know the name of a Disease.
Some (too high wise) are gazing at a Star,
And if they call it by his name, they are
In heaven already. And another, one
That cries *Melpomene*, and drinks *Helicon*,
At Poetry throws wit and wealth away,
And makes it all his work to write a Play.
Nay, on Divinity many spend their powers,
That scarce learn any thing, but stand to hours.
How must we, Sir, admire you then, that know
All Arts, and all the best of these can show !
For your deep skill in State, I cannot say;
My knowledge there is onely to obey :
But I believe 'tis known to our best Peers,
Amaz'd to see a *Nestor* at your years.

Mars claims you too, witness this Gallion
 That felt you thunder-bolts at *Scanderon*.
 When *Neptune* frighted let this Trident fall,
 And bid his waves call you their General.
 How many men might you divide your store
 Of vertues to, and yet not leave you poor,
 Though enrich them! Stay here. How dare I then
 To such an able judgment shew my pen?
 But 'tis, Sir, from a Muse that humbly prays,
 You'll let her Ivy wait upon your Bays.

Your admiring servant; T.R.

To the truly Noble Knight, Sir Christopher Hatton.

TO you (whose recreations, Sir, might be
 Others imployments; whose quick soul can see
 There may besides a hawk good sport be found
 And musick heard although without a hound)
 I send my Muse. Be pleas'd to hear her strain,
 When y^e are at truce with Time. 'Tis a low vine;
 But were her breasts enrag'd with holier fire,
 That she could force, when she but touch'd her Lyre,
 The waves to leap over their cliffs, dull earth
 Dance through the center, and create new birth
 In every Element, and out-charm each Sphere;
 'Twere but a Lesson worthy such an ear.

T.R.

To his honoured Friend, Mr Anth. Stafford.

SIr, had my Muse gain'd leisure to conferr
 With your sharp judgment, ere I ventur'd her
 On such an Audience, that my Comedy
 Had suffer'd by thy Obelisk and thee;
 It needed not of just applause despair,
 Because those many blots had made it fair.
 I now implore your mercy to my pen,
 That should have rather begg'd your rigour then.

T.R.

Colen.

*Colendissimo viro, & juris municipalis peritissimo,
Magistro Richardo Lane,*

Sir, if the Term be done, and you can find
Leisure to hear my suit, pray be so kind
To give this toy such courteous accepration,
As to be made your Client ith Vacation:
Then, if they say I break the Comick Laws,
I have an Advocate can plead my Cause.

T.R.

*Venerabili viro, Magistro Olboston, Præceptori
suo semper oblerando.*

*SI bene quid scripsi, tibi debeo ; si malè quicquam ;
Hæc erit in vitiis maxima culpa meis.
Naufragium meruit qui non bene navigat æquor,
Cui tu Pierium per freta Typhis eras.*

T.R.

To his dear Friend, Thomas Riley.

I Will not say, I on our Stage have seen
A second *Roscus* ; that too poor had been :
But I have seen a *Proteus*, that can take
What shape he please, and in an instant make
Himself to any thing, be't that or this,
By voluntary Metamorphosis.
When thou dost Act, men think it not a Play ;
But all they see is real. O that day,
(When I had cause to blush, that this poor thing
Did kiss a Queens hand, and salute a King)
How often had I lost thee ! I could find
One of thy stature, but in every kind
Alter'd from him I knew. Nay, I in thee
Could all professions and all passions see

A a a

What

When thou art pleas'd to act an angry part,
 Thou fright'st the Audience; and with nimble Art
 Turn'd Lover, thou doest that so lively too,
 Men think that *Cupid* taught thee how to wooe.
 T'expresse thy all, would ask a better Pen;
 Thou art, though little, the whole map of men;
 In deeper knowledge and Philosophy,
 Thou truly art what others seem to be :
 Whose learning is all face ; as 'twere thy fate
 There not to act, where most do personate.
 All this is one small ! Nature made thee
 To shew her cunning in Epitomie ;
 While others (that seem Giants in the Arts,
 Such as have stronger limbs, but weaker parts)
 Are like a Volume, that contains less i't,nt,
 And yet looks big, 'cause 'tis a larger Print.
 I should my self have too ungrateful shown,
 Sent I not thee my Book: — Take't 'tis thine own :
 For thus far my Confession shall be free,
 I writ this Comedy, but 'twas made by thee.

Thy true Friend, T.R.

Amico suo charissimo, ingeniosissimo, T. Ran-
 do'pho, liberum de ejus Comœdia judicium.

Audebit proprios negare odores
 Myrrhæ fasciculus, suasq; mellis
 Mendicare medulla suavitates
 Prius quàm his Veneres deesse credam,
 Quæ præ se placidos ferunt Amores.
 Aeternum vigeat, vicens amore.
 Quid si quis lapides loquatur, istum
 Jamjam aptum Tumulo scias libellum.
 En ! noster bona verba portat autor
 Illas vult dare, quas recepit, auras ;
 Ridentes niveoq; perjocosæ
 Vincentes, Charitas nitore frontis

Amores

*Amoribus simul elegantiaſque
Ad partus properare tum putes,
Cum riſus popularis & theatri
Plauſus ſuppeditarit obſetricem.*

DEſert keeps cloſe, when they that write by gueſs
Scatter their ſcribbles, and invade the Preſs.
Stage-Poets ('tis their hard, yet common hap)
Break out like thunder, though without a clap.
Here 'tis not ſo ; there's nothing now comes forth,
Which hath not for a licence its own worth.
No ſwagg'ring terms, no taunts ; for 'tis not right,
To think that only toothſome which can bite.
See how the Lovers come in virgin-dye,
And Roſie bluſh, enſigns of modeſty ;
Though once beheld by ſuch with that content,
They need not fear others diſparagement,
But Ile not tell their fortune, what e're't be ;
Thou muſt needs know't, if ſkill'd in Palmeſtry.
Thus much, where King applauds, I dare be bold
To ſay. 'tis petty-treaſon to with hold.

Edward Hide.

*To his deareſt friend the Author, after he had
reviſed his Comedy*

THe more I this thy maſter-piece peruſe,
The more thou ſeem'ſt to wrong thy noble Muſe,
And thy free *Genius* : if this were mine,
A modeſt envy would bid me confine
It to my Study, or the Criticks Court,
And not make that the vulgar peoples ſport,
Which gave ſuch ſweet delight unto the King,
Who cenſur'd it not as a common thing.
Though thou haſt made it publick to the view
Of ſelf love, malice and that other crew ;
It were more fit it ſhould impaled lie
Within the walls of ſome great Library ;

That if by chance, through injury of time,
Plautus, and *Terence*, and that * fragrant thyme * *Aristophanes*,
 Of Artick wit should perish, we might see
 All those reviv'd in his own Comedy,
 The Jealous Lovers, Pander, Gull, and Whore,
 The doting Father, Shark, and many more
 Thy Scene doth represent unto the life,
 Beside the character of a curst Wife;
 So truly given, in so proper stile,
 As if thy active soul had dwelt a while
 In each mans body; and at length had seen
 How in their humours they themselves demean.
 I could commend thy jests, thy lines, thy plot,
 Had I but tongues enough; thy names; what not;
 But if our Poets, praising other men,
 Wish for an hundred tongues; what want we then
 When we praise Poets? This I'll only say,
 This work doth crown thee Laureat to day.
 In other things know all, we all know well,
 Only in this thou dost thy self excel.

Edward Francken

*To his dear Friend, Mr. Thomas Randolph, on his
 Comedy call'd, The Jealous Lovers.*

FRIEND, I must grieve your Poems injur'd be
 By that rare vice in Poets, Modesty.
 If you dislike the issues of your pen,
 You have invention, but no judgement then.
 You able are to write; but 'tis as true,
 Those that were there can judge as well as you.
 You only think your Gold adulterate,
 When every scale of Judgment finds it weight,
 And every touchstone perfect. This I'll say,
 You contradict the name of your own Play:
 You are no Lover of the lines you writ,
 Yet you are Jealous still of your own wit.

Rich. Benefield, T. C.

To his Ingenious Friend, the Author, concerning
his Comedy.

THe Muses, Tom, thy *Jealous Lovers* be,
Striving which has the greatest share in thee.
Euterpe calls thee hers, such is thy skill
In Pastoral Sonnets, and in Rural Quill:
Melpomene claims thee for her own, and cries,
Thou hast an excellent vein for Elegies:
'Tis true; but then *Calliope* disdains,
Urging thy fancy in Heroick strains.
Thus all the nine: *Apollo* by his Laws
Sits Judge in person to decide the cause;
Beholds thy Comedy, approves thy Art,
And so gives sentence on *Thalia's* part:
To her he dooms thee only of the Nine;
What though the rest with jealousy repine?
Then let thy Comedy, *Thalia's* daughter,
Begin to know her mother Muse by laughter.
Out with't, I say, smother not this thy birth,
But publish to the world thy harmless mirth.
No fretting Frontispiece, nor biting Satyre
Needs usher't forth: Born rooth'd! he, 'tis 'gainst nature.
Thou hast th' applause of all: King, Queen, and Court,
And University, all lik'd thy sport.
No blunt preamble in a Cynick humour
Need quarrel at dislike, and, spite of rumour,
Force a more candid censure, and extort
An Approbation, maugre all the Court:
Such rude and snarling Prefaces suit not thee;
They are superfluous: for thy Comedy,
Back'd with its own worth, and the Authors name,
Will find sufficient welcome, credit, fame.

James Duport.

Randolpho suo:

AN queram monumenta firmiora,
 Nostri nominis, ut supersit *etas*,
 Cùm scriptus legar in tuo libello,
 Et tecum similis futurus *evi*.
 Qui jam vita cluís *Schola & Theatri*?
 Nolo, marmor erit mihi *Poeta*.
 Mausolea mihi mei *Menandri*
 O quàm eterna satís liber *perennis*!
 Non queram monumenta firmiora,
 Nostri nominis, ut supersit *etas*.

Thom. Riley.

AGmine non tanto paupertas multa beatam
 Divitis & pransam vexat ubique domum,
 Quot tua quotidie pulsârunt limina *Chartæ*:
 Fervidus à tergo & quisque rogator adest.
 Prodeat audacter, repetitâque vulnera praeli
 Fabula, quæ meruit sustinuisse, ferat.
 Non horret tantum tua *Musa*, aut mutat, ut esset
 Turpior ornatu rustica *Nympha suo*.

Car. Fotherbie, J. Coll.

Amico suo ingeniosissimo,
 THO: RANDOLPH.

Fingito zelotypos, quos pulchrè fingis, amores;
 Sed nil de *Musa* suspitionis habe.
 Fas dominam ut plures norint, & adultera fiet;
Musa, licet fueris publica, casta manet.

Fr. Meres.

fratri

Fratri suo, Tho: Randolph.

Non satis est quod te dederit natura priorem,
 Ni simul & natu major, & arte fores ?
 Illa, sciens nosse quam non sit magnus agellus,
 Ingenio tenues jure rependit opes.

Ro. Randolph. æd. Chr. Oxon.

Autori.

Hei mihi ! quos fluctus, quod tentas æquor, amice ?
 Queis te jactandum das malesanus aquas ?
 Imitata juvat quid possit lectio scire ?
 Emula vel de te dicere lingua velit ?
 Isalix, oculos dudum prædatus, & aures,
 Censuramque ipsam sub juga mitte gravem.
 Qui meruit C A R O L O plausum spectante, popello
 Non est cur metuat displicuisse rudi.
 Dirige victorem captivo Cæsare currum,
 Augeat & titulos victa M A R I A tuos :
 Triste supercilium lævo nictannis oculo
 Mitte sibi: Momis est placuisse nefas.

Tho. Vincent.

Drama.

*Drammatis Personæ.*

TYndarus, Son of Demetrius, and supposed Brother to Pamphilus, enamour'd of Evadne.

Pamphilus, supposed Son to Demetrius, but Son indeed to Chremylus.

Evadne supposed Daughter to Chremylus.

Techmessa, Daughter to Chremylus.

Demetrius, an Athenian, in the disguise of an Astrologer.

Chremylus, an old man.

Dipsas, his Wife.

Simo, an old doating Father.

Asotus, his prodigal Son.

Ballio, a Pander, and Tutor to Asotus.

Phryne, a Courtesan, and Mistress to Asotus.

Phronesium, a meiry Chamber-maid.

Hyperbolus, }
Tbrasymachus, } two Souldiers.

Bomolochus, }
Charylus, } two Poets.

A Sexton.

Staphyla, his Wife.

Pagnium, a Page.

A Priest.

Officers.

Servants.

The Scene Thebes.

The



The Jealous Lovers.

ACTUS I. SCENA I.

Simo, Afotus, Ballio.

Si. **H**OW thrives my Boy *Afotus*? Is he capable
Of your grave precepts?

Ball. Sir, I never met

A quicker brain, a wit so neat and spruce.

Well, get thee home, old *Simo*, go and kneel,

Fall on thy aged knees, and thank the gods.

Th'haft got a boy of wax, fit to receive

Any impression.

Af. As I am a Gentleman,

And first of all our family, you wrong me, Dad,

To take me for a Dunce.

Si. No, good *Afotus*,

It is thy fathers care, a provident care,

That wakes him from his sleeps to think of thee;

And when I brooding sit upon my bags,

And every day turn o're my heaps of Gold,

Each piece I finger makes me start, and cry,

This, this, and this, and this is for *Afotus*.

Af. Take this, and this, and this, and this again:

Can you not be content to give me money,

But you must hit me in the teeth with't? —S'lid.

Ball. Nay, good *Afotus*, such a loving father

That does not bless you with a sweaty palm

Clapt on your head, or some unfruitful prayers;

But lays his blessing, out in gold and silver,

Fine white and yellow blessings.

Af.

As. Pri'thee *Ballio*,

I could endure his white and yellow blessings,
If he would leave his prating.

Si. Do you hear him;

How sharp and tart his answers are? *Old Simo*,
Th' hast got a witty wag; yet dear one,
When I behold the vastness of my treasure,
How large my coffers, yet how cram'd with wealth,
That every talent sweats as in a crowd,
And grieves not at the prison, but at the narrowness.

As. If I make not room for 'em, nere trust me.

Si. When I see this I cannot choose but fear
Thou canst not finde out wayes enough to spend it:
They will out-vie thy pleasures.

Bal. Few such Fathers!

I cannot choose but stroke your beard, and wonder,
That having so much wealth you have the wit
To understand for whom you got it.

As. True.

And I have so much wit to understand
It must be spent, and shall boyes.

Si. Pray heaven it may!

As. He live to spend it all, and then—perhaps He die!
And will not leave the purchase of a sheet,
Or buy a rotten coffin.

Bal. Yes, dear Pupil,

Buy me an urn; while yet we laugh and live,
It shall contain our drink, and when we die,
It may preserve our dust: 'tis fit our ashes
Should take a nap there where they took their liquor.

Si. Sage counsel this—observe it, boy—observe it.

As. I live in *Thebes*, yet I dare swear, all *Athens*
Afford not such a Tutor: thou may'st read
To all the young heirs—in town or city.

Si. All, *Ballio*! I have lived a dung-hill wretch,
Grown poor by getting riches, mine own torture.
A rust unto my self, as to my gold:
To pile up idle treasure starv'd my body

Thus,

Thus, to a wrinkled skin, and rotten bones,
And Spider-like have spun a web of Gold
Out of my bowels ; onely knew the care,
But not the use of Gold — Now, gentle *Ballio*,
I would not have my son so loath'd a thing :
No, let him live and spend, and buy his pleasures
At any rate. Read to him, gentle *Ballio*,
Where are the dainriest meats, the briskest wines,
The costliest garments. Let him dice and wench;
But with the fairest, be she wife or daughter
To our best Burgees : and if *Thebes* be scarce,
Buy me all *Corinth* for him—when I sleep
Within my quiet grave I shall have dreams, (sure
Fine pleasant dreams, to think with how much plea-
Afotus spends what I with care have got.

As. Sure I were a most ungracious childe now,
If I should spoil the dreams of a dead father.
Sleep when thou wilt within thy quiet urn,
And thou shalt dream thou seest me drink Sack plenty,
Incircled round with Doxies plump — and dainty.

Si. How thrives my boy? — How forward in his studies?

Bal. Troth—with much industry—I have brought
him now

That he is grown—past drinking?

Si. How man ! past drinking?

Bal. I mean, he is grown perfect in that Science,

Si. But will he not forget?

As. No, I warrant you,

I know I sha'nt forget, because i'th'morning

I ne're remember what I did o're night.

Si. How feeds my boy?

Ba. Troth, well : I never met

A stomach of more valour, or a tooth
Of such judicious knowledge.

Si. Can he wench ? ha ?

Bal. To say the truth—but rawly.

As. Rawly ;—I'm sure

I have already made my Dad a Grandfire

To five and twenty :—and if I do not
 Out of meer charity people all the Hospitals
 With my stray-babes, then geld me. —Wo to the Parish
 That bribes me not to spare it. *Ba.* Then for the Die,
 He throws it with such art, so poiz'd a hand,
 That had you left him nothing, that one mystery
 Were a sufficient portion.

As. Will you set me?

Set me a bag. These were an Userers bones.

Bal. In this behold what frailty lives in man :
 He that rubb'd out a life to gather trash
 Is after death turn'd prodigal.

Si. Throw, *Asotus*,

As. Then have at all —and 'twere a million—All !
 Fortune was kinde : the precious dirt is mine.

Si. And take it boy, and this —and this beside,
 And, 'cause desert may challenge a reward,
 This for your pains, dear *Ballio*.

Bal. My endeavours,
 Although to my best power,—alas,—come short
 Of any merit. Sir, you make me blush,
 And this reward but chides my insufficiency,
 Pray urge it not. *Si.* A modest—honest—honest man :
 I'll double it—in faith I will—I am
 The joyfull'st father !

Bal. See how the good man weeps !

As. So he will weep his gold away, no matter.

Si. Come hither dear, come, let me kiss my son.

As. There's a sweet kiss indeed : this 'tis to want
 A Tutor. Had you had my education,
 You would have ta'en me by the lilly hand,
 Then gaz'd a while upon my flaming eyes,
 As wondring at the lustre of their orbs ;
 Then humbly beg in language strew'd with flowers,
 To taste the cherries of my Ruby lip.
 God a-mercy for this, Tutor.

Si. I am o're-joy'd, I am o're-joy'd.

Exit Simo.
 SCEN.

S C E N. 2.

Asotus, Ballio.

As. Well, go thy ways, I may have a thousand fathers,
And never have the like—Well, pockets, well,
Be not so sad ; though you are heavy now,
You shall be lighter. *Bal.* Pupil, I must tell you,
I do repent the loss of those good hours,
And would call back the study I have ta'ne
In moral Alchimy, to extract a Gentleman
Almost out of a dung-hill: Still do I see
So much of Peasant in you. *As.* Angry, Tutor ?

Bal. Teem'd my invention all this while for this ?
No better issue of my labouring brain,
After so many and such painful throws ?
Another sin like this, and be transform'd
Meer clown again.

As. The reason, dear instructour.

Bal. Have I not open'd to you all the mysteries
The precise rules and axiomes of Gentility ?
And all methodically ? Yet you still so dull,
As not to know you print eternal stains
Upon your honour, and corrupt your bloud
(That cost me many a minute the refining)
By carrying your own money. See these Breeches.
A pair of worthy, rich, and reverend Breeches
Lost to the fashion by a lump of dross,
I'll be your Bailiff rather. *As.* Out, infection.

Bal. Who, that beheld those Hose, could e're suspect
They would be guilty of mechanick metall ?
What's your Vocation ? Trade you for your self:
Or else whose Journey-man or Prentice are you ?

As. Pardon me, Tutor : for I do repent
And do protest, hereafter I will never
Wear any thing that jingles, but my spurs.

Bal. This is gentle.

As.

As. Away mechanick trash :
 I'll kick thee, son of earth :—thus will I kick thee,—
 For torturing my poor father—Dirt, avant—
 I do abandon thee.

Bal. Blest be thy generous tongue.
 But who comes here ? This office much be mine :
 I'll make you fair account of every dram.

As. He not endure the trouble of account :
 Say all is spent,—and then we must have more.

SCEN. 3.

Tyndarus, Asotus, Ballio.

Tyn. What Fury shot a viper through my soul
 To poison all my thoughts ; Civil dissention
 Wars in my blood : here Love with thousand bowes
 And twenty thousand arrows lays his siege
 To my poor heart ; which mann'd with nought but fear
 Denies the great god entrance. O *Evadne* !
 Canst thou, that risest fairer then the morn,
 Set blacker then the evening ? --weak jealousie !
 Did e're thy prying and suspicious sight
 Finde her lip guilty of a wanton smile ?
 Or one lascivious glance dart from her eye ?
 The blushes of her cheeks are innocent,
 Her carriage sober, her discourse all chaste ;
 No toyish gesture, no desire to see
 The publick shews or haunt the theatre.
 She is no popular Mistress ; all her kisses
 Do speak her Virgin : such a bashful heart
 At several tides ebbs, flows, ebbs again,
 As 'twere afraid to meet our wilder flame.
 But if all this be cunning, (as who knows
 The sights of Sirens ?) and I credulous fool
 Train'd by her songs to sink in her embraces ;
 I were undone for ever—wretched *Tyndarus* !

As. Ha, ha, ha, he. This is an arrant Coxcomb,

That's,

That's jealous of his wife before he has got her,
And thinks himself a Cuckold before marriage.

Ball. Want of a Tutor makes unbridled youth
Run wildly into passions. You have got
A skilful Pilot (though I say it) Pupil,
One that will steer both you and your estate
Into safe harbour. — Pray, observe his humour.

Tyn. Away, foul sin, — 'tis A theism to suspect
A devil lodg'd in such Divinity.

Call snow unchaste, and say the ice is wanton;

If she be so. No, my *Evadne*, no;

I know thy soul as beauteous as thy face.

That glorious out side, which all eyes adore;

Is but the fair Shrine of a fairer Saint.

O pardon me; thy penitent infidel:

By thy fair eyes (from whom this little world

Borrows that light it has) I henceforth vow;

Never to think sin can be grown so bold

As to assault thy soul. *Asot.* This fellow, Tutor,

Waxes and wanes a hundred times a minute:

In my conscience he was got in the change o'th' Moon.

SCEN. 4.

Chremylus. Dipsas. Asotus. Ballio. Tyndarus.

Dip. Rot in thy grave, thou dotard; I defy thee;

Curst be our day of marriage: shall I nurse

And play the mother to anothers brat?

And she to nose my daughter? — Take *Evadne*;

Your pretty-precious-by-blow, fair *Evadne*,

The minion of the town: go — and provide her

A place i'th' Spittle. *Chrem.* Gentle wife, have patience.

Dip. Let them have patience that can have patience,

For I will have no patience. — S'lid, patience > patience?

Chrem. You know her daughter to our dearest friend:

And should my son committed to his care

Thus suffer as the poor *Evadne* does,

The gods were just so to revenge her wrong.

Dip. I will not have my house afflicted with her; (sits)
 She has more suitors then a pretty wench in an Univer-
 While my daughter has leisure enough to follow her
 (needle,

Chr. Wife, I must tell you, y' are a peevish woman,

Dip. And I must tell you, y' are an arrant Coxcomb
 To tell me so. My daughter nos'd by a slut!

Asot. There will be a quarrel, Tutor; do you take
 The old mans part; I am o'th womans side.

Chrem. Were every vein in poor *Evadne* fill'd
 With blood deriv'd from those whose ancestors
 Transmitted in that blood a hate to us,
 A lineal hate to all our family;

Yet trusted to my care, she is my daughter,
 And shall share equal blessings with mine own.

Dip. Then a perpetual noise shall fill my house:
 I will not let thee sleep, nor eat, nor drink,
 But I will ring thee such a peal of chiding,
 Thou shalt confess the troubled sea more calm;
 That thunder with less violence cleaves the air:
 The Ravens, Screech-owls, and the Mandrakes voice
 Shall be thy constant musick—I can talk.
 Thy friends that come to see thee shall grow deaf
 With my loud clamours. Heaven be prais'd for tongue!
 No woman in all *Thebes* is better weapon'd:
 And't shall be sharper; or were any member
 Not dead besides my tongue, I would imploy it
 In thy just torment. I am vext, to think
 My best revenge age hath prevented now.
 Else every man should read it in my brow

Chrem. I will not wind you up, dear larum: Go,
 Run out your line at length, and so be quiet.

Exit Chremylus.

SCEN. 5.

Dip[sas]. Tyndarus. Asotus. Ballio.

Tyn. Here is an argument. *Tyndarus*, to incite
 And tempt thy free neck to the yoke of Love.

Are these the joys we reap i'th' nuptial bed ?
 First in thy bosome warm the snake, and call
 The viper to thy arms — O gentle death,
 There is no sleep blest and secure but thine.
 Wives are but fair afflictions : sure this woman
 Was woo'd with protestations, oaths and vows,
 As well as my *Evadne*; thought as fair,
 As wise and vertuous as my soul speaks her ;
 And may not she or play the hypocrite now,
 Or after turn Apostate ? — Guilty thoughts
 Disturb me not ; for were the sex a sin.
 Her goodness were sufficient to redeem
 And ransom all from slaughter. *Dip.* Gentle Sir,
 I pity the unripeness of your age,
 That casts your love upon a dangerous rock.
 My daughter ! But I blush to own the birth,
 And curse the womb so fruitful to my shame.
 You may be wise and happy, — or repent.

Exit Dipsas.

SCEN. 6.

Tyndarus. Asotus. Ballio.

(children.)

Asot. This woman is a devil, for she hates her own

Ball. In what an extasie stands that grieved wight ?

Asot. In troth, I shall into compunction melt.

Will not a cup of *Lesbian* liquor rowze

His frozen spirits to agility ?

Ball. Spoke like a son of *Asculapius* !

Asot. My fathers angels guard thee, We have gold

To cure thy dumps, although we do not mean

It should prophane these breeches. Sure his soul

Is gone upon some errand, and has left

The corps in pawn till it come back again.

Tyn. Cold jealousy, I shall account thee now

No idle passion, when the womb that bare her

Shall plead her guilt. I must forget her name,

B b 2

Fly

Fly from my memory, I will drink oblivion;
 To lose the loath'd *Evadne*. *Asot.* Generous Sir,
 A pottle of Elixir at the *Pegasus*
 Bravely carous'd, is more restorative:
 My Tutor shall disburse. *Tyn.* Good impertinent.

Asot. Impertinent? impertinent in thy face.
 Danger accrues upon the word impertinent.
 Tutor, draw forth thy fatal steel, and slay
 Till he devour the word Impertinent.

Ball. The word Impertinent will not bear a quarrel;
 The Epithete of Good hath mollified it.

Asot. We are appeas'd—Be safe—I say—be safe.

Tyn. Be not rash, *Tyndarus*; this malicious woman
 May as well hate her daughter, as her husband:
 I am too sudden to conclude her false
 On such sleight witness. Shall I think the Sun
 Has lost his crown of light, because a cloud,
 Or envious night hath cast a cloud of darkness
 'Twixt the worlds eye and mine?

Asot. Canst thou, royal boy,
 Burn out the remnant of a day with us?

Tyn. I am resolv'd upon a safer trial.
 Sir, you are courtly, and no doubt the Ladies
 Fall out about you; for those rare perfections
 Can do no less then ravish. *Asot.* I confess—
 I cannot walk the streets, but strait the females
 Are in a tumult.—I must leave thee, *Thebes*,
 Lest I occasion civil wars to rage
 Within thy walls—I would be loth to ruine
 My native soil. *Bal.* Sir, what with my instructions,
 He has the wooing character. *Tyn.* Could you now
 But pull the maiden-blossoms of a rose
 Sweet as the spring it buds in, fair *Evadne*;
 Or gain her promise, and that grant confirm'd
 By some sleight jewel, I shall vow my self
 Indebted to the service, and live yours.

Asot. She cannot stand the fury of my siege.

Bal. At first assault he takes the female sort.

Asot.

Afol. And rides Loves conqueror through the streets of Thebes. He tell you, Sir, you would not think how many Gentlemen-Ushers have and do daily endanger their little legs, by walking early and late, to bring me visits from this Lady or that Countess. Heaven pardon the sin! ne're a man in this City has made so many chamber-maids lose their voices as I ha' done.

Tyn. As how, I pray?

Afol. By rising in the cold night to let me into their Madams: if you hear a waiting-woman coughing, follow her; she'll infallibly direct you to some that has been a Mistress of mine.

Ball. I have read loves practicks to him, and he knows The military discipline of wooing: To rank and file his kisses; how to muster His troops of complements, and—

Tyn. I do believe you.

Gon on—return victorious, O poor heart,
What sorrows dost thou reem with! Here she comes.

SCENE 7.

Tyndarus, Afolus, Ballio, Evadne.

Tyn. And is it possible so divine a Goddess Should fall from heaven, to wallow here in sin With a Baboon as this is!—My *Evadne*. Why should a sadness dwell upon this cheek, To blast the tender roses? Spare those tears To pity others; thy unspotted soul Has not a stain in't to be wash'd away With penitent waters. Do not grieve; thy sorrows Have forc'd mine eyes too to this womanish weakness.

Afol. A pretty enemy! I long for an encounter. Who would not be valiant to fight under such colours?

Evad. My Lord, 'tis guilt enough in me to challenge A sea of tears, that you suspect me guilty. I would your just sword would so courteous be, As to unrip my heart; there you shall read,

In characters sad Lovers use to write,
Nothing but innocence, and true faith to you.

Tyn. I have lost all distrust; seal me my pardon
In a chaste turtles kiss: the doves that draw
The rosie chariot of the Queen of Love
Shall not be link'd in whiter robes than we.
Come, let us kiss, *Evadne*—Out, temptation!
There was too much, and that too wanton heat
In thy lascivious lip—Go to the stews;
I may perchance be now and then a customer,
But do adjure thee from my chaster sheets.

Exit Tyndarus.

SCENE 8.

Evadne, Ballio, Asotus.

Evad. Then from the world adjure thy self, *Evadne*,
And in thy quiet death secure the thoughts
Of troubled *Tyndarus*.—My womanish courage
Could prompt me on to die, were not the death
Doubled in losing him. Th' *Elysian* fields
Can be no Paradise while he's not there;
The walks are dull without him. *Asot.* Such a qualm
O'th' sudden. *Ball.* Fie, turn'd coward? Resolution
Is the best sword in war. *Asot.* Then I will on,
And boldly—Yet—*Ball.* What? will you lose the day
E're you begin the battel? *Asot.* Truly, Tutor,
I have an ague takes me every day,
And now the cold fits on me. *Ball.* Go home and blush,
Thou son of fear. *Asot.* Nay then lie venture on,
Were she ten thousand strong. Hail, heavenly Queen
Of beauty! most illustrious *Cupids* daughter
Was not so fair. *Ball.* His mother. *Asot.* Tis no matter;
The silly damosel understands no Poetry.
Deign me thy lip as blew as azure bright.

Ball. As red as rubie bright.

Asot. What's that to the purpose?
Is not azure blew as good as rubie red?

Evad.

Evad. It is not charitable mirth, to mock
A wretched Ladies griefs: the gods are just,
And may requite you with a scorn as great
As that you throw on me. *Asot.* Not kiss a Gentleman?
And my Father worth thousands? — Resolution,
Spur me to brave achievements. *Evad.* Such a rudeness
Some Ladies by the valour of their servants
Could have redeem'd. — Ungentle god of Love,
Write me not down among the happier names;
I only live a martyr in thy flames. *Exit.*

Asot. This is such a masculine feminine gender?

Ball. She is an Amazon both stout and tall.

As. Yet I got this by struggling. If I fit you not, *A Di-*
Proud squeamish coyness! — Tutor, such an itch *amond*
Of kissing runs all o're me! Ile to *Phryne*, *ring out*
And fool away an hour or two in dalliance. *of her*

Ball. Go; I must stay to wait on fair *Techmessa*, *ear*,
Who is as jealous of young *Pamphilus*,
As *Tyndarus* of *Evadne*. *Asot.* Surely, Tutor,
I must provide me a suit of jealousy;
It will be all in fashion.

SCEN. 9.

Techmessa, Ballio.

Tech. Bless me! what uncouth fancies tosse my brain!
As in yon arbour sleep had clos'd mine eyes,
Me thought within a flowery plain were met
A troop of Ladies, and my self was one.
Amongst them rose a challenge, whose soft foot
Should gentlest press the grass, and quickest run;
The prize for which they strove, the heart of *Pamphilus*;
The victory was doubtful: all perform'd
Their course with equal speed, and *Pamphilus*
Was chosen Judge to end the controversie.
Me thought he shar'd his heart, and dealt a piece
To every Lady of the troop, but me:
It was unkindly done. *Bal.* I have descried —

Tech. What, *Ballio*? *Ball.* A frost in his affections
 To you;—but heat above the rage of Dog-days
 To any other petticoat in *Thebes*:
 I do not think but were the Pox a woman,
 He would not stick to court it. *Tech.* O my soul!
 Thou hast descried to much,—How sweet it is
 To live in ignorance! *Bal.* I did sound him home,
 And with such words prophan'd your reputation
 Would whet a cowards sword. One that ne're saw you
 Rebuk'd my slanderous tongue, I feel the crab-tree still
 While he sat still unmov'd. *Tech.* It cannot be.

Bal. He undertake he shall resign his weapon,
 And forswear steel in any thing but knives,
 Rather then venture one smal scratch, to salve
 Your wounded honour; or, to prove you chaste,
 Encounter with a pin.

Tech. I am no common Mistress, nor have need
 To entertain a multitude of champions
 To draw in my defence——Yet had he lov'd me,
 He could not hear me injur'd with such patience.
Ballio, one trial more: Bring me his sword
 Rather resign'd then drawn in my defence,
 And I will rest confirm'd. *Bal.* Here's a fine business.
 What shall I do? Go to a Cutlers shop,
 And buy a sword like that. O 'twill not do.

Tech. Will you do this? *Bal.* It is resolv'd. I will
 One way or other. Wit, at a dead list help me.

SCENE. 10.

Pagnium, Techmessa, Ballio.

Pag. Madam the wretched *Pamphilus*!

Tech. What of him?

Pag. Is through your cruelty and suspicion dead.

Bal. That newes revives me.

Tech. Haste, *Techmessa*, then;

What dost thou here, when *Pamphilus* is dead?

Cast of this robe of clay, my soul, and fly

To overtake him, bear him company
To the Elysian groves : the journey thither
Is dark and melancholly : do not suffer him
To go alone. *Pag.* Madam, I joy to see
With how much sorrow you receive his death.
I will restore you comfort : *Pamphilus* lives.

Bal. If *Pamphilus* lives, then *Balio's* dead again.

Tech. Do you put tricks upon me ? we shall have you,
On a little counterfeit sorrow and a few drops
Of womans tears, go and perswade your master
I am deeply in love with him. *Pag.* If you do not,
You ought in justice. *Tec.* He give thee a new feather
And tell me what were those three Ladies names
Your Master entertain'd last night. *Pag.* Three Ladies !

Tech. You make it strange now.

Pag. Madam, by all oaths
My master bears a love so firmly constant
To you, and only you ; he talks, thinks, dreams
Of nothing but *Techmessa*. When he hears
The sound of your blest name, he turns Chameleon,
And lives on that sweet air. Here he has sent me
With Letters to you ; which I should deliver

He lays down his Sword to pull out his Letters.

I know not, nor himself ; for first he writes,
And, when the Letters like him not, begins
A second style, and so a third and fourth,
And thus proceeds ; and then reads 'em over all,
And knows not which to send : perchance tears all:
The Paper was not fair enough to kiss
So white a hand ; that Letter was too big,
A line uneven ; all excuse prevail'd.
Language, or phrase, or word, or syllable,
That he thought harsh and rough. I have heard him wish
Above all blessings heaven can bestow
(So strange a fancy has heaven taught him)
That he might have a quill from *Cupid's* wing
Dipt in the milk of *Venus*, to record
Your praises and his love, I have brought you here

Whole

Whole packets of affections. *Ball.* Blessed occasion !
Here is a conquest purchas'd without blood.

He steals away his Sword.

Though strength and valour fail us, yet we see
There may a field be won by policy.

Exit.

Tech. Go, *Pagnium*, tell your Master, I could wish
That I were his ; but bid him choose another.
Tell him he has no hope e're to enjoy me ;
But bid him not despair. I do not doubt
His constant love to me : yet I suspect
His zeal more forwent to some other saint.
Say, I receive his Letters with all joy,
But will not take the pains to read a syllable

Exit.

Pag. If I do not think women were got with riddling,
whip me : *Hocus*, *Pocus*, here you shall have me, and
there you shall have me. A man cannot finde out their
mean ng without the Sieve and Shears. I conceive them
now to be ingendred of nothing but the Winde and the
Weather-cock. What ? my Sword gone ? ha ! Well,
This same panderly Rogue *Ballio* has got it. He sows
suspitions of my Master here, because he cudgels him in-
to manners ; and that old scold *Dipsas* hires him to it.
How could such a Devil bring forth such an Angel as
my Lady *Techmessa* ? unless it were before her fall. I know
all their plots, and yet they cannot see 'em. Heaven keep
me from love, and preserve mine eye-sight. Go plot, Engi-
neers, plot on.

He work a Counter-mine, and 'twill be brave,
An old Rogue over-reach'd by a young Knave.

Exit

ACTUS 2. SCENA 1.

Afotus, Ballio.

Af.

R Evenge, more sweet then Muscadine and Eggs,
To day I will embrace thee, Healths in bloud
Are Souldiers mornings-draughts. Proud, proud *Evadne*
Shall know what 'tis to make a wit her foe,
And such a wit as can give overthrow
To male or female, be they--man or woman.
This can my Tutor do, and I, or no man.

Ball. And *Pamphilus* shall learn by this dear knock
His liberal valour late bestow'd upon me,
Invention lies at safer ward then wit ;
This Sword shall teach not to provoke the cruel.

Af. And by this gem shall I confound a jewel,
S'lid, Tutor, I have a wit too : there was a jest *ex tempore*.

SCEN. 2.

Afotus, Ballio, Tyndarus.

Tyn. Physicians say, there's no disease so dangerous
As when the Patient knows not he is sick.
Such, such is mine. I could not be so ill,
Did I but know I were not well. The fear
Of dangers but suspected is more horrid
Then present misery. I have seen a man,
During the Storm, shake at the thoughts of death :
Who, when his eyes beheld a certain ruine,
Died hugging of the wave. Were *Evadne* true,
I were too blest ; or could I say she's false,
I could no more be wretched. — I am well :
My pulse beats musick, and my lively bloud
Dances a healthful measure-- Ha ! What's this
Gnaws at my heart ? what viperous smart of *Nessus*
Cleaves to my skin, and eats away my flesh ?

Tis

'Tis some infection.— *As.* Tutor, let's be gone.

On my life we are dead men else. *Tyn.* My *Asotus*?

As. Keep your infection to your self. *Tyn.* 'Tis love
Is my infection. *As.* Nay, then I care not, *Tyndarus* :
For that is an epidemical disease,

And is the finest sickness in the world

When it takes two together. *Tyn.* Dear, dear self!

How fares the darling of the age? Say, what success?

As. Did not I tell you, sir, I was born

With a caul upon face? My mother wrapt me

In her own smock. The females fall before me

Like trembling Doves before the towering Hawk,

While o're the spoils in triumph thus I walk.

Bal. So he takes Virgins with his amorous eye,
As Spiders web intraps the tender Flie.

As. True, Tutor, true: for I woo'em with cobweb-lawn!

Tyn. I know the rest of women may be frail,

Brittle as glasses: but my *Evadne* stands

A Rock of *Paphian* Marble, firm and pure.

The Chrysell may be tainted, and rude feet

Profane the milky way: The Phoenix self,

Although but one—no Virgin: e're I harbour

Dishonourable thoughts of that bright Maid!

No, *Tyndarus*, reflect upon thy self,

Turn thine eyes inward, see thine own unworthiness,

That doest thy thoughts to this suspicion move:

She loves thee not, 'cause thou deserv'st no love.

As. I do not know where the enchantment lies,

Whether it be the magick of mine eyes,

Or lip, or cheek, or brow:—but I suppose

The conjuration chiefly in thy nose.

Evadne, Sir, is mine, and woo'd me first.

Troth, 'tis a pretty Lass, and for a woman

She courts in handsome words: and now and then

A polite phrase, and such a feeling appetite,

That having not a heart of flint or steel,

As mine's an easier temper,—I consented

To give her, in the way of alms, a night

Or so:—You guess the meaning. *Tyn.* Too too well.
 And must her lust break into open flames,
 To lend the world a light to view her shames;
 Could not she taste her Page? or secretly
 Admit a tough-back'd Groom into her arms?
 Or practise with her Doctor, and take Physick
 In a close room? But thus, good heavens, to take
 Her stallions up i'th' streets! While sin is modest,
 It may be heal'd; but if once it grow impudent,
 The fester spreads above all hope of cure,
 I never could observe so strange a boldness
 In my *Evadne*: I have seen her cheeks
 Blush, as if Modesty her self had there
 Lain in a bed of Coral:—But how soon
 Is virtue lost in women! *Bal.* Mistake us not,
 Dear *Tyndarus*; *Evadne* may be chaste
 To all the world—but him: And as for him,
Diana's self, or any stricter Goddess
 Would lose the Virgin-zone. I have instill'd
 Magnetick force into him, that attracts
 Their iron hearts, and fashions them like steel,
 Upon the anvil, to what shape he please,
 He knows the minute, the precise one minute,
 No woman can hold out in. Come to me, Sir,
 Ile teach you in one fortnight my Astrology,
 To make each Burgeess in all *Thebes*—your cuckold.

Asot. As silly Lambs do feed the Wolves black jaw,
 And fearful Harts the generous Lions paw,
 As Whales eat lesser Fries; so may you see
 The Matrons, Maids and Widdows stoop to me.

Tyn. O do not hold me longer in suspense:
 The prisoner at the Bar may with less fear
 Hear the sad sentence of his death pronounc'd,
 Than stand the doubtful trial. Pray confirm me.

Asot. Know you this jewel?

Tyn. O, my sad heart-strings crack!

Asot. If your *Evadne* be a Phoenix, *Tyndarus*,
 Some 10 months hence you may have more o'th' breed.

Tyn.

Tyn. This did I give her, and she vow'd to keep it
 By all the oaths Religion knew. No Deity
 In all the Court of heaven, but highly suffers
 In this on one perjury. The Diamond
 Keeps his chaste lustre still, when she has soil'd
 A glory of more worth then all those toys
 Proud folly gave such price to. *Asot.* This? a pretty toy;
 But of no value to my other trophies
 That the fraile tribe has sent me. Your best jewels
 Are to be found, Sir, in the weaker vessels;
 And that's a mystery: I have sweat out such
 Variety of trifles, their several kinds
 Would pose a learned Lapidary; my Closet,
 By some that knew me not for *Cupids* Favourite,
 Has been mistaken for a Jewellers shop.

Ball. And then for ribbons, points, for knots, and shooes
 Or, to slip higher, garters no Exchange (strings
 Affords such choice of ware. *Asot.* *Phœbus*, whip
 Thy lazy team, run headlong to the West;
 I long to taste the banquet of the night.
 Sir, if you please, when I am surfeited,
 To take a pretty breakfast of my leavings—

Tyn. Where art thou, patience? Hence contagious mists,
 That would infect the air of her pure fame:
 My sword shall purge you forth, base dross of men,
 From her refined metal. *Asot.* Bless me, Tutor!
 This is not the precise minute. *Tyn.* Why should I
 Afflict my self for her? No, let her vanish.
 Shall I retain my love, when she has lost
 The treasure of her vertue? Stay; perchance
 Her innocence may be wrong'd. Said I, perchance?
 That doubt will call a curse upon my head,
 To plague my unbelief.—But here's a witness
 Of too-too certain truth stands up against her.
 Methinks the flame that burnt so bright dies in me;
 I am no more a captive; I have shook
 My fetters off, and broke those gyves of steel
 That bound me to my thraldome,—My fair prison,

Adieu.

Adieu.—How sweetly breathes this open air!
My feet, grown wanton with their liberty,
Could dance and caper till I knockt at Heaven
With my advanced head. Come, dear *Afotus*,
There are no pleasures; but they shall be ours:
We will dispeople all the elements
To please our pallates. Midnight shall behold
Our nightly cups, and wear a blacker mask,
As envious of our jollities: the whole sex
Of women shall be ours; Merchants shall proffer
Their tender bribes; mothers shall run and fetch
Their daughters (e're they yet be ripe) to satisfy
Our liquorish lusts. Then *Tyndarus* happy call,
That losing one fair maid, has purchas'd all.

Afot. You have an admirable method, Tutor;
If this fellow has not been i'my heart, He be hang'd;
He speaks my mind so pat. Ha, boon couragio —

Ball. You see what more then miracles Art can do,

Tyn. And when we have run o're the catalogue
Of former pleasures, thou, and I, and *Ballio*,
Will sit and study new ones. I will raise
A sect of new and rare Philosophers
Shall from my name be call'd *Tyndarides*.

Afot. And I will raise another sect like those,
That shall from me be call'd — *Afotides*.
Tutor, my fellow Pupil here and I
Must quaff a bowl of rare Philosophy,
To pledge the health of *Tyndarides*.

Tyn. Come, blest restorer of my liberty.

Afot. If any friend of yours want liberty
In such a kind as this you may command me:
For if the brave *Tyndarides* be not free,
The *Afotides* shall grant them liberty.

Tyn. We will be frolick, boy; and e're we part,
Remember thee, thou mighty man of Art.

Exeunt Tyndarus & Afotus.

SCENE.

SCEN. 3.

Ballio, Techmessä.

Ball. There is, besides revenge, a kind of sweetness
In acting mischief: I could hug my head,
And kiss the brain that hatches such dear rogueries,
Such loving, loving rogueries — Silly *Pamphilus*,
With thine own sword Ile kill thee, and then trample
On thy poor foul sh. carcase. *Techmessä* here?
Then fortune wait on my designs, and crown 'em
With a success as high as they deserve.

Tech. Methinks sometimes I view my *Pamphilus*
Cloth'd, Angel-like, in white and spotless robes;
And straight upon a sudden my chang'd fancy
Presents him black and horrid, all a stain.
More loathsome then a leper. *Bal.* And that fancy
Presents him in his likeness: all the sinks
And common shores in *Thebes* are cleanly to him.

Tech. Peace thou foul tongue.

Ball. Nay, if you be so squeamish,
I have no womanish itch to prate — Farewel.

Tech. Nay, do not leave me unresolv'd, good *Ballio*.

Bell. Why, I did set you out in more vile colours
Then ever cunning pencil us'd to limb
Witch, Hag, or Fury with. *Tech.* Thou couldst not do't,
And live. *Ball.* I am no ghost; flesh and blood still:
I said you had a pretty head of hair,
And such as might do service to the State,
Made into halters; that you had a brow
Hung o're your eyes like fly-flaps; that your eyes
Were like two poudring-tubs, either running o're,
Or full of standing brine; your cheeks were sunk
So low and hollow, they might serve the boys
For cherry pits. *Tech.* Could *Pamphilus* hear all this,
And not his blood turn choler? *Bal.* This? and more.
I said your nose was like a Hunters horn,
And stood so bending up, a man might hang

His

His hat upon't: that I mistook the year,
And alwayes thought it Winter, when I saw
Two icicles at your nostrils. *Tech.* Have I lost
All woman, that I can with patience hear
My self thus injur'd? *Ball.* I could beat my self
For speaking it; but 'twas to sound him, Madam.
I said you had no neck; your chin and shoulders
Were so good friends, they would ha' nothing part 'em:
I vow'd your breasts, for colour and proportion,
Were like a writhell'd pair of o're-worn foot-balls.
Your waste was slender; but the ambitious buttock
Climbs up so high about, who sees you naked
Might swear you had been born with a vardingal.

Tech. I am e'n frighted with thy strange description.

Ball. I left, asham'd and weary: he goes on,
There be more chaps and wrinkles in her lips,
Then on the earth in heat of Dog-days; and her teeth
Look like an old Park-pale: She has a tongue
Would make the deaf man bless his imperfection,
That frees him from the plague of so much noise:
And such a breath (heaven shield us!) as out-vies
The shambles and Bear-garden for a scent.

Tech. Was ever such a Fury? *Ball.* For your shoulders;
He thinks they were ordain'd to underprop
Some beam o'th' Temple, and that's all the use
Religion can make of you: then your feet,
(For I am loth to give the full description)
He vows they both are cloven. *Tech.* Had all malice
Dwelt in one tongue, it could not scandal more.
Is this the man adores me as his Saint,
And pays his morning orisons at my window
Duly as at the Temple? Is there such hypocrisie
In Loves Religion too? Are *Venus* doves
But white dissemblers? Is this that *Pamphilus*
That shakes and trembles at a frown of mine
More then at thunder? I must have more argument
Of his apostacy, or suspect you false,

Ball. Whose sword is this?

C c

Tech.

Tech. 'Tis his ; and this I tied
 About the hilt, and heard him swear to fight
 Under those colours the most faithfull souldier
 The fields of *Mars* or tents of *Cupid* knew.
 False men, resign your Arms ; let us go forth
 Like bands of *Amazons* : for your valours be
 Not upright fortitude, but treachery.

Ball. I urg'd him in a language of that boldness
 As would have fir'd the chillest veins in *Thebes*,
 To stand in your defence, or else resign
 The fruitless steel he wore. He bid me take it,
 He had not so much of Knight errant in him,
 To vow himself Champion to such a Doxie.

Tech. Then. Love, I shoot thy arrows back again,
 Return 'em to thy quiver , guide thy arm
 To wound a breast will say thy dart is welcome,
 And kiss the golden pile. I am possess'd
 With a just anger: *Pamphilus* shall know
 My scorn as high as his. *Ball.* Bravely resolv'd.
 Madam, report not me to *Pamphilus*
 Author of this : for valour should not talk,
 And fortitude would lose it self in words.

Tech. I need no other witness then his sword

SCEN. 4.

Ballio. Asotus. Tyndarus. Techmessia.

Tyn. Techmessia ? never did I understand
 The sweets of life till now : I will pronounce
 This for my Birth-day. *Tech.* And this happy minute
 Has clear'd my soul too of the same disease.

Asot. Then do as *Tyndarus* did, and go with me :
 We'll drink a pottle to liberty, and another
 Pottle to the *Asotides*, and a pottle to the *Tyndarides*,
 And a fourth to the she-Philosophers ycleped *Techmessi-*
sides.

SCEN.

SCEN. 5.

Ballio. Afotus. Tyndarus. Techmessa. Pamphilus.

Tyn. Pamphilus, Welcome ; shake thy sorrows off :
Why, in this age of freedom, doest thou sit
A captiv'd wretch ? I do not feel the weight
Of clay about me. Am I not all air ?
Or of some quicker element ? I have purg'd out
All that was earth about me, and walk now
As free a soul as in the separation.

Pam. Brother, if any stream of joy can mix
With such a sea of grief as mine, and lose not
His native sweetness, 'tis a joy for you :
But I am all bitterness. *Ball.* Now, *Afotus,*
The Comedy begins. *Pam.* When will my sufferings
Make my atonement with my angry Goddess ?
Do you celestial forms retain any anger
Eternal as your substance ? *Tech.* O fine hair !
An amorous brow, a pretty lovely eye,
A most delicious cheek, a handsome nose !
How Nectar-sweet his lips are ! and his teeth,
Like two fair ivory pales, inclose a tongue
Made up of harmony. Then he has a chin
So full of ravishing dimples, it were pity
A beard should over-grow it ; and his feet
Past all expression comely.

Pam. Do not add
Contempt to cruelty : Madam to insult
Upon a prostrate wretch, is harder tyranny
Than to have made him so. *Tech.* And then a shoulder
Straight as the pine or cedar. *Pam.* Courteous death,
Take wings ; thou art too slow. *Tech.* I could not hear
Those precious parts defam'd, but durst fight
In the just quarrel. *Tyn.* 'Tis a touchy tyger :
How happy am I, that I have escap'd the dens
Of these she-wolves ! *Ball.* Now my safety lies
Upon a ticklish point—a womans secrecy,

Madam, my reputation is dear to me.

Pam. In what a maze I wander ! how my sorrows
Run into labyrinths ! *Tech.* Ile unriddle it.

Bal. 'St, 'st; the honour of a man at arms. (learn'd

Tech. Then know, thou perjur'd *Pamphilus*, I have
Neglect from thee. *Pam.* Madam, I am all love ;
And if the violence of my flame had met
With any heart but marble, I had taught it
Some spark of my affection. *Bal.* Now it heats.

Tech. No doubt the flame is violent, and must work
Upon a breast so capable as mine.

Afol. I think *Cupid* is turn'd Jugler : Here's nothing
but *Hocus pocus*, *Præsto*, begone, Come again *Fack*, and
such feats of activity.

Tech. but I must tell you, you are false and perjur'd,
Or, what is more, a coward. Tell me, Sir, to *Afolus*;
(For I suppose you of a nobler soul)
If you should hear your Mistress by rude tongues
Wrong'd in the graces both of mind and beauty,
Could you have suffer'd it ?

Afol. Madam, were you made
From bones of *Hercules*, and brawn of *Atlas*,
And daughter were unto *Garagantua* great,
And wrong my Mistress, you should hear me rage
Provoke my blade, and cry, Blade, canst thou sleep
In peaceful scabbard ? Out, thou beast of terrour,
And Lion-like roar this disdainful wight
To *Pluto's* shades, and ghosts of *Erebus*.

Tech. Yet you, my valiant champion, could resign
This (if you know it) rather than endure
The terrour of your own steel, to redeem
My bleeding honours. *Pam.* How am I betray'd,
And fall'n into the toils of treachery !

Give me a man, bold as that earth-born race
That bid *Jove* battel, and besieg'd the gods ;
And if I make him not creep like a worm
Upon his belly. and with reverence
Lick up the dust you scatter from your shoe,

May I for ever lose the light I live in,
The sight of you.

Intrat
Phronesis.
& Exit

Tech. He try your spirits : *Phronesium.*

Tyn. That blood of goats should soften Adamant!
And poor weak woman with a tempting face
Should make the Souldier to forget his valour,
And Man his sex !

rursus,
& statim intrat cum gladio.

Enter Phronesium.

SCEN. 6.

Ballio. Tyndarus. Asotus. Techmessa. Pamphilus.
Phronesium.

Tech. Here's a champion for you.

Phron. Come, Sir, this sword be yours ; and if you dare
Maintain the lists against me, as I fear
Your blood is whey by this time, by your valour
You may redeem your honour and your sword.

Asot. This is another *Hercules* come from the distaff.

Phron. If not, I do proclaim thee here no Knight,
But mean to post thee up for a vile varlet.
And the disgrace of chivalry. *Pam.* O my shame !

Asot. A dainty Lady errant. *Bal.* A fine piece
Of female fortitude. *Phron.* If this stir thee not,
Thy Mistress is the blemish of her sex;
A dirty filthy hufwife. *Pam.* Would it were not
Dishonour now to kill thee ! *Phron.* If your valour
Lie in your back-parts, I will make experience
Whether a kick will raise it. Pray go fetch him
Some *Aqua-vitæ* ; for the thought of steel
Has put him in a swoond. Nothing revive you ?
Then will I keep thy sword, and hang it up
Amongst my busk-points, pins, and curling-irons,
Bodkins and vardingals, a perpetual trophy. *Ex. Phron.*
How brave a Knight you are ! *Pam.* Where shall I run
And find a desert that the foot of man

Ne're wandred in, to hide from the worlds eyes
My shame ? S'death, every Page, and sweary Foot-man,
And soapy Chamber-maid will point and laugh at me.

Tyn. I joy to think that I shall meet *Evadne*
Turn'd on the sudden *Moor* : How black and vile
She will appear !

SCEN. 7.

Ballio. Tyndarus. Aſotus. Techmeſſa. Pamphilus.
Evadne.

Tyn. O Heavens ! who will not dare
Henceforth to ſcorn your powers, and call ſacrilege
Merit and piety ? I do not ſee
A hair deform'd ; no tooth or nail ſuſtain
The brand of her deſerved ſhame. You puniſh'd
The Queen of beauty with a mole ; but certainly,
Her perjury hath added to her form ;
And that the abuſed gods bribe her with beauty,
As the wrackt tenant ſtrives to buy the favour
Of his imperious Landlord.

Evad. Gentle *Tyndarus*,
Load not weak ſhoulders with too great a burden.

Tyn. O luſt ! on what bright altars blaze thy flames,
While chaſtity lets her cold fires glow out
In deform'd temples, and on ruin'd altars !
Tempt, me not, ſtrumpet, you that have your hirelings,
And can with jewels, rings, and other toys,
Purchase your journey-men lechers.

Evad. My chaſte ear
Has been a ſtranger to ſuch words as theſe ;
I have not ſin enough to underſtand them,
And wonder where my *Tyndarus* learn'd that language.

Tyn. I am turn'd Eagle now, and have an eye
Dares boldly gaze on that adulterate ſun.
I muſt be ſhort : who muſt this ring direct
Into your guilty ſheets ? *Evad.* I do not know
How I ſhould loſe that pledge of my Lords love :
But 'tis not in the power of any thief
To ſteal away the heart I have vow'd yours ;
And would to all the gods I had kept it there !

As. Come, blush not, bashful belly-piece—I will meet
I ever kept my word with a fair Lady: (thee :

I will requite that jewel with a richer.

The glorious heavens array'd in all their stars
Shall not out-shine thee. Be not, girl, ashamed ;
These are acquainted with it : I would vex 'em
To night with the remembrance of those sports
We shall enjoy : then pleasures double rise,
When both we feed, and they shal *Tantalize* :

Evad. It is not manly in you, Sir, to ruine
A Virgins fame, with hazard of your own.

Asot. Tut, Lads, no matter, we'l be manly anon.

Tyn. A fine dissembler ! Ha ! what tumult's here :

Enter Pægnium and Officers.

SCENE 5.

Ballio. Tyndarus. Asotus. Techmessa. Evadne.
Pamphilus. Pægnium and Officers.

Pæg. That's he, I charge you apprehend the villain.

1 Offic. Villain, we apprehend thee.

Ball. Slaves, for what ?

2 Offic. For an arrant cut-purse : you stole away this
little Gentlemans sword ; and being done by chance-
medly, 'tis flat Felony by Statute.

Pam. I thank thee, innocence : though earth disclaim
Thy title, heaven denies thee not protection.

Pæg. Confess, or I will have thee instantly
Hang'd for a signe on thine own post. *Ball.* Well, villany,
Thou wilt not thrive. Sir, 'twas you I wrong'd,
I do confess the sword by which I rais'd
So strange a scandal on you, was by me
Stol'n from your Page, as he delivered Letters
From you to your *Techmessa* ; and the plot
Was fashion'd by her mother, though ill fortune
Made me th'unlucky instrument.

Asot. Cursed Tutor,

C c 4

Thou

Thou hast read nothing to me worth the learning,
 But th' highway to the gallows: there shall we
 Hang up like vermine. Little did I think
 To make the women weep and sob to see
 Th' untimely end of two such proper men.
 This mouth was never made to stand awry,
 And sure my neck was long enough before.
 Lady, upon my humbled knees I beg
 Pardon for faults committed: I acknowledge,
 That striving with felonious intent
 To steal a kiss or two from your sweet lips,
 From your sweet ear I stole a ring away. (ter.)

Pag. For which your sweet neck must endure the hal-

Tyn. I am again thy servant, mighty Love!

O my *Evadne*, how shall I appear
 So bold as to plead in mine own cause?
 It is so foul, that none can seal my pardon,
 But you that should condemn me.

Evad. Sir, you know

The power I have is yours: be your own Judge,
 And seal your pardon here. *Tyn.* 'tis double life,
 Granted by such a seal. *Teob.* What punishment
 Shall we inflict on these? *Asot.* Gentle Lady,
 E'n what you please—but hanging;—that's a death
 My enemies will hit me in the teeth with;
 Besides, it makes a man look like a Cat
 When she cries Mew. *Ball.* He bark a while
 Before the dogs death choak me. *Asot.* Pray dismiss
 This pack of hounds: and, since we both are guilty,
 Let us bestow on one anothers shoulders
 The good and wholesome counsel of a cudgel.

Pag. Pray, let me intercede.

Asot. Thanks, pretty little Gentleman.

Tyn. Officers, you are discharged. *Exeunt Officers.*

Asot. Are the mad dogs gone?

Come, Tutor, I must read a stile to you,
 Under correction; — Not so hard, good Tutor.

Tyn. Enough.

Asot.

Afol. Nay, one bout, I beseech you, more,
To make up satisfaction. *Ball.* Well, for this
Ile have one engine more ; my bad intents
Mend not, but gather strength by punishments.

Tyn. Your satisfaction now is full and ample.

Afol. Nay, we must have the health 'th' crab-tree cup
One to th' *Tyndarides*, another to the *Afolides*. (too :
And one, my dear Instructor to the *Techmessides*.

Pam. Nay, now your penance doth exceed your crime.

Afol. Say you so? nay, then here's a health to the
Pamphilides too ;

And for his noble sake, to the *Evadnides*,
And all Philosophy sects what e're they be.

Evad. Your justice to your selves is too severe.

Afol. Then I ha' done : farewell, and hearty thanks.
But, Tutor, stay, this little Gentleman
Has been forgot : — Pray, Sir, what may I call you ?

Peg. My name is *Pægnium*.

Afol. I were most unthankful
To pass o're you — To the *Pægniades*, Tutor ;
You have brought us to a fair pass, Tutor.

Ball. Tush,
'Twas but to exercise your passive valour.

Afol. Your passive valour; give me your active valour;
I do not like your black and blew valour,
When bone shall ake with magnanimity.

Exeunt Afolus, Ballio, Pægnium.

SCEN. 9.

Tyndarus. Pamphilus. Evadne. Techmessas.

Tyn. Brother, I find my soul a troubled sea,
Whose billows are not fully quieted,
Although the storm be over. Therefore, *Pamphilus*,
By the same womb that bred us, and the breasts
Of our dead mother *Lalage*, I conjure thee,
With all the charms that love can teach thee,

Assault

Assault *Evadne's* faith : if thou report her
 Constant, I lend my jealousy ; if frail,
 The torrent of my love shall bend his course
 To find some other channel. *Pam.* By that love
 That made us twins, though born at several births,
 That grew along with us in height and strength,
 I will be true. Farewel.

Tyn. Be sudden, *Pamphilus.*

Exit Tyndarus.

Evad. Methinks this should confirm you.

Tech. That he was not

Guilty of this, acquits him not of all :
 To prove a man free from an act of theft,
 Acquits him not of murder. No, no, sister,
 Tempt him with kisses, and what other dalliance
 Craft and indulgent nature hath taught woman
 To raise hot youth to appetite : if he yield not,
 I will put off distrust. I do not know
 Whom I durst trust, but you.

Evad. Though mine own love
 Find me enough in business ; yet in hope
 That you will second me in my occasions,
 I undertake the task. *Tech.* Take heed, *Evadne,*
 Lest, while you counterfeit a flame, you kindle
 A real fire.—I dare not be too confident.
 Hence will I closely pry into their actions,
 And over-hear their language ; for if my sister
 See with mine eyes, she cannot choose but love him
 In the same height with me.

SCENE. 10.

Pamphilus. Evadne. Techmessa in insidiis.

Pam. It grieves me, that a Lady of your worth,
 Young, soft, and active as the spring, the star
 And glory of our Nation, should be prodigal
 Of your affection, and misplace your love
 On a regardless boy. *Evad.* Sir, the same pity
 I must return on you. Were I a man

Whom

Whom all the Ladies might grow rivals for,
(As less you cannot be) I would not lose
My service to a Mistress of so coy
And proud an humour :— True, she is my sister ;
But the same womb produces several natures.
I should have entertain'd so great a blessing
With greater thankfulness.

Pam. That my stars should be
So cross unto my happiness ! *Evad.* And my fate
So cruel to me ! *Pam.* Sweet, it is in us
To turn the wheel of fortune ; she's a goddess
That has no deity where discretion reigns.

Evad. But shall I wrong my sister ? *Pam.* Do not I
Give just exchange, and lose a brother for her ?
Our sufferings have been equal, and their prides :
They must be equal necks that can draw even
In the same yoke. *Evad.* I have observ'd, the chariot
Of the great Cyprian Queen links not together
The dove with sparrows ; but the turtle joyns
With turtle, and the sparrow has his mate.

Pam. See if one softness kiss not in our lips.

Evad. One lip not meets the other with more sympathy
Then yours met mine,

Pam. Let's make the second trial.

S C E N. II.

Techmessa. Pamphilus. Evadne.

Tech. I can endure no longer, —gentle sister,

Evad. I cannot blame your jealousy ; for I find —

Tech. Too much of sweetness in his amorous lips.

There is no tie in nature ; faith in blood
Is but a thing that should be ; Brothers, Sisters,
Fathers, and Mothers, are but specious names
Of love and duty. You and I have been
But guests in the same womb, that at first meeting
Change kind and friendly language, and next morning
Fall out before they part, or at least ride

Contrary

Contrary roles. *Evad.* Will you then misconstrue
The service I perform'd at your request?

Tech. Henceforth Ile set the Kite to keep my chickens,
And make the Wolf my shepherd.

SCEN. 12.

Evadne. Techessa. Pamphilus. Tyndarus.

Tyn. Pamphilus, how is't?

Pam. I know not how to answer thee;
She met me with more Courtship then I tender'd.

Tech. Sir, wee are both abus'd; and the womb
That gave us life was fruitful to our ruine:
Your traytor wears the mask call'd Brother; mine,
As cunning a disguise, the name of Sister.
These eyes are witness, that descried'em kissing
Closer then cockles, and in lustful twines
Out-bid the ivie, or the circling arms
Of winding vines: their hot embraces met
So near, and folded in so close a knot
As if they would incorporate, and grow one.

Tyn. Then farewell all respect of bloud and friendship;
I do pronounce thee stranger. If there can be
Valour in treachery, put thy trust in steel,
As I do, not in brothers. — Draw, or die.

Pam. Brother.

Tyn. I hate the name; it is a word
Whets my just anger to a sharper edge.

Pam. Hear me.

Tyn. I will no pleading but the sword.
Wert thou protected by *Apollo's* temple,
Or hadst the altar for security,
Religion should not bind me from thy death.
Couldst thou retreat into my mothers womb,
There my revenge should find thee. I am sudden,
And talk is tedious.

Pam. Bear me witness, heaven,
This action is unwilling

SCEN. 13.

Pamphilus. Tyndarus. Techmessa. Evadne.

Chremylus. Dipsas.

Chr. Put up, for shame, those rude unhallowed blades,
And let not rash opinion of a valour
Perswade you to be Fratricides : Pray remember,
You thirst but your own blood : He that o'comes
Loses the one half of himself. *Tyn.* Dear *Chremylus*,
The reverence to your age hath tied my hands :
But were my thread of life measur'd by his,
I'd cut it off, though we both fell together ;
That my incensed soul might follow his,
And to eternity prosecute my revenge.

Pam. Brother, at your intreaty I adventured
To court *Evadne* ; and because I found her,
Against my mind, too easie to my suit,
Your rage falls heavy on me. *Tech.* On my knees
I beg, dear father, cloyster me in darkness,
Or send me to the deserts to converse
With nothing but a wilderness, or expose me
To the cold mercy of the wind and waves,
So you will free me from the company
Of a false sister. *Evad.* Sir, with much perswasion
She wrought on me to personate a love
To *Pamphilus*, too see if I could stagger
The faith he vow'd to her : this have I done,
And this so much hath mov'd her.

Chrem. Here you see
The fruits of rashness. Do you find your errour ?
But the foul spring from whence these bitter streams
Had their first head, I fear, is from you, *Dipsas*.

Dip. I will no more deny it : I have sown
These seeds of doubt, wishing to see dissention
Ripe for the sickle — For what cause I now
Forbear to speak — But henceforth I will strive
To clear those jealousies, and conclude their loves

In

In a blest nuptial, *Tyn.* O how frail is man !
 One Sunny day the exhalations rears
 Into a cloud, at night it falls in tears.

Exeunt.

ACTUS 3. SCENA 1.

Dipsas. Tyndarus.

Tyn. IF it be not immodesty to demand
 So bold a question, I would be resolv'd
 Of one doubt yet. *Dip.* Speak boldly : By all holiness,
 My answer shall be true. *Tyn.* When you were young,
 And lively appetite revell'd in your blood,
 Did you not find rebellion in your veins ?
 Did not the same embraces tedious grow,
 And cause a longing in your thoughts to taste
 Varieties of men ? *Dip.* I blush, I cannot answer
 With a denial : Not a proper Gentleman
 But forc'd my goatish eye to follow him ;
 And when I had survey'd his parts, I would
 With any loss of honour, wealth, and friendship,
 Have bought him to my bed : And truly, Sir,
 'Twas cheap at any rate. *Tyn.* Steel'd impudence !
 What fruit can I expect the bough should bear
 That grows from such a stock ? *Dip.* I had of late
 A months mind, Sir, to you : Y'ave the right make
 To please a Lady. *Tyn.* Sure this old piece of lust,
 When she is dead, will make her grave a brothel,
 And tempt worms to adulterate her carcase.

Dip. And that's the reason I have cross'd my daughter,
 To further mine own love. Pity me, Sir ;
 For though the fewel's spent, there is a spark
 Rak'd up i'th' embers. — But I now desist ;
 Please you to go to *Ballio's* house, my daughter
 Shall meet you there : — I hope that out of duty
 She will not grudge her mother a good turn,
 When she is married — now and then.

Tyn. Is there no house.

To

To meet at, but this *Ballio's* ? is *Evadne*
 Acquainted there ? is that the rendezvous
 Of her hot meetings ? — Yet I still suspect
 This womans malice to her child not lost :
 I will bestow some time, and go to see
 The strange event of this dark mystery.

Exit Tyndarus.

S C E N. 2.

Dipsas. Ballio.

Dip. Ballio. Bal. Madam. Dip. See your house be stor'd
 With the debauchedst Roarers in the City,
 Let every room be fill'd with noise and quarrelling ;
 For *Tyndarus* is to meet *Evadne* there.
 You guess the rest ; if not, this purse of gold
 Better inform you.

Exit Dipsas.

Bal. Most celestial Lady !
 Though I have practis'd villany from my cradle,
 And from my dug suckt mischief more then milk.
 This Fury still out-does me. — I am vext,
 Vext to the heart, to see a silly woman
 Carry more devils in her then my self.
 And yet I love thee, — thou she rogue, I love thee.
 Had I but such a wife, what a fine brood
 Of toads could I beget !

S C E N. 3:

Ballio. Simo.

Ball. Here comes my Mole,
 The son of earth, that digs his mothers entrails
 To turn up treasure for his boy and me ;
 That with industrious eyes searches to hell,
 To buy us heaven on earth. Welcome, welcome,
 Thou age of gold : how do the bags at home ?
 Are all the chests in health ? thrives the purse still ?
 And says it to the talents, Multiply ? *(falls*

Sim. Thanks to my providence, like a swarm Wealth
 Not

Not in small drops upon me, (as at first)
 But like a torrent overthrows the bank,
 As it would threat a deluge. Were it not pity
 My boy should not invent sluces enough
 To drain the copious stream,

Ball. A thousand pities
 That you should lose the fruits of so much care.

Sim. True, *Ballio*, true.

Ball. Trust me, what Art can do,
 Shall not be wanting. *Sim.* I'e not be ungrateful.
 It lies in you to turn these silver hairs
 To a fresh black again, and by one favour
 Cut forty years away from the gray sum.

Ball. I had rather cut off all, and be our own carvers—
 Sir, if I had *Medea's* charms, to boil (aside)
 An aged Ram in some enchanted caldron
 Till he start up a Lamp, I would recall
 Your youth, and make you, like the aged snake,
 Cast off this wrinkled skin, and skip up fresh
 As at fifteen. *Sim.* All this you may, and more,
 If you will place me where I may unseen
 Make my eye witness of my sons delight;
 I shall enjoy the pleasures by beholding 'em.

Ball. True, Sir, you know he's but your second self,
 The same you might have been at one and twenty:
 The bliss is both alike. *Sim.* Most Philosophical!

Ball. Place your self there.

Sim. I ha' no words but these
 To thank you with. *Ball.* This is true Rhetorick.

SCEN. 4.

Afotus. Ballio. Bomolochus. Charilus. Thrasymachus.
Hyperbolus. Simo in angulis.

Afot. Come forth, my Rascals: Let the thriving Lord
 Confine his family unto half a man,
 Yeleeped—Page, Our Honour be attended

With

With men of Arts and Arms; Captains and Poets
Shall with the *Bilbo*-blade and gray-goose quill
G ace our retinue — And, when we grow surly,
Valour and Wit fall prostrate at our frown.
Crouch, imps of *Mars*, and frogs of *Helicon*.

Sim. How they adore him! and the perillous wag
Becomes his state. To see what wealth can do,
To those that have the blessing how to spend it!

Ball. Your blessing was the wealth, the Art of spending
He had from me. *Sim.* Once more I give thee thanks.

Thras. Who dares offend thee, Lord of fortitude,
And not pay homage to thy potent toe,
Shall be a morsel for the dogs. *Asot.* Stoutly deliver'd,
My brave *Thrasymachus* — Thou for this shalt feed.
I will not suffer valour to grow lean,
And march like famine. I have seen an Army
Of such meagre troops, such thin-chapt starvelings,
Their barking stomachs hardly could refrain
From swallowing up the foe, ere they had slain him.

Hyper. If thou command our service, we will dye
Dull earth with crimson, till the tears of orphans,
Widows and Mothers wash it white again.
We'll strew thy walks with legs, and arms, and thighs,
And pay thee tribute thousand heads a day,
Fresh bleeding from the trunks; and panting hearts
Not dead shall leap in thy victorious paw.

Asot. Then say thou to hunger, — Friend, Adieu!
Ballio, condemn a bag; let trash away:
See 'em both arm'd in Scarlet cap-a-pe.
Strike top-sail, men of war. *Ball.* We must divide:
We that serve great men have no other shifts
To thrive our selves, but gelding our Lords gifts.

Sim. Now I am rich indeed: this is true treasure.

Asot. Ha! has *Me'pomene* ta'ne cold of late,
That you are silent, my *Parnassian* Beagles?
Is *Clio* dumb? or has *Apollo's* Jews-trump
By sad disaster lost her melodious tongue?

Char. Your praise all tongues desire to speak; but some,

Nay, all, I fear, for want of Art grow dumb:
The harp of *Orpheus* blushes for to sing,
And sweet *Amphions* voice hath crackt a string.

Asot. A witty solecisme! reward the errour; harp
and sing, voice and string.

Bom. Give me a breath of thunder; let me speak
Sonorous accents, till their clamours break
Rocks with the roise obstreperous: I will warble
Such bouncing notes shall cleave obdurate Marble
Upon mount *Caucasus*, heavens knocking head;
Boreas shall blow my trumpet, till I spread
Thy fame, grand Patron of the thrice-three Sisters,
Till envies ears shall hear it, and have blisters.

Asot. O rare close! a high sublime conceit!
For this I'll sheath thee in a new Serge scabbard,
Blade of the fount *Pegasean*. *Sim.* What an honour
Will our blood come to! — I have satisfied
For all the Orphans, Widows, and what others
My sacred hunger hath devour'd. *Asot.* *Ballio*,
Bless him with twenty drachmes — Yet forbear;
Money may spoil his Poetry. Give's some wine;
Here is a whetstone both for wit and valour.

A health to all my beardsmen of the sword.

Thr. Hyp. This will engage the men of arms to fight.

Asot. This to the Muses, and their thread-bare tribe.

Char. Bom. Thou dost engage the learned troops to
(write.

Asot. Go, sons of *Mars*, with young *Apollo's* brood,
And usher in my *Venus*: Wine hath warm'd
My blood, and wak'd it to an itch of sporting.

Exeunt Bomolochus, Hyperbolus, Charilus, Thrasy-
machus, for to fetch in Phryne; Asotus the while
is putting on his armour.

Ball. Some twenty ages hence 'twill be a question,
Which of the two the world will reverence more,
You for a thriving father, or *Asotus*
For so liberal a son. *Sim.* Good *Ballio*, good:
But which will they prefer? *Ball.* They cannot, Sir,

But

But must admire you first, which grip'd so much
That made his hand so open. *Sim.* Gracious stars,
How blest shall I be twenty ages hence !
Some twenty ages hence ! *Ball.* You shall be call'd
A doting Coxcomb twenty ages hence.

SCEN. 5.

*Charilus, Bomolochus, before, personating two Mercuries ;
Phryne in an antick Robe and Coronet, guarded in by
Hyperbolus and Thrasymachus.*

Asot. How bright and glorious are the beams my star
Darts from her eye ! Lead on my Queen of beauty,
But in a softer march ; sound a retreat :
Lead on again ; He meet her in that state
The God of War puts on when he salutes
The Cyprian Queen.—These that were once the posture
Of horrid battels are become the muster
Of Love and beauty. Say, sweet brace of *Mercuries*,
Is she th' *Olympick*—or the *Paphian* Goddess ?

Ball. Where are you, Sir, where are you ?

Sim. In *Elysium*, in *Elysium*.

Char. This is no Goddess of th'—*Olympick* Hall.

Bom. Nor may you her of *Neptune's* issue call.

Char. For she nor *Siren* is, nor *Amphitrite*.

Bom. Nor wood-Nymph that in forrest takes delight

Char. Nor is she *Muse*. *Bom.* Nor *Grace*.

Char. Nor is she one of these

That haunt the springs, the beauteous *Naiades*.

Bom. Nor *Flora*, Lady of the field, is she.

Char. Nor bright *Pomona*, th' *Orchards* Deiry.

Bom. No, she is none of these. *Char.* O then prepare
To hear her blessed name. *Bom.* 'Tis *Phryne* fair.

Asot. *Phryne* the fair ? Oh peace ! if this be she,
Go forth, and sing the world a lullaby :

For thy dear sake, in whom is all delight,
I will no more the trembling nations fright

With bellowing Drums, and groans of slaughtered men
My

My father brings the Golden Age agen.

Phryn. Pardon me, dreadful Deity of War;
'Twas love of you that forc'd me from my sphere,
And made me leave my orb without her influence,
To meet you in the fury of the fight,
Sweating with rage, and reeking in the blood
Of wretches sacrific'd to the *Stygian* flood.

Asot. Come forth, thou horrid instrument of death.

Ball. Do you hear him, Sir, ?

Sim. I, to my comfort, *Ballio.*

Asot. I will dispeuple earth, and drown the world
In crimson floods, and purple deluges :
The old, the young, the weak, the lusty wight,
Souldiers and Scholars, fair and foul together,
Men, women, children, infants, all shall die.
I will have none survive, that shall have left
Above one eye, three quarters of a face?
And half a nose. I will carve legs and arms
As at a feast. Henceforth to all posterity
Mankind shall walk on crutches. *Phryn.* Cruel *Mars*!
Let the conjunction of my milder star
Temper the too malignant force of thine.
The Drum, the Fife and Trumpet shall be turn'd
To Lutes and Citherns. We will drink in helmets,
And cause the souldier turn his blade to knives,
To conquer capons and the stubble goose :
No weapons in the age to come be known,
But shield of Bacon, and the sword of Brawn.
Deign me a kiss, great Warriour.

Asot. Hogsheads of Nectar

Are treasur'd in the ware-house of her lips :
(That kiss hath ransom'd thousands from the grave.

Phr. Let me redeem more thousands with a second.

Asot. Rage melts away ; I pardon half the world.

Phryn. O let me kiss away all rigour from thee.

Asot. Live, mortals, live : Death has no more to do :
And yet methinks a little rigour's left,

Phryn. Thus shall it vanish.

Asot.

Asot. Vanish, rigour, vanish.

Harnes the Lions, make my chariot ready
Venus, and I will ride. *Phr.* How? drawn by Lions?

Asot. I, thou shalt kiss 'em till their rigour vanish
(As mine has) into air. I will have thee play
With Ounzes, Tygers, and the Panthers whelp,
As with a Squirrel: Bears shall wait on thee,
And spotted Leopards shall thy Monkeys be.
Sit down, my Queen, and let us quaff a bowl.
Seest thou, my *Phryne*, what a fair retinue
I have provided thee? These for thy defence
'Gainst any Lady rivals thee in beauty;
And these on all occasions shall vent forth
Swelling Encomiums — Say, *Bomolochus*,
How sings my Mistress?

Bom. The Grasshopper chaunts not his autumn quire
So sweet, nor Cricket by the chimney-fire.

Asot. They'll make thee any thing; thou art already
Cricket and Grasshopper. — *Charinus*, how does she dance?

Char. Have you beheld the fable beast
Clad in an Ebon mantle, hight a flea,
Whose supple joynts so nimbly skip and caper
From hem to sleeve, from sleeve to hem again,
Dancing a measure o're a Ladies smock,
With motion quick, and courtly equipage?
So trips fair *Phryne* o're the flowery stage.

As. Now thou art a flea. — How snorts she as she sleeps?

Bom. *Zephyrus* breathes not with a sweeter gale
Through a grove of sycamore: the soft spring
Chides not the pebbles that disturb his course
With sweeter murmur. Let *Amphions* Lute
(That built our *Theban* walls) be henceforth mute.
Orpheus shall break his harp, and silent be
The reed of *Pan*, the pipe of *Mercury*:
Yea, though the spheres be dumb, I care not for't.
No musick such as her melodious snort.

Asot. Melodious snort! With what decorum spits she?

Char. Like the sweet Gums that from Nectar trees

Distill, or honey of the labouring Bees;
 Like morning dew, that in a pleasant shower!
 Drops pearls into the bosome of a flower;
Cupid with acorn cups close by her sits,
 To snatch away the *Nectar* that she spits.

Afor. *Ballio*, present me with the crowns of *Laurel*.
 Thus I drop wine the best of *Helicon*,
 On your learn'd heads, and crown you thus with bays.
 Rise Poets *Laureat* both! Favour, *Apollo*!

Bom. The Muses and *Afotus* be propitious!

Afor. I will not have you henceforth sneak to Taverns,
 And peep, like Fiddlers, into Gentlemens rooms,
 To shak for wine and radishes; nor lie sentinell
 At ordinaries; nor take up at Plays
 Some Novice for a supper: you shall deal
 No more in ballads, to bewail an execution;
 Nor lamentable Rhythmes; nor beg in Elegies;
 Nor counterfeit a sickness, to draw in
 A contribution; nor work journey-work
 Under some Play-house Poet, that deals in
 Wit by retail: nor shall you task your brains
 To grace a Burges new post with a *Rebus*:
 Or furnish a young suitor with an *Anagram*
 Upon his Mistres name; nor study posies
 For rings and bracelets.—Injure not the bough
 Of *Daphne*: know, that you are *Laureat* now.

Ball. How like you this discourse?

Sim. Excellent well.

It is a handsome Lads: if I were young,
 (As I am not decrepit) I would give
 A talent for a kiss. *Phryn.* Come, beauteous *Mars*,
 Ile kemb thy hair smooth as the ravens feather,
 And weave those stubborn locks to amorous bracelets,
 Then call a livelier red into thy face,
 And soften with a kiss thy rugged lips.
 I must not have this beard so rudely grow:
 But with my needle I will set each hair
 In decent order, as you rank your Squadrons.

Afot. Here's a full bowl to beauteous *Phrynes* health.
What durst thou do, *Thrasymachus*, to the man
That should deny it? *Thras.* Dissect him into atomes.

Hyp. I durst do more for beauteous *Phrynes* sake.

Thr. What more then I? *Hyperbolus*, thou art mortal.

Hyp. Yield, or I see a breakfast for the crows.

Thras. Death to my lungs, I spit upon thy fame.

Hyp. Then with my steel I whip thy rash contempt.

Af. Brawling, you mastives?—Keep the peace at home,
And joyn your forces 'gainst the common foe.

Phryn. You sha' not be angry: by this kiss you sha' not.

Afot. I will, unless you swear again.

Phryn. You sha' not.

Sim. Ah, *Ballio*! age has made me as dry as tinder.

And I have taken fire. I burn, I burn;

The spark rak'd up in althes is broke forth,

And will consume me, *Ballio*. *Bal.* What's the matter?

Sim. Love, cruel Love; I must enjoy that Lady,
What ever price it cost me. *Bal.* Your sons Mistress?

Sim. Son, or not son.—Let this intreat, and this.

Ball. This will perswade. I must remove your son;
His fury else will surely stand 'twixt us
And our designs.—Old Lecher, I will fit you,
And geld your bags for this: You shall be milk'd,
Empti'd and pumpt. Spunge, we will squeeze you, spunge,
And send you to suck more.—Invincible *Mars*.

Afot. What says the governour of our younger years?

Bal. You have worn this plot of *Mars* too stale already;
O shift your self into all shapes of Love:
Women are taken with variety.

What think you of *Oberon* the King of Fairies?

I know 'twill strike her fancy. *Afot.* Business calls.

Drink on, for our return shall sudden be.

SCENE. 6.

*Ballio, Simo, Thrasymachus, Hyperbolus, Cherilus,
Bomolachus, Phryne.*

Bal. *Phryne*, here is a boy of wealth, my girl,
The golden bull that got this golden calf.

Deeply in love with thee. *Phryn.* Let me alone ;
 Ile fleece him — *Bal.* Melt him, *Phryne*, melt him :
 We must leave this mine till we have found
 The largeness of the vein. — Suck like an horse-leech.
 Come, Sir, and boldly enter. I have chalkt out
 An easie path to tread in ; 'twill direct you
 To your wisht journeys end, and lodge you safe
 In her soft arms. *Sim.* Thou art my better Angel.
 Wilt thou eat gold, drink gold, lie in gold ?
 I have it for thee : Old men are twice children ;
 And so was I, but I am grown again
 Up to a right man : — Thou shalt be my Tutor too.
 Is there no stools, or tables ? *Ball.* What to do ?

Sim. I would vault over them, to shew the strength
 And courage of my back.

Bal. Strike boldly in, Sir. (you.

Sim. Save you, Gentlemen. If you want gold, here's for
 Give me some wine Mistris, a health to you :
 Pledge me, and spice the cup with these, and these.
 Thou shalt have better gowns. *Phr.* A brave old boy !

Hyp. There's metal in him. *Cher.* I will sing thy praise
 In lines heroick. *Bom.* I will tune my lyre,
 And chaunt an Ode that shall eternize thee.

Phryn. Of what a sweet aspect ! how lovely look'd
 Is this fine Gentleman ? — I hope you know
 It is in *Thebes* the custome to salute.

Fair Ladies with a kiss. *Sim.* She is enamour'd :
 Sure I am younger then I thought my self.
 Fair Lady, health and wealth attend thee.

Phryn. Good Sir, another kiss ; you have a breath
 Compos'd of odours. *Sim.* Buy thee toys with this :
 Ile send thee more.

Phryn. How ravishing is his face !

Sim. That I should have so ravishing a face,
 And never know it ! — Miser that I was !
 I will go home, and buy a Looking-glass,
 To be acquainted with my parts hereafter.

Phryn. Come, lie thee down by me ; here we will sit.
 How

How comely are these silver hairs ! this hand
Is e'n as right to my own mind, as if
I had the making of it. Let me throw
My arms about thee.

Ball. How the burr cleaves to him !

Sim. This remnant of my age will make amends
For all the time that I have spent in care.

Phryn. Give me thy hand. How smooth a palm he has !
How with a touch it melts ! *Bal.* The rogue abuses him
With his greasie fists. *Phryn.* Let us score kisses up
On one anothers lips : thou shalt not speak,
But I will suck thy words e're they have felt
The open air—*Sim.* That I should live so long,
And ignorant of such a wealth as this !

SCEN. 7.

*Simo, Thrasymachus, Hyperbolus, Chavilus, Bomolochus,
Phryne, Afolus.*

Afol. Now am I Oberon Prince o' Fairy Land,
And *Phryne* shall be *Mab*, my Empress fair :
My souldiers too Ile instantly transform
To *will with a wisp*, and *Robin-good-fellow* ;
And make my brace of Poets transmigrate
Into *Pigwigin*, and *Sir Pepper-corn*.
It were a pretty whimfie now to counterfeit
That I were jealous of my *Phrynes* love :
The humour would be excellent and become me
Berter then either *Tyndarus* or *Techmessa*.
Thus will I walk as one in deadly dumps.

Sim. When shall we marry ? *Phr.* I can hardly stay
Till morning.

Afol. O what fury shot
A viper through my soul ! Here Love with twenty bows
And twenty thousand arrows lays his siege
To my poor heart.—O *Phryne, Phryne* !
I have no cause why to suspect thy love.
But if all these be cunning, as who knows ?

Away

Away, foul sin. O eyes, what mischief do you see ?

Ball. O, I could burst with laughter : here will be
A pretty scene of mirth. *Sim.* Thou dost not love me ;
My boy *Afotus*, my young sprightly boy
Has stoln thy heart away. *Phr.* He ? a poor mushroom !
Your boy ? I should have guess'd him for your father :
He has a skin wrinkled as a Tortoise ;
I have mista'n him often for a hedge-hog
Crept out on's skin. Pray keep the fool at home.

Afot. Patience, go live with cuckolds ; I despise thee.
Villain, rogue, traitour, do not touch my Dear,
So to unsanctifie her tender skin ;
Nor cast a goatish eye upon a hair,
To make that little thread of gold profan'd ;
Or gaze but on her shoe-string, that springs up
A real Rose from vertue of her foot,
To blast the odours ; grim-fac'd death shall hurry thee
To *Styx*, *Cocytus*, and fell *Phlegethon*.

Sim. *Afotus*, good *Afotus*, I am thy father.

Afot. I no *Afotus* am, nor thou my sire ;
But angry and incens'd *Oberon*.

Sim. All that I have is thine, though I could vie
For every silver hair upon my head
A piece in gold.—*As.* I should send you to the Barbers.

Sim. All, all is thine : let me but share
A little in thy pleasures ; only relish
The sweetness of 'em. *Afot.* No, I will not have
Two spenders in a house : Go you and revel ;
I will go home and live a drudges life,
As you ha'done, to scrape up pelf together,
And then forswear all Tutors, Souldiers, Poets,
Women and Wine : I will forget to eat,
And starve my self to the bigness of a pole-cat.
I will disclaim his faith that can believe
There is a Tavern, or a Religious place
For holy Nuns that vow incontinence,
And have their beads to sin by.—Get you home :
You kiss a Gentlewoman, to endanger

Your

Your chattering teeth?—Go, you have done your share
In getting me : to furnish the next age
Must be my province. Go, look you to yours :
Lie with your musty bags, and get more gold.
S'lid, anger me, and lie turn drudge for certain.

Sim. *Afotus*, good *Afotus*, pardon me.

Afot. I wonder you are not asham'd to ask pardon.

Sim. It was the dotage of my age, *Afotus*.

Afot. Who bid you live untill this age of dotage?

Sim. I will abjure all pleasures, but in thee.

As. This something qualifies. *Sim.* It shall be my sport
To maintain thine : thou shalt eat for both. (more.

And drink for both.—*Afot.* Good : this will qualifie

Sim. And here I promise thee to make a joynture
Of half the Land I have to this fair Lady.

Afot. This qualifies all. You have your pardon, Sir:
But hear you, Sir, it must be paid for too.

To morrow, *Mab*, I thee mine Empress crown.

Bal. All, friends, A merry cup go round. What? Captains
And Poets here, and leave the Sack for flies?

SCENE 8.

Ballio, *Afotus*, *Phryne*, *Simo*, *Thrasymachus*, *Hyperbolus*,
Chærilus, *Bomolochus*, *Tyndarus*.

Hyp. *Thrasymachus*, a whole one.

Thras. Done; lie pledge thee,
Though 'twere a deluge.—By my steel, you have left
Enough to drown an Island. *Chærilus*.

Chæril. And 'twere the famous fount of *Hippocrene*,
I'de quaff it off all, though the great *Apollo*
And all the *Muses* died for thirst. *Bomolochus*.

Bom. Come boy, as deep as is *Parnassus* high.

Tyn. What nursery of sin is this? what temple
Of lust and riot? Was this place alone
Thought a fit witness for the knitting up
Chaste and religious Love? Deeds dark as hell,
Incest and murder might be acted here.

The

The holy god of marriage never lighted
 His sacred torch at so prophane a den.
 It is a cage for screech-owls, bats, and ravens.
 For crows and kites, and such like birds of prey :
 But the chaste turtle, the indulgent pelican,
 And pious stork, fly hence as from infection.
Evadne meet me here ? is she a parcel
 Of the damn'd family ? Are there such white devils
 Among their *Succuba's* ? No, thou art wrong'd, *Evadne*;
 And there be some that scatter snakes among us
 Have stung too deep already.

S C E N. 9.

*Ballio. Afotus. Chævilus, Simo; Hyperbolus,
 Thrasymachus, Tyndarus, Evadne.*

Tyn. Bless me eyes !

My troubled fancy fools me : I am lost
 In a distracted dream. It is not she,
 Awake thee, *Tyndarus*. What strange shapes are these ?
 Methinks I am in hell, and yet behold
 A glorious Angel there. Or have these devils
 Broke into Paradise ? for the place is such
 She blesses with her presence.—Mere contradictions,
Chymera's of a restless brain. *Evad.* *Diana*,
 And whatsoever goddess else protects
 Untouch'd Virginity, shield me with your powers.
 To what a wilderness have my wandring steps
 Betray'd me ! sure this cannot be a place
 To meet my *Tyndarus* in. *Tyn.* 'Tis *Evadne*,
 'Tis the fair-soul *Evadne*. Now, my sword,
 That hadst a good edge to defend this woman,
 Go send her soul into another mansion
 Black as it self ; it is too foul a tenant
 For this fair place. Stay yet, too forward steel,
 Take her incircled in her stallions arms,
 And kill two sinners together. — Let 'em be
 At hell to bear the punishment of lust

E're it be fully acted. *Evad.* What strange fancies
My maiden fears present me ! Why, I know not:
But this suspicion seldom bodeth good.

Thras. A handsome *Bona Roba*, and my prize.

Hyp. I do deny't she's my Monopoly.

Chær. Perhaps she may one of the Muses be,
And then claim I a share for Poetry.

Evad. If ever silly Lamb thus stray'd before
Into a flock of Wolves ; or harmless Dove
Not only made the prey, but the contention
Of ravening Eagles ; such poor soul am I.

Thras. Give me a buss, my girl.

Evad. If there be here
A Gentleman, in whom there lives a spark
Of vertue not yet out ; I do beseech him,
By all the ashes of his ancestors,
And by the constant love he bears his Mistress,
To rescue innocence and virginity
From these base monsters : I for him will pay
A thousand prayers a morning, all as pure
And free from earthly thought, as e're found passage
Through the strict gate of heaven.

Tyn. That's a task for me ;
Away, foul ravisher. ; I will teach my sword
Justice to punish you. Such a troop of Harpyes
To force a Ladies honour ! I will quench
With your own blood the rage of that hot lust
That spurr'd you on to base and bold attempts.

Asot. Fly, *Phryne*, fly, for dangers do surround.

Sim. This is a pleasure that I care not for. *Exeunt.*

SCENE. 10.

Tyndarus, Evadne.

Tyn. Lady, be safe. *Evad.* Sir, may this favour done
An injur'd maid call blessings on your head
In plenteous showers ! *Tyn.* This courtesie deserves
Some fair requital. *Evad.* May plum'd victory
Wait on your sword ! And if you have a Mistress,
May she be fair as Lillies, and as chaste

As the sweet morning dew that loads the heads
Of drooping flowers : may you have fair children
To propagate your virtues to posterity,
And bless succeeding times !—*Tyn.* Heaven, be not deaf.

Evad. May you and plenty never live asunder ;
Peace make your bed, and——

Tyn. Prayer is a cheap reward.

And nothing now bought at a rate so easie (ship.
As that same high-way ware,—Heaven bless your Wor^d
In plain words, Lady, (I can use no language
But what is blunt) I must do what they would ha' done.

Evad. Call back your words, and lose not that reward
Heaven is engag'd to pay you.

Tyn. Come, no circumstance :

Your answer, quick. *Evad.* I beg it on my knees;
Have a respect to your own soul, that sinks
In this dishonour, Sir, as deep as mine.

Tyn. You are discourteous, Lady.

Evad. Let these tears

Plead for me ! Did you rescue me from thieves,
To rob me of the jewel you preserv'd ?

Tyn. Why do I trifle time away in begging,
That may command ?—Proud Damsel, I will force thee.

Ev. I thank thee, blest occasion ! now I dare *She snatch-*
Defie thee, devil : here is that shall keep *eth a stillet-*
My chastity secure, and arm a maid *to out of his*
To scorn your strength. *pocket.*

Tyn. Be not too masculine, Lady.

Evad. Stand off, or I will search my heart with this,
And force my blood a passage, that in anger
Shall flie into thy face, and tell thee boldly,
Thou art a villain. *Tyn.* Incomparable Lady !
By all those powers that the blest men adore,
And the worst fear, I have no black design
Upon your honour ; only as a soldier,
I did desire to prove whether my sword
Had a deserving cause : I would be loth
To quarrel for light ware. Now I have found you

Full

Full weight, I'll wear his life upon my sword's point
That injures so much goodness.

Evad. You speak honour.

Tyn. Blest be this minute, sanctifie it, Time;
'Bove all my Kalendar. Now I find her gold;
This touchstone gives her perfect. The discovery
Of new found Kingdoms, where the plough turns up
Rich Ore in every furrow, is to this
A poor success. Now all my doubts are clear'd;
I dare boldly say, Be happy, *Tyndarus*.

SCEN. II.

Tyndarus, Evadne, Pamphilus.

Pam. Great Queen of Love, sure when the labouring
Did bring forth thee, before she was deliver'd, (sea
Her violent throws had rais'd a thousand storms.

Yet now, I hope, after so many wracks
That I have suffered in thy troubled waves,
Thou now wilt land me safe. *Tyn. Pamphilus* here?
He comes to meet *Evadne*: this is their house
Of toleration. She had spied me out
Through my disguise: and with what studied Art,
What cunning language, how well acted gesture,
How much of that unbounded store of tears
She wrought on my credulity! The Fox,
Hyæna, Crocodile, and all beasts of craft
Have been distill'd to make one woman up.

Exit.

Evad. And has he left me in this dragons den
A spoil to rapine! What defence, poor maid,
Hast thou against these wild and savage beasts?
My stars were cruel. If you be courteous, eyes,
Weep me a flood of tears, and drown me in't,
And be Physicians to my sorrow now,
That have too long been Heralds of my grief,
My thread of life has hitherto drawn out
More woes then minutes.

Pam. Health to the fair *Evadne*.

Evad. Is any left so courteous to wish health

To

To the distress'd *Evadne* ? *Pamphilus* :

Pam. Is my *Techmessa* here ? *Evad.* Now all the gods
Preserve her hence ; there is in hell more safety
Among the Furies.—Mischief built this house
For all her family. Gentle *Pamphilus*,
See me delivered from this jail, this dungeon,
This horrid vault of lust.

SCEN. 12.

Pamphilus, Tyndarus, Techmessa, Evadne.

Pam. Take comfort, Lady :

Your honour stands safe on this guard, while I
Can use a sword. *Evad.* You have confirm'd me, Sir.

Tyn. How close they winde, like glutinous snakes in—
Tech. Well, sister, I shall study to requite (gending!)
This courteous treachery. *Evad.* *Pamphilus*, in me
All stars conspire to make affliction perfect.

Pam. Wait on heavens pleasure, Madam ; such a one
The heavens ne'r made for misery : they but give you
These crollies as sharp sauce, to whet your appetite
For some choice banquet : Or they mean to lead you
Through a vault dark and obscure as hell,
To make your Paradise a sweeter prospect.

—Thus I feed
Others with hopes, while mine own wounds do bleed.

Exeunt Evadne, Pamphilus.

SCEN. 13.

Tyndarus, Techmessa.

Tech. Why should we toil thus in an endless search
Of what we now behold ? — Let us grow wise.
I loath false *Pamphilus*—yet I could have lov'd him :
And if he were but faithful, could do still.

Tyn. Sure, were *Evadne*, false, yet *Pamphilus*
Would not be made the instrument to wrong me :
Or suppose *Pamphilus* were a treacherous brother,
Methinks *Evadne* should be kinder to me.

Techmessa, joyn with me in one search more.

Enter Ballio and Asotus.

SCEN.

SCEN. 14.

Tyndarus, Techmessa, Ballio, Asotus

Tyn. O *Ballio*, 'tis in you and dear *Asotus*
To make two wretches happy. *Asot.* Then be happy.

Tyn. I'll make you two joynt heirs of my estate.
And you shall give it out we two are dead
By our own hands ; and bear us both this night
To Church in coffins : whence we'll make escape,
And bid farewell to *Thebes*. *Asot.* Would you not both
Be buried in one coffin ? then the grave
Would have her tenants multiply.—Hear you, Tutor,
Shall not we be suspected for the murder,
And choak'd with a hempen squincy ?

Tyn. To secure you,
We'll write before what we intend to act :
Our hands shall witness with your innocence.

Ball. Well, come the worst, I'll venture :— & perchance
You shall not die in jest again o'th' sudden.

Tyn. What strange Mæanders *Cupid* leads us through !
When most we forward go, we backward move :
There is no path so intricate as love.

ACT. 4. SCEN. 1.

Ballio, Asotus, Chærilus, and Bomolochus, bearing the coffin of Techmessa ; Hyperbolus, Thrasymachus, bearing the coffin of Tyndarus ; a servant.

Ball. CARRY these Letters unto *Chremylus* house :
Give this to *Pamphilus*, to *Evadne* that ;
And certifie 'em of this sad event.

It will draw tears from theirs—as from my eyes,
Because they are not real obsequies.

Asot. So great my grief, so dolorous my disaster,
I know not in what language to express it,
Unless I should be dumb !—Sob,—sob, *Asotus*;

Sob till thy buttons break, and crack thy bandstrings
 With lamentation and distress'd condoling ;
 With blubber'd eyes behold this spectacle
 Of mans mortality. — O my dearest *Tyndarus* !

Thras. Learn of us, Captains, to out-face grim Death,
 And gaze the lean-chapt monster in the face.

Asot. I, and I could but come to see his face,
 I'd scratch his eyes. — O the ugly rogue !
 Could none but *Tyndarus* and fair *Techmessa*
 Serve the vile varlet to lead apes in hell ?

Hyp. I have seen thousands sigh out souls in groans,
 And yet have laugh'd : — it has been sport to see
 A mangled carcase broach'd with so many wounds,
 That life has been in doubt which to get out at.

Asot. Are crawling vermine of so choicè a diet ?
 Would I were then a worm, freely to feed
 On such a delicate and Ambrosian dish,
 Fit to be serv'd a banquet to my bed !
 But O — *Techmessa*, Death hath swallowed thee,
 Too sweet a sop for such a fiend as he, (dead,

Char Chase hence these shows ; for since they both are
 Tears will not bribe the Fate for a new thred.

Bom. Inexorable Sisters ! — Be not sorry ;
 For *Clotho's* distaff will be peremptory.

Asot. Go then and dip your pens in gall and vinegar,
 To rail on *Mors*, cruel — impartial *Mors* ;
 The savage tyrant — all-devouring *Mors* ;
 The envious, wicked, and malicious *Mors* :
Mors that respects not valour ; *Mors* that cares not
 For wit or learning : *Mors* that spares not honour ;
Mors whom wealth bribes not. *Mors* whom beauty
 tempts not.

Thus loudly rail on *Mors*, that *Mors* may know it,
 To be reveng'd on *Mors* I keep a Poet.

Thras. If *Mors* were here, the Skeleton should know,
 I'd cut his charnel bones to dice, for grieving
 Our noble General. — Courage, boon Chevalier !

SCEN. 2.

*Simo, Afotus, Ballio, Thrasy-machus, Hyperbolus,
Chærilus, Bomolochus.*

Sim. Why is my boy so sad?—Tell me, *Afotus*:
If dissolv'd gold will cure thee, melt a treasure.

Afot. O sad mischance!

Sim. What grieves my hope, my joy,
My staff, my comfort? *Afot.* Woful accident!

Sim. Have I not barricado'd all my doors,
And stopt each chink and cranny in my house,
To keep out poverty and lean misfortune?
Where crept this sorrow in?

Afot. Here, through my heart.
O father, I will tell you such a story,
Of such a sad and lamentable nature,
'Twill crack your pulse string.

Sim. Ha? what story, boy?

Afot. My friend, my dear friend *Tyndarus*, Sir, is dead;
—And to augment my sorrow, —kill'd himself:
And yet, to add more to my heap of griefs,
Left me and *Ballio*—his estate.—*Sim.* Alas!
Is not this counterfeit sorrow well express'd?

Ball. But I grieve truly that I grieve in jest.

Sim. Ha! his estate to thee, and half to *Ballio*!
A thousand pities.—Gently rest his bones,
I cannot but weep with thee. *Ball.* Sir, you see;
If you had left him nothing, my instructions
Can draw in patrimonies. *Sim.* He is rich
In nothing but a Tutor.—Good *Afotus*,
Though sorrow be a debt due to the herse
Of a dead friend, and we must wet the turf
Under whose roof he lodges; yet we must not
Be too immoderate. *Afot.* Bear me witness, heaven;
I us'd no force of Rhetorick, no persuasions
(What e're the wicked and malicious world
May rashly censure) to instigate these two
To their own deaths. I knew not of the plot;

All of you know that I am ignorant. *Enter Phryne.*

Phryn. Where is my love ? shall sorrow rival me.
And hang about thy neck ? if grief be got
Into thy cheeks, I'll clap it out.—Dear chicken,
You sha' not be so sad, indeed you sha' not.
Be merry : by this kiss I'll make you merry.

Asot. Then wipe my eyes. — Thus when the clouds
The day again is gilded by the Sun. (are gone,

S C E N. 3.

*Ballio, Asotus, Simo, Phryne, Thrasymachus, Hyperbolus,
Cherilas, Bomolochus, Sexton.*

Asot. Who's within here ?

Sext. What's the matter without there ?

Asot. Ha ? what art thou ?

Sext. The last of tailours, Sir; one that ne'r take mea-
sure of you, while you have hope to wear a new suit.

Asot. How dost thou live ?

Sext. As worms do—by the dead. (him.

Asot. A witty Rascal! Let's have some discourse with

Thras. Are any souldiers bones in garrison here ?

Sext. Faith, Sir, but few ; they, like poor travellers,
Take up their Inn by chance : but some there be.

Thras. Do not those warlike bones, in death of night,
Rise up in arms, and with tumultuous broils
Waken the Dor-mice that dull peace hath lull'd
Into a Lethargie ?—Doe'st not hear 'em knock
Against their coffins, till they crack and break
The Marble into shivers that intombs 'em ;
Making the temple shake, as with an earthquake,
And all the statues of the gods grow pale,
Astrighted with the horror ? *Sext.* No such matter.

Hyp. Do they not call for arms, and fright thee, mortal,
Out of thy wits ? Do they not break the legs,
And crush the skulls that dare approach too near
Their honoured graves ?— When I shall come to dwell
In your dark family, if a noisom carcase

Offend

Offend my nostrils with too rank a scent;
Know—I shall rage—and quarrel — till I fright
The poor inhabitants of the chancel-house ;
That here shall run a toe, a shin-bone there,
Here creeps a hand, there trowls on arm away ;
One way a crooked rib shall halting hie,
Another way you shall trundling find a scull ;
Like the distracted Citizens of a town
Beleaguerr'd---and in danger to be taken.

Asot. For heavens sake, Sexton, lay my quiet bones
By some precise religious Officer,
One that will keep the peace:--these roaring Captains,
With blustering words, and language full of dread,
Will make me quit my tomb, and run away
Wrapt in my winding sheet ;---as if grim *Minos*,
Stern *Aacus*, and horrid *Rhadamanth*
Enjoyn'd the corps a penance. *Sext.* Never fear it.
This was a Captains scull, one that carried a storm
in his countenance, and a tempest in his tongue : the
great bug bear of the City, that threw drawers down
the stairs as familiarly as quart pots ; and had a pension
from the Barber-chirurgeons for breaking of pates :
A fellow that has ruin'd the noses of more bawds and
panders then the disease belonging to the trade.---
And yet, I remember, when he went to burial, another
corpse took the wall of him, and the bandog ne're
grumbled.

Asot. Then scull (although thou be a Captains scull)
I say thou art a coward,--and no Gentleman ;
Thy mother was a whore,---& thou liest in thy throat.

Hyp. Do not, live Hare, pull the dead Lions beard.

Asot. No, good *Hyperbolus* ; I but make a jest,
To shew my reading in morality.

Char. Do not the ashes of deceased Poets,
Inspir'd with sacred fury, carol forth
Enthusiastick raptures ? Doest not hear 'em
Sing mysteries, and talk of things conceal'd
The rest of mortal judgments ? Doest not see

Apollo and the *Muses* every night
 Dance rings about their tombs? *Bom* Do not *Roses*,
Lillies and *Violets* grow upon their graves?
 Shoots not the *Laurel*, that impal'd their brows,
 Into a tree, to shadow their blest *Marble*?
 Do not they rise out of their shrowds to read
 Their *Epitaphs*? and if they like 'em not,
 Expunge 'em, and write new ones? Do they not
 Roar in caliginous terms, and vapour forth
 From reeking entrails fogs *Egyptian*,
 To puzzle even an oculare intellect?
 Prate they not cataracts of insensible noise,
 That with obstreperous cadence crack the organs
Acromatick, till the deaf auditor
 Admires the words he hears not?

Sext. This was a Poetical noddle. O the sweet lines,
 choice language, eloquent figures, besides the jests,
 half jests, quarter jests, and quibbles that have come out
 of these chaps that yawn so! He has not so much as a
 new coin'd complement to procure him a supper. The
 best friend he has may walk by him now, and yet have
 ne're a jeer put upon him. His Mistress had a little dog
 deceased the other day, and all the wit in his noddle could
 not pump out an *Elegie* to bewail it. He has been my
 tenant this seven years, and in all that while I never heard
 him rail against the times, or complain of the neglect of
 learning. *Melpomene* and the rest of the *Muses* have a
 good turn on't that he is dead; for while he lived, he ne'r
 left calling upon 'em. He was buried (as most of the
 tribe) at the charge of the Parish: and is happier dead
 than alive; for he has now as much money as the best in
 the company,—and yet has left off the Poetical way of
 begging, call'd borrowing.

Asot. I scorn thy Lyrick and Heroick strain,
 Thy tart lambick and Satyrick vein.
 Where be thy querks and tricks? shew me again
 The strange conundrums of thy frisking brain,
 Thou Poet's scull, and say, what's Rhythme to chimney?

Sext.

Sext. Alas! Sir, you have pos'd him; he cannot speak to give you an answer,, though his mouth be alwayes open. A man may safely converse with him now, and never fear stinging in a crowd of verses. And now a Play of his may be freely censur'd, without a Libel upon the audience; the boys may be bold to cty it down.

Ball. I cannot yet contrive it handsomly : Methinks the darkness of the night should prompt me To a plot of that complexion.— Ruminare, Ruminare, *Ballio.* *Phrya.* Play, Sir, how does Death Deal with the Ladies? Is he so unmannerly As not to make distinction of degrees? I hope the rougher bones of men have had More education then to trouble theirs That are of gentler stuff.

Sext. Death is a blunt villain, Madam; he makes no distinction betwixt *Joan* and my Lady. This was the prime Madam in *Thebes*, the general Mistress, the only adored beauty: Little would you think there were a couple of stars in these two auger-holes: or that this pit has been arch'd over with a handsome nose, that had been at the charges to maintain half a dozen of several silver arches to uphold the bridge. It had been a mighty favour once to have kiss'd the lips that grin so. This mouth out of all the Madams boxes cannot now be furnished with a set of teeth. She was the coyest, over-curious Dame in all the City: her Chamber-maids mis-placing of a hair was as much as her place came to — Oh! if that Lady now could but behold this physionomie of hers in a Looking-Glass, what a monster would she imagine her self! Will all her perrukes, tires and dressees, with her chargeable teeth, with her Ceruttle and Pomatum, and the benefit of her Painter and Doctor, make this Idol up again?

Paint, Ladies, while you live, and plaister fair :
But when the house is fall'n, 'tis past repair.

Phryn. No matter, my *Asotus* ; let death do
His pleasure then, we'l do our pleasure now :
Each minute that is lost is past recall.
This is the time allotted for our sports,
'Twere sin to pass it. While our lips are soft,
And our embraces warm, we'l twine and kiss.
When we shall be such things as these, let worms
Crawl through our eyes, and eat our noses off ;
It is no matter : While we live, we live.

Asot. And when we die, we die. We will be both em-
In precious unguents to delight our sense ; (balm'd
And in our grave we'l buss, and hug, and dally
As we do here : for death can nothing be
To him that after death shall lie with thee.
Sexton, receive these coffins to the temple ;
But not interr them, — for they both are guilty
Of their own blood—till we make expiation
T'assoil the fact.—Tutor, reward the *Sexton*.
I'l come sometimes and talk morality with him.

Ball. This, Sir, my Pupil gives you :—but hereafter
I'l more then treble it, if you be no enemy
To your own profit. *Sext.* Profit's my Religion.

Asot. Now you that bore my dead friends to the grave,
Usher my living Mistress home again.
Thus joy with grief alternate courses shares :
Fortune, I see thy wheel in all affairs.

Exeunt omnes, præter Sexton.

SCEN. 4.

Sexton, and his wife Staphyla.

Sext. *Staphyla*, why *Staphyla* : I hope she has ta'en
her last sleep. Why then *Staphyla*—

Staph. Whata life have I ? I, that can never be quiet—
I can no sooner lie down to take my rest, but presently, *Staphyla*, *Staphyla*. What's the news ?

Sext. A prize, my rogue, a prize.

Staph. Where ? or from whom ?

Sext.

Sext. Why, thou knowest I rob no where but on the high-way to heaven, such as are upon their last journey thither. Thou and I have been Land-pirates these six and thirty years, and have pillaged our share of *Charons* passengers. Here are a Couple of sound sleepers, and perchance their clothes will fit us: then will I walk like a Lord, and thou shalt be my Madam, *Staphyla*.

Staph. Truly, husband, I have had such fearful dreams to night, that I am perswaded (though I think I shall never turn truly honest again) to rob the dead no more. For methought, as you and I were robing the dead, the dead took heart, and robb'd us

Sext. Tush, dreams are idle things: there's no felony warrantable but ours, for it is grounded on rules of charity. Is it fitting the dead should be cloth'd, and the living go naked?

Besides, what is it to them whether they lie in sheets or no? Did you ever hear of any that caught cold in his coffin? Moreover, there is safety and security in these attempts: What inhabitant of the grave that had his house broke open, accused the thief for Burglary? Look here; this is a Lawyers scull: There was a tongue in't once, a damnable eloquent tongue, that would almost have perswaded any man to the gallows. This was a turbulent busie fellow, till Death gave him his *Quietus est*; and yet I ventured to rob him of his gown, and the rest of his habiliments, to the very buckram bag, not leaving him so much as a poor half-peny to pay for his wastage, and yet the good man ne're repin'd at it. Had he been alive, and were to have pleaded against me, how would he have thundered it! — Behold, most grave Judges, a Fact of that horror and height in sin, so abominable, so detestable in the eyes of heaven and earth, that never any but this days cause presented to the admiration of your ears: I cannot speak it without trembling, 'tis so new, unus'd, so unheard of a villany. But that I know
your

your Lordship's confident of the honesty of your poor Orator, I should not hope, by all my reasons, grounds, testimonies, arguments, and perswasions, to gain your belief. This man; said I, a man? this monster rather; but monster is too easie a name; this devil, this incarnate devil, having lost all honesty, and abjur'd the profession of virtue, robb'd, (a sin in the action) But who? the dead. What need I aggravate the fault? the naming the action is sufficient to condemn him. I say, he robb'd the dead. The dead! Had he robb'd the living, it had been more pardonable: but to rob the dead of their clothes, the poor impotent dead, that can neither card, nor spin, nor make new ones! O, 'tis most audacious and intolerable!—Now you have well spoke, why do you not, after all this Rhetorick, put your hand behind you, to receive some more instructions backward? Now a man may clap you o'th coxcomb with his spade, and never stand in fear of an action of Battery

Staph. For this one time, husband, I am induced; but insooth I will not make a common practise of it. Knock you up that coffin, and I'll knock up this.—Rich and glorious!

Sext. Bright as the sun! Come, we must strip you, Gallants; the worms care not for having the dishes serv'd up to their table cover'd.—O, O, O!

Staph. Heaven shield me! O, O, O!

Tyndarus and Techmessa rise from the coffins, and the Sexton and his wife affrighted fall into a swoon.

SCEN. 5.

Tyndarus, Techmessa.

Tyn. How poor a thing is man, whom death it self Cannot protect from injuries! O ye gods! Is't not enough our wretched lives are toss'd On dangerous seas, but we must stand in fear Of pyrates in the haven too? Heaven made us

So many butts of clay, at which the gods
In cruel sport shoot miseries.—Yet I hope,
Their spleen's grown milder, and this blest occasion
Offers it self an earnest of their mercy.
Their sins have furnish'd us with fit disguises
To quiet our perplexed souls. *Techmessa*,
Let me array you in this womans robes,
I'll wear the Sextons garments: in exchange,
Our sheets and coffins shall be theirs.

Tech. Dear *Tyndarus*!

In all my life I never found such peace
As in this coffin; it presented me
The sweets that death affords—Man has no liberty,
But in his prison,—Being once lodg'd here
He is fortified in an impregnable fort,
Through which no doubts, suspicions, jealousies,
No sorrows, cares, or wild distractions
Can force an entrance to disturb our sleeps

Tyn. Yet to those prisons will we now commit
These two offenders. *Tech.* But what benefit
Shall we enjoy by this disguise? *Tyn.* A great one:
If my *Evadne* or thy *Pamphilus*
E're lov'd us living, they will haste to make
Atonement for our souls, stain'd with the guilt
Of our own blood: if not, they will rejoyce
Our deaths have opened them so clear a passage
To their close loves; and with those thoughts possess'd,
They will forget the torments hell provides
For those that leave the warfare of this life
Without a Pass from the great General.

Tech. I hope they may prove constant. *Tyn.* So pray I.
I will desire yon statue be so courteous
To part with's beard a while.—So, we are now
Beyond discovery. *Sext.* O, O, O! *Staph.* O, O, O!

Tyn. Let's use a charm for these.

*Quiet sleep, or I will make
Erynnis whip thee with a snake,
And cruel Rhadamanthus take*

Thy

*Thy body to the boiling lake,
Where fire and brimstone never slake :
Thy heart shall burn, thy head shall ake,
And every joynt about thee quake,
And therefore dare not yet to wake.*

*Tech. Quiet sleep, or thou shalt see
The horrid Hags of Tartarie,
Whose tresses ugly serpent's be ;
And Cerberus shall bark at thee ;
And all the Furies that are three,
The worst is call'd Tisiphone,
Shall lash thee to eternity.
And therefore sleep thou peacefully.*

Tyn. But who comes hither? Ballio? what's his business?

SCEN. 6.

Ballio, Tyndarus, Techmessa.

*Ball. Sexton, I'll open first thine ears with these,
To make them fit to let perswasions in.*

Tyn. Sir, these will cure my deafness,

Ball. Art thou mine?

Tyn. Sir, you have bought me.

Ball. I'll pay double for thee,

Shall I prevail in my request? Tyn. Ask these —

*Ball. Th'art apprehensive : to the purpose then,
Have you not in the temple some deep vault
Ordain'd for burial? Tyn. Yes.*

Ball. Then I proceed.

*We to night perform'd the last of service
That piety can pay to our dead friends.*

Tyn. 'Twas charitably done.

*Ball. We brought them hither
To their last home. — Now, Sir, they both being guilty
Of their own deaths, I fear the Laws of Thebes
Deny 'em burial. It would grieve me, Sir,
(For friendship cannot be so soon forgot,
Especially so firm a one as ours)*

To have 'em cast a prey to Wolves and Eagles.
 Sir, these religious thoughts have brought me hither
 Now at the dead of night, to intreat you
 To cast their coffins into some deep vault,
 And to inter 'em — O my *Tyndarus*,
 All memory shall fail me, ere my thoughts
 Can leave th'impression of that love I bear thee,
 Thou left'st me half of the land thou hadst ;
 And should I not provide thee so much earth
 As I can measure by thy length, heaven curse me !

Tyn. Sir, if your courtesie had not bound me yours,
 This act of goodness had. *Bal.* So true a friend
 No age records, --- Farewell --- This work succeeds.
 Posterity, that shall this story get,
 May learn from hence an art to counterfeit. *Exit Bal.*

S C E N. 7.

Tyndarus, Techmeffa.

Tyn. Here was a strange deliverance ! Who can be
 So confident of fortune, as to say,
 I now am safe ? *Tech.* This villain has reveal'd
 All our designs to *Pamphilus* and *Evadne* :
 And they with bribes and hopes of an inheritance,
 If you were dead indeed, have won this Rascal
 To this black treason. --- What foul crimes can *Lust*
 Prompt her base vassals to ! --- Here let us end
 Our busie search, and travel o're the world,
 To see if any cold and Northern climate
 Have entertain'd lost Virtue long since fled
 Our warmer countrey. *Tyn.* Ha ! --- 'Tis so ! --- 'tis so !
 I see it with clear eyes, --- O cursed plot !
 And are you brooding, Crocodiles ? I may chance
 To break the Serpents egg ere you have hatch'd
 The Viper to perfection. Come, *Techmeffa*,
 My anger will no longer be confin'd
 To patient silence. Tedious expectation

Is but a foolish fire by night, that leads
 The traveller out of's way - Break forth, my wrath,
 Break like a deluge of consuming fire,
 And scorch 'em both to ashes in a flame
 Hot as their lust, — No : — 'Tis too base a blood
 For me to spill. — Let 'em e'ne live t'engender
 A brood of Monsters : — May perpetual jealousy
 Wait on their beds, and poison their embraces
 With just suspicions : may their children be
 Deform'd, and fright the Mother at the birth :
 May they live long and wretched ; all mens hate,
 And yet have misery enough for pity :
 May they be long a dying — of diseases
 Painful and loathsome, — Passion, do not hurry me
 To this unmanly womanish revenge.
 Wilt thou curse, *Tyndarus*, when thou wear'st a sword ?
 But ha, heark, observe ! —

SCENE 8.

Pamphilus, Evadne, Tyndarus, Techmessa.

Pam. Wait till we call
 Heaven, if thou hast not emptied all thy treasury
 Of wrath upon me, here I challenge thee,
 To lay on more, What torments hast thou left,
 In which thou hast not exercis'd my patience ?
 Yet cast up all th'accounts of all my sorrows,
 And the whole sum is trebled in the loss
 Of dear *Techmessa*. *Tech.* If this grief were real !
Tyz. Be not too credulous. *Pam.* I have stood the rest
 Of your afflictions : with this one I fell,
 Fell like a rock that had repell'd the rage
 Of thousand violent billows, and withstood
 Their fierce assaults, untill the working Tyde
 Had undermin'd him, then he falls, and draws
 Part of the Mountain with him. *Evad.* *Pamphilus*,
 When did you see my sweet-heart ? prethee tell me

Is he not gone a Maying?—He will bring me
Some Pinks and Daisies home to morrow morning.
Pray heaven he meet no thieves! *Pam.* Alas, *Evadne*!
Thy *Tyndarus* is dead. *Evad.* What shall I do?
I cannot live without him *Tyn.* I am mov'd:
Yet I will make this trial full and perfect.
What at this dismal hour, when nothing walks
But souls tormented, calls you from your sheets
To visit our dark cells, inhabited
By death and melancholy? *Evad.* I am come
To seek my true Love here. Did you not see him?
He's come to dwell with you, pray use him well,
He was a proper Gentleman.

Tech. Sir, what cause
Enforc'd you hither? *Pam.* I am come to pay
The tribute of my eyes to a dead Love.

Tyn. Fair Lady, may I ask one question of you?
Did you admit no Love into your bosome
But onely his? *Evad.* Alas! you make me weep.
Could any woman love a man but him?
No, *Tyndarus*, I will not long out-live thee:
We will be married in *Elisium*,
And arm in arm walk through the blessed groves,
And change a thousand kisses;—you sha'not see us!

Tyn. I know not whether it be joy or grief
Forces tears from me. *Tech.* Were you constant, Sir,
To her whose death you now so much lament?
For by those prodigious apparitions
That have to night shak'd the foundations
Of the whole temple, your inconstancy
Hath caus'd your Mistresses untimely end.

Pa. The Sun shall change his course, & find new paths
To drive his chariot in: the Load-stone leave
His faith unto the North:—the Vine withdraw
Those strict embraces that infold the Elm
In her kind arms:—But, if I change my Love
From my *Techmessa*, may I be recorded
To all posterity, Loves great Apostate

In Cupid's annals. *Evad.* If you see my *Tyndarus*,
Pray tell him I will make all haste to meet him.

I will but weep a while first. *Tyn.* Pretty sorrow!

Te. Sir you may veil your falshood in smooth language
And guild it o're with fair hypocrisie:

But here has been such groans; Ghosts that have cried
In hollow voices, *Pamphilus*, O false *Pamphilus*!
Revenge on *Pamphilus*! such complaints as these
The gods ne're make in vain.

Pam. Then there is a witchcraft in't. And are the gods
Made parties too against me?—Pardon then
If I grow stubborn.—While they prest my shoulders
No more then I could bear, they willingly
Submitted to the burden.—Now they wish
To cast it off—What treachery has brib'd you,
Celestial forms, to be my false accusers?
I challenge you (for you can view my thoughts.
And read the secret characters of my heart)
Give in your verdict: did you ever finde

Another image graven on my soul
Besides *Techmessa*? No! 'Tis Hell has forg'd
These slie impostures! all these plots are coin'd
Out of the devils mintage. *Tech.* Certainly
There's no false fire in this. *Tyn.* There cannot be.

Evad. Pray, sir, direct me where I may embalm
My *Tyndarus* with my tears, *Tyn.* There, gentle Lady.

Evad. Is this a Casket fit to entertain
A Jewel of such value? *Pam.* Where must I
Pay my devotion? *Tech.* There your dead Saint lies.

Evad. Hail, *Tyndarus*; may earth but lightly prest thee:
And mayst thou find those joyes th'art gone to taste,
As true as my affection. Now I know
Thou canst not choose but love me, and with longing
Expect my quick arrival: for the soul
Freed from the cloud of flesh clearly discerns
Forms in their perfect nature. If there be
A guilt upon thy bloud, thus Ile redeem it,
And lay it all one mine.

Tyn. What mean you, Lady?

Offers to
kill her self.
Evad.

Evad. Stay not my pious hand.

Tyn. Your impious rather.

If you were dead, who then were left to make
Lustration for his crime? Shall foolish zeal
Perswade you to a hasty death, and so
Leave *Tyndarus* to eternity of flames?

Evad. Pardon me, *Tyndarus*; I will only see
That office done, and then I'll follow thee.

Pam. Thou gentle soul of my deceased Love,
If thou still hover'st hereabouts, accept
The vows of *Pamphilus*—If I ever think
Of woman with affection, but *Techmessa*;
Or keep the least spark of a love alive,
But in her ashes; let me never see
Those blessed fields where gentle Lovers walk
In endless joys.—Why do I idly weep?
I'll write my grief in blood. *Tech.* What do you mean?

Pam. *Techmessa*, I am yet with-held; but suddenly
I'll make escape to find thee. *Tech.* O blest minute!

SCEN. 9.

Dipſas, Tyndarus, Evadne, Pamphilus, Techmessa,

Dip. Where shall I flie to hide me from my guilt?
It follows me, like those that run away
From their own shadows. That which I would shun
I bear about me.—Whom shall I appease?
The living, or the dead? for I have injur'd
Both you and them.—O *Tyndarus*, here I kneel,
And do confess my self thy cruel murtheress;
And thine, *Techmessa*.—Gentle daughter, pardon me;
But how shall I make satisfaction,
That have but one poor life, and have lost two?
Oh *Pamphilus*, my malice ruin'd thee,
But most *Evadne*; for at her I aim'd,
Because she is no issue of my womb,
But trusted by her father to my care:

Her have I followed with a step-dames hate,
 As envious that her beauty should eclipse
 My daughters honour : — But the gods in justice
 Have ta'ne her hence to punish me. — My sins
 March up in troops against me. — But this potion
 Shall purge out life and them. *Tyn.* Bee not too rash ;
 I will revive *Techmessa*. *Dip.* O sweet daughter !

Pam. Thou hast reviv'd two lives at once.

Evad. But I

Still live a widdowed Virgin. *Dip.* No, *Evadne* ;
 Receive me new created, of a clay
 Purg'd from all dregs : my thoughts do all run clear.
 Take hence those coffins ; I will have them born
 Trophies before me, when we come to tie
 The Nuptial knot : for death has brought us life.
 Suspicion made us confident, and weak jealousy
 Hath added strength to our resolved love.
Cupid hath run his maze, this was his day :
 But the next part *Hymen* intends to play.

ACTUS 5. SCENA 1.

Demetrius solus.

HAil, sacred *Thebes* ; I kiss thy blessed soil,
 And on my knees salute thy seven gates.
 Some twenty Winters now have glaz'd thy fouds
 Since I beheld thy turrets, batter'd then
 With War, that sought the ruine of those walls
 Which Musick built. When *Minos* cruel tribute
 Robb'd mothers of their dearest babes, to glut
 His ravenous *Minotaur* ; I for safety fled
 With my young sons, but call'd my Countreys hate
 Upon my head, whom misery made malicious :
 Each father had a curse in store for me,
 Because I shar'd not in the common loss ;
 Yet would have willingly chang'd fortunes with me
 I dare not meet the vulgars violent rage,

Eager

Eager against me : I will therefore study
Some means to live conceal'd.

SCEN. 2.

Demetrius, Asotus.

Asot. I have heard my mother,
Who had more proverbs in her mouth then teeth;
(Peace with her soul where er'e it be) affirm,
Marry too soon, and you'l repent too late.
A sentence worth my meditation ;
For Marriage is a serious thing : perchance
Fair *Phryne* is no Maid ; for women may
Be beauteous, yet no Virgins : Fair and Chaste
Are not of necessary consequence.
Or being both fair and chaste, she may be barren ;
And then when I am old, I shall not have
A boy—to dote on, as my father does.

Dem. Kind fortune fan you with a courteous wing.

Asot. A pretty complement : what art thou, fellow ?

Dem. A Register of heaven, a privy Counsellour
To all the planets, one that has been tenant
To the twelve houses, Tutor to the Fates,
That taught 'em th' Art of spinning; a living Almanack;
One that by speculation in the Stars
Can foretell any thing.

Asot. How ! foretell any thing ?
How many years are past since *Thebes* was built ?

Dem. That is not to foretell : you state the question
Of times already past. *Asot.* And cannot you
As well foretell things past, as things to come ?
Say, Register of heaven, and privy Counsellour
To all the planets, with the rest of your titles,
(For I, shall ne'r be able to repeat 'em all)
Shall I, as I intend, this day be married ?

Dem. The Almutes, or the Lord of the Ascendant,
I find with *Luna* corporally joyn'd
To the Almutes of the seventh house,

Which is the Matrimonial family ;
 And therefore I conclude the Nuptials hold,
 And yet th'Aspect is not in Trine or Sextile,
 But in the Quartile radiation
 Or *Tetragon* ; which shews an inclination
 Averse ; and yet admitting of reception,
 It will, although encountred with impediment,
 At last succeed. *Asot.* Ha ! what bold impediment
 Is so audacious to encounter me ?
 Be he Almutes of what house he please,
 Let his Aspect be Sextile, Trine, or Quartile ;
 I do not fear him with his radiations,
 His *Tetragons*, and inclinations :
 If he provoke my spleen, I'll have him know,
 I soldiers feed shall mince him, and my Poets
 Shall with a Satyre steep'd In gall and vinegar
 Rhithm 'em to death, as they do Rats in *Ireland*.

Dem. Good words ;
 There's no resistance to the laws of Fate :
 This sublunary world must yield obedience
 To the celestial vertues. *Asot.* One thing more
 I would desire to know : Whether my spouse
 That shall be, is immaculate ? I'd be loth
 To marry an advowson that has had
 Other incumbents. *Dem.* I'll resolve you presently.
 The Dragons tail stands where the head should be,
 A shrewd suspicion,—she has been strongly tempted.

Asot. The Dragons tail puts me in a horrible fear ;
 I feel a kind of sting in my head already.

Dem. And *Mars* being Landlord of th'eleventh house,
 Plac'd in the Ram and Scorpion, plainly signifies
 The Maid has been in love ; but the Aspect
 Being without reception, lays no guilt
 Of act upon her.

Asot. I shall be jealous presently :
 For the Ram is but an ill sign in the head ;
 And you know what *Scorpio* aims at in the Almanack.

Dem. But when I see th'Ascendant and his Lord

With

With the good Moon in angles and fixt signes,
I do conclude her Virgin pure and spotless.

Asot. I thank th'Ascendant and his noble Lord,
He shall be welcome to my house at any time,
And so shall Mistris Moon, with all her angles,
And her fixt signs. But how come you to know
All this for certain?

Dem. Sir, the learned Cabalists,
And all the Chaldees do conclude it lawfull:
As *Asta*, *Baruch*, and *Abobali*,
Caucaph, *Toz*, *Arcapham*, and *Albnas*,
Gasar, with *Hali*, *Hippocras*, and *Lencuo*,
With *Ben*, *Benesaphan*, and *Albubetes*.

Asot. Are *Asta*, *Baruch*, and *Abobali*,
With all the rest o'th Jury, men of credit?

Dem. Their words shall go as far i'th' Zodiack, Sir,
As anothers bond. *Asot.* I am beholding to 'em;
Another scruple yet: — I would have children too;
Children to dote on, Sir, when I grow old;
Such as will spend when I am dead and gone,
And make me have such fine dreams in my grave.

Dem. No; y^e are a happy man. I do not see
In all your Horoscope on sign masculine:
For such portend sterility. *Asot.* How's that, man?
Is't possible for any man to ha' children
Without a sign masculine?

It: Sir, you mistake me;
You are not yet initiate. The Almutes
Of the Ascendant is not elevated
Above the Almutes of the filial house:
Venus is free, and *love* not yet combust.
And then the signifier being lodg'd
In Watty signs, the Scorpion, Crab, and Fish,
Foreshew a numerous issue of both sexes.
And *Mercurie* in's exaltations
Plac'd in their angles, and their points successive,
Beholds the Lords of the Triplicities
Unhindred in their influence. You were born

Under a getting constellation,
A fructifying Star. — Sir, I pronounce you
A joyfull father.

Afol. Happy be the hour
I met with thee ! I'll ha' thee live with me ;
Thou shalt be my domestical Astronomer.
I have a brace of Poets, as fit as may be,
To furnish thee with verses for each mor'eth.
Sir, since the gracious stars do promise me
So numerous a troop of sons and daughters.
'Tis fit I should have my means in my own hands,
To provide for 'em all : therefore I fain would know
Whether my father be long-liv'd, or no ?

Dem. The Planet *Mars* is Oriental now
To *Saturn* ; but in reference to the Sun
He bears a Westerly position :
Which *Ylem* linking *Saturn* with the Sun
In opposition, both sinisterly
Fall'n from their corners, plainly signifies
He cannot long survive.

Afol. Why who can help it ?
There's no resistance to the laws of Fate :
This sublunary world must yield obedience
To the celestial virtues. — Were't not providence
To bespeak mourning cloaks against the funeral ?

Dem. 'Tis good to be in readiness. *Af.* If thou be
So cunning a Prophet, tell me, Do I mean
To entertain thee for my Wizard ? *Dem.* Sir,
I do not see the least *Azimeas*,
Or planetary hindrance : *Alcocoden*
Tells me you will.

Afol. Tell *Alcocoden* then,
He is i'th'right. *Thrasymachus, Hyperbolus!*

Enter Thrasymachus, Hyperbolus.

We have increas'd our family ; see him enroll'd.
He is a man of merit, and can prophesie.

Thy. We'll drench him in the welcome of the cellar,
And try if he can prophesie who falls first.

Afol.

Asot. How will the world admire me, when they see
My house an Academy, all the Arts
Wait at my table, every man of quality
Take sanctuary here ! I will be patron
To twenty liberal Sciences.

SCEN. 3.

Asotus, Ballio.

Ball. A fair Sun
Shine on the happy Bridegroom.

Asot. Quondam Tutor,
(For I am past all tuition but my wife's)
Thanks for your wishes; have you studied yet;
How with one charge (for ceremonious charge
I care not for) I may express my grief
At the sad funerals of my friends deceas'd,
And yet proclaim with how much joy I wed
The beauteous *Phryne*. *Ball.* I have beat my brain
To find out a right garb: wear these two cloaks.
This sable garment, sorrows Livery,
Speaks funeral; this richer robe of joy
Says 'tis a Nuptial solemnity.

Asot. A choice device:—I'll practise. *Bal.* Rarely well,

SCEN 4..

Asotus, Ballio, Simo.

Sim. Good morrow, boy: how flows thy blood, *Asotus*;
Upon thy wedding-day? Is it spring tide?
Find'st thou an active courage in thy bones?
Wilt thou at night create me Grandfire? ha?
O, I remember with what spritful courage
I bedded thy old mother, and that night
Bid fair for thee, boy: How I curst the ceremonies,
And thought the youngsters scrambled for my points
Too slowly! 'Twas a happy night, *Asotus*,

Afol. How sad a day is this ! Methinks the Sun,
 Affrighted with our sorrows, should run back
 Into his Eastern Palace, and for ever
 Sleep in the lap of *Thetis*. Can he shew
 A glorious beam, when *Tyndarus* is dead,
 And fair *Techmessa* ? I will weep a flood
 Deep as *Denealion's* ; and again the *Chaos*
 Shall muffle up the lamentable world,
 In sable cloaks of grief and black confusion.

Sim. What ails my boy > unseasonable grief
 Shall not disturb thy Nuptials. — Good *Afolus*,
 Be not so passionate.

Ball. What incomparable mirth
 Would such a dotard and his humerous son
 Make in a Comedy, if a learned pen
 Had the expression ! *Afol.* Now the rother cloak.
 What a verdant weed the spring arrays
 Fresh *Tellus* in ! how *Flora* decks the fields
 With all her tapestry ! and the Choristers
 Of every grove chaunt Carols ! Mirth is come
 To visit mortals. Every thing is blithe,
 Jocund, and jovial. All the gods arrive
 To grace our Nuptials. Let us sing and dance,
 That heaven may see our revels, and send down
 The Planets in a Masque, the more to grace
 This days solemnity. *Sim.* I, this, *Afolus* ;
 There's musick, boy, in this.

Afol. Now this cloak again.
 You gods, you over-load mortality,
 And press our shoulders with too great a weight
 Of dismal miseries. All content is fled
 With *Tyndarus* and *Techmessa* : Ravens croak
 About my house, ill-boding screech-owls sing
Epithalamiums to my spouse and me.
 Can I dream pleasures, or expect to taste
 The comforts of the married bed, when *Tyndarus*,
 And fair *Techmessa* from the world are gone ?
 No, pardon me, you gentle ghosts ; I vow

To cloister up my grief in some dark cell :
 And there, till grief shall close my blubber'd eyes,
 Weep forth repentance. *Sim.* Sure he is distracted !
Afotus, do not grieve so : all thy sorrows
 Are doubled in thy father : Pity me,
 If not thy self ; O pity these gray hairs,
 Pity my age, *Afotus*. *Afot.* What a silly fellow
 My father is that knows not which cloak speaks i
 Father, you do forget this is our nuptial.
 Cast off those trophies of your wealthy beggary,
 And clad your self in rich and splendid weeds,
 Such as become my father : Do not blemish
 Our dignity with rags. Appear to day
 As glorious as the Sun. Set forth your self
 In your bright lustre. *Sim.* So I will, my boy :
 Was there ever father so fortunate in a child ? *Exit Sj.*

As. Do not I vary with decorum, *Ballio* ?

Bal. I do not think but *Proteus*, Sir, begot you
 On a Chameleon. *As.* Nay, I know my Mother
 Was a Chameleon : for my Father allowed her
 Nothing but air to feed on.

SC E N. 5.

Ballio, Afotus, Phryne,

Phr. Rises *Aurora* with a happy light
 On my *Afotus* > *Afot.* Beauteous *Phryne*, welcome :
 Although the Dragon's tail may scandal thee,
 And Mars corrupt the Scorpion and the Ram ;
 Yet the good Moon in angles and fixt signs
 Gives thee a good report. *Phr.* what means my dear ?

As. Thy dear, my beauteous *Phryne*, means the same
 With *Hali*, *Baruch*, and *Abohali*,
Caucaph, *Toz*, *Arcaphan*, and *Albuas*,
Gasar, with *Asta*, *Hippocras*, and *Lencuo*,
 With *Ben*, *Benefaphan*, and *Albubetes*.

Phr. I fear you ha' studied the black art of late.

As.

As. Ah Girl! Th'—*Almutes* of the filial house
Is not depress'd, *Venus* is free, and *Jove*
Not yet combust : the signs are wary signs,
And *Mercury* beholds the trine aspect
Unhinder'd in his influence. *Phr.* What of all this?

As. We shall have babies plenty : I am grown
Learned of late. Go *Phryne*, be in readiness ;
I long to tie a knot : at night we'll make
A young *Asotus*. *Phr.* Health attend you, sir. *Exit Phr.*

SCEN. 6.

Dipsas, *Tyndarus*, *Evadne*, *Pamphilus*, *Techmessa*, *Asotus*,
Ballio, *Phronefium*, *Priests* and *sacrifice*, and *Hymens*
statue discovered.

As. *Tyndarus* living? here take this cloak away, *Bal-*
lio: We have no use on t. *Bal.* The more sorrow's mine.

Tyn. How does my friend *Asotus*? *As.* You are welcome
From the dead, sir : I hope our friends in *Elysium*
Are in good health. *Tyn.* *Ballio*, I thank you heartily,
You had an honest and religious care
To see us both well buried. *Bal.* I shall be hang'd. *Exit.*

The song and sacrifice.

Priest. *Hymen*, thou god of union, with smooth brow
Accept our pious Orgies. Thou that tiest
Hearts in a knot, and link'st in sacred chains *He pre-*
The mutual souls of Lovers, may it please *sents Tyn-*
Thy deity to admit into the number *darus and*
Of my chaste votaries this blessed pair. *Evadne.*
Mercy, you gods! the statue turns away.

Tyn. Why should this be? the reason is apparent :
Evadne has been false, and the chaste Deity
Abhors the sacrifice of a spotted soul.
Go thou dissembler, mask thy self in modesty,
Wear virtue for a veil, and paint false blushes
On thy adulterate cheek. Though thou maist cozen
The eyes of man, and cheat the purblind world,
Heaven has a piercing sight. *Hymen*, I thank thee.

Thou

Thou stopp'dst my foot stepping into the gulf.
 How near was I damnation ! *Evad.* Gentle *Hymen*,
 What sin have I willingly committed
 To call heavens anger on me ? *Priest.* If there be
 A secret guilt in these, that hath offended *He presents*
 Thy mighty godhead, wilt thou please to prove *Pamph.*
 This other knot ! The statue turns again ! *& Teeb.*
 What prodigies are these ! *Pam.* Celestial powers,
 You tyrannize o're man : and yet 'tis sin
 To ask you why you wrong us ? *Tec.* Cunning *Pamphilus*,
 Though, like a Snake, you couch your self in flowers,
 The gods can find you lurking, and betray
 The spotted skin. *Priest.* Above these twenty years
 Have I attended on thy sacred temple,
 Yet never saw thee so incens'd, dread *Hymen*.

Tyn. To search the reason, will you please to proffer
 These to his godhead ? *Priest.* Will thy godhead deign
 These two the blessings of the genial sheets ?

He presents Pamphilus and Evadne.

He beckens 'em. *Tyn.* I, there the faith is plighted
 False *Pamphilus*, the honour of the temple,
 And the respect I bear religion,
 Cannot protect thee. I will stain the altars,
 And sprinkle every statue in the shrine,
 With treacherous blood,

Priest. Provoke not *Jove's* just thunder.

Tyn. Well you may take *Evadne*; heaven give you joy.

Pam. Religion is meer juggling. This is nothing
 But the Priest's knavery : a kind of holy trick
 To gain their superstition credit. *Hymen*,
 Why dost thou turn away thy head ? I fear
 Thy bashful Deity is asham'd to look
 A woman in the face. If so, I pardon thee :
 If out of spite thou cross me, know, weak godhead,
 I'll teach mankind a custome that shall bring
 Thy Altars to neglect. Lovers shall couple
 As other creatures,—freely, and ne're stand
 Upon the tedious ceremony—Marriage :

And

And then thou Priest mayest starve. Who in your temple
Will light a cere-candle, or for incense burn
A grain of frankincense? *Chr.* Heaven instruct our souls
To finde the secret mystery. *As.* I have entertain'd
One that by *Tlem* and *Akleboran*,
With the Almutes, can tell any thing.

I'll fetch him hither: he shall resolve you. *Exit Asot.*

Chr. Man is a ship that sails with aduerse windes,
And has no haven till he land at death.
Then, when he thinks his hands fast grasp the bank,
Comes a rude billow betwixt him and safety,
And beats him back into the deep again.

SCEN. 7.

Enter Asotus, Demetrius; manent ceteri.

As. Here's another figure to cast, sir, these two
Gentlemen

Dem. A sudden joy o'recomes me. *As.* Are to marry
Old *Chremylus* daughters. This is *Tyndarus*,
And he should have *Evadne*: and this *Pamphilus*,
That has a moneths mind to *Techmessa*; but that *Hymen*
Looks with a wry neck at 'em. If the Ascendant
With all his radiations and aspects
Know any thing,—here's one that can unfold it.
I must go fit my self for mine own wedding. *Exit.*

Dem. Fly from the temple you unhallowed troop,
That dare present your sins for sacrifice
Before the gods. *Chr.* What should this language mean?

Dem. Think you that heaven will ever sign a grant
To your incestuous matches? *Chr.* How, incestuous?

Dem. This is not *Tyndarus*, but *Demetrius* son,
Call'd *Clinias*, and fair *Evadne's* brother.
Evadne trusted in exchange to *Chremylus*,
For young *Timarchus*, whom *Demetrius* took
With him to *Athens*. when he fled from *Thebes*
To save the infants from the monsters jaws,

The

The cruel Minotaur. Marvel not the gods
Forbid the bane, when in each match is incest.

Chr. I wonder he should know this. *Tyn.* I am amaz'd.

Dem. I will confirm your faith. *Tyn.* My father? He pulls

Pam. My father? off his disguises

Dem. No, good *Timarchus*, ask thy blessing there.

Sir, if I not mistake me, you are *Chremylus*,

Pray let me see that ring—Sir, I must challenge it,
And in requital will return you this.

Chr. *Demetrius*! welcome. Now my joys are full,
When I behold my son, and my old friend.

Dem. Which is *Evadne*? Blessings on thy head.

Now, *Chremylus*, let us conclude a Marriage

As we at first intended? My *Clinias*

With your *Techmessa*, and your son *Timarchus*

With my *Evadne*. *Chr.* Heaven has decreed it so.

Dem. Are the young | *Pam.* *Evad* | The will of heaven
people pleas'd? | *Tyn.* *Tech.* |
Must be obey'd. *Dem.* Now try if *Hymen* please
(To end all troubles in a happy Marriage.

Priest. *Hymen*, we thank thee, and will crown thy head
With all the glorious chaplets of the Spring:
The first-born kid, and fattest of our Bullocks,
Shall bleed upon thy altars (if it be
Lawful to sacrifice in blood to thee,
That art the means to life) 'cause thy provident mercy
Prevented this incestuous match. Deign now
Propitious look to this more holy knot,
This Virgin offers up her untouch'd zone,
And vows chaste love to *Clinias*. All joy to you,
The fair *Evadne* too is come to hang
Her Maiden-girdle at thy sacred shrine,
And vows her self constant to the embraces
Of young *Timarchus*—Happiness wait on both!

Tyn. I see our jealous thoughts were not in vain,
Nature, abhorring from so foul a sin,
Infus'd those doubts into us.

SCEN. 8.

Enter Asotus in arms with a drum and a trumpet, attended by Thrasymachus, Hyperbolus, Bomolochus, Chærylus, Simo, Phryne.

As. If there be any Knight that dares lay claim
To beauteous *Phryne*,—(as I hope there's none)
I dare him to th'encounter; let him meet me
Here in the lists:—If he be wise, he dare not,
But will consider danger in the action.
I'll win her with my sword:—Mistake me not,
I challenge no man. He who dares pretend
A title to a hair shall sup with *Pluto*:
'Twere cooler supping in another place.
No champion yet appear?—I would fain fight.

Phron. Sir, if you want a champion, I am for you.

As. I ha' no quarrel to thee, Amazon.

Phron. I must have a husband too, and I will have a husband; I and I will have you: I can hold out no longer: I am weary of eating chalk & coals, and begin to dislike the feeding on oat-meal. The thought of so many Marriages together has almost lost my Maiden head.

As. Why, thou shalt have my father: though he be old He's rich, and will maintain thee bravely, Dad,
What think you on't?

Sim. Thou'lt make me, boy, too happy.
She shall have any thing. *Phron.* You will let me make My own conditions. *Sim.* What thou wilt, my girl.

Phron. I will feed high, go rich, and have six horses,
And my embroider'd coach, ride where I list,
Have all the gallants in the town to visit me,
Maintain a pair of little legs to go
On idle Messages to all the Madams.
You shall deny no Gentleman entertainment;
And when we kiss and toy, be it your cue
To nod and fall asleep. *Sim.* With all my heart.

As.

As. Then take him Girl, he will not trouble thee long;
For *Mars* being oriental unto *Saturn*,
And accidental to the Sun, proclaims
He is short-liv'd. *Phron.* Well, fir, for want of a better
I am content to take you. *As.* Joyn'em Priest.

Priest. Thus I conjoyn you in religious bands.

As. Now usher *Phryne* to my amorous arms.

Priest. The generous *Asotus* and fair *Phryne*
Present their vows unto thee, gracious *Hymen*.

Sext. I forbid the banes.

They speak out

Staph. I forbid the banes.

of the coffin.

As. And can there be no weddings without prodigies?
This is th'impediment the *Azymenes*
Or planetary hindrance threatned me.
By the *Almutes* of the seventh house,
In an aspect of *Tetragon* radiation,
If *Luna* now be corporally joyn'd,
I may o'recome th'aversnells of my stars.

Tyn. Sir, as you clear'd our doubts, I will clear yours:
See you these ghosts? Well *Sexton*, take heed hereafter
How you rob the dead; some of 'em may cozen you.

Sext. Pardon me, fir; I seriously vow
Henceforth to rob no creature but the living.

Tyn. Well, you shall both fast to night, and take pe-
nance at the lower end of the table in these sheets;
and that shall be your punishment.

As. *Phryne*, I take thee for my loving spouse.

Phry. And I take you for my obedient husband.

Priest. And I conclude the tie. *As.* Ha, you sweet rogue,

SCEN. 9.

Enter Ballio with a halter about his neck.

As. Why how now, Tutor? a rope about your neck?
I have heard that hanging and marrying go by destiny;
But I never thought they had come together before.

Bal. I have cast a serious thought upon my guilt

And

And finde my self an arrant rogue. The gallows
Was all the inheritance I was ever born to.
E'ne use me as you please.

As. Pray, sir, let me beg my Tutor's pardon:
— Spare him to day; for when the night comes on,
There's sweeter executions to be done.

Tyn. You have prevail'd. No man be sad to day,
Come, you shall dine with me. *As.* Pardon me, sir:
I will not have it said by the malicious, that I are at
another mans table the first day I set up house-keeping:
No, you shall go home and dine with me.

Tyn. Come then: our joys are ripen'd to perfection;
Let us give heaven the praise, and all confels,
There is a difference 'twixt the jealousy
Of those that wooe, and those that wedded be.
This will hatch vipers in the nuptial bed,
But that prevents the aking of the head.

Exeunt cum

choro cantantium in laud. Hym.



EPILOGUS.

A solus, Astrologer.

As. **H**OW now; will our endeavours give satisfaction?

Astr. I finde by the Horoscope, and the Eleva-
tion of the bright Aldeboran, a Sextile opposition; and
that th' Almutes is inclining to the enemies house.

As. Away with your Almutes, Horoscope, Elevati-
ons, Aldeborans, Sextiles, and Oppositions, I have an
art of mine own to cast this figure by.

THe Lovers now jealous of nothing be
But your acceptance of their Comedy.
I question not heavens influence: for here
I behold angels of a higher sphere.
You are the stars I gaze at; we shall finde
Our labours blest, if your aspects be kinde;

FINIS.

